LUSIAD;

OR, THE

DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

AN

EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL PORTUGUESE OF LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

NEC VERBUM VERBO CURABIS REDDERE, FIDUS
INTERPRES. HOR. DE ART. POET.

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There sid, O fairest nymph

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On thy last broad, or round thy ten

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New filence woodd th' illustrious chief

And keen strenkien watch'd on every es

And bains say it into its Apa

L U S I A D.

BOOK III.

OH now, Calliope, thy potent aid!

What to the king th' illustrious Gama said

Cloath in immortal verse. With sacred size

My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire:

So may the patron of the healing art,

The god of day to thee consign his heart;

From thee, the mother of his darling a son,

May never wandering thought to Daphne run:

vol. 11. B May

Calliope.—The Muse of Epic Poesy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, slying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphosed into the sun-slower, and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her father for yielding to the folicitations of Apollo, was by her lover changed into an Incense tree. The physical meaning of these sables is obvious.

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride

Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.

Then aid, O fairest nymph, my fond desire,

And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire:

Fired by the song, the listening world shall know

That Aganippe's streams from Tagus slow.

Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine

On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine:

On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,

And with the tuneful god my bosom glows:

I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,

And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews!

Now filence wooed th' illustrious chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When slowly turning with a modest grace,
The noble Vasco raised his manly face:
O mighty king, he cries, at thy b command
The martial story of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of strangers on the tale attend:

Yet

b O mighty king, be cries—The preface to the speech of Gama, and the defeription of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camöens describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity: by adding some characteristical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical.

Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative fo long,
Yet well affured no fiction's glare can raife,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praife;
Though lefs, far lefs, whate'er my lips can fay,
Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endless winter reigns, And that, where flaming heat confumes the plains; Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies, The queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies: Around her northern and her western shores, Throng'd with the finny race old ocean roars; The midland fea, where tide ne'er fwell'd the waves, Her richest lawns, the fouthern border, laves. Against the rising morn, the northmost bound The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground, As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold Their crooked way the rapid waters hold To dull Mæotis' lake: her eastern line More to the fouth, the Phrygian waves confine; Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore; Where now the feaman rapt in mournful joy Explores in vain the fad remains of Troy. Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads; Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads, Here winds on winds in endless tempests roll, The valleys figh, the lengthening echoes howl.

B 2

On

On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles grey, Weak as the twilight gleams the folar ray; Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines, The streams and seas eternal frost confines. Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old. A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controll'd, Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the facred earth, Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth. Here difmal Lapland spreads a dreary wild, Here Norway's wastes where harvest never smil'd, Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown, Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan. Here Scandia's clime her rugged shores extends, And far projected, through the ocean bends; Whose sons dread footsteps yet Ausonia e wears, And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

When

Whose sons dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears .- In the year 409, the city of Rome was facked, and Italy laid defolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumstance, Camöens has not fallen into the common error of little poets, who on every occasion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the arts and sciences. Those arts and sciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes, were in the most languid state. fouthern nations of Europe were funk into the most contemptible degeneracy. The sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almost unknown. For near two centuries no poet or writer of note had adorned the Roman empire. Those arts only, the abuse of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of music and cookery, were passionately cultivated in all the refinements of esseminate abuse. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroism and patriotism was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the history of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and science, could at When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane
Hoist the white sail, and plough the soamy way,
Cheer'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between these shores and Tanai's rushing tide
Livonia's sons and Russia's hords reside.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whose sires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.

Where,

the same time be so broken as to suffer the basest subjection to such weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did fuffer, for feveral centuries, the weakest and most capricious tyranny is a fact beyond dispute, a fact, which most strongly marks their degenerated character. On these despicable Sybarites * the north poured her brave and hardy sons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were possessed of all the manly b virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conquests Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid, and fickly female countenance, which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were loft. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the northern invaders. And however ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her constitution, which, as Montesquien observes, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The spirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair fex, which distinguished the northern heroes, will make their manners admired, while, considered in the same point, the polished ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and detestation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of these brave barbarians that modern Europe owes those remains of the spirit of liberty, and some other of the greatest advantages, which she may at prefent possess. They introduced a vigour of mind, which under the consequences of the crusades, and a variety of other causes, has not only been able to revive the arts, and improve every science, but has also investigated and ascertained the political interest and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brightest ages of the ancient world.

^{*} Sybaris, a city in Grecia Magna, whose inhabitants were so esseminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be disturbed by their early crowing.

See Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry. Dissert. II. p. 3.

Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd, Oft feen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race, The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chase, The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave The Elbe, Amasis, and the Danube lave, Of various tongues, for various princes known, Their mighty lord the German emperor own. Between the Danube and the lucid tide Where hapless Helle left her name, and died, The dreadful god of battles kindred race, Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace. Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd, And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd; Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled, Low to the Turk now bend the fervile head. Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon, And here those happy lands where genius shone In all the arts, in all the muse's charms, In all the pride of elegance and arms, Which to the heavens refounded Grecia's name, And left in every age a deathless fame. The stern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground; And where Antenor anchor'd in the found, Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers, And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours. For learning glorious, glorious for the fword, While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dreadlord,

Here

Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shews; Around her fides his arms old ocean throws; The dashing waves the ramparts aid supply; The hoary Alps, high towering to the fky, From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread, And lour destruction on the hostile tread. But now no more her hostile spirit burns; There now the faint in humble vespers mourns; To heaven more grateful than the pride of war, And all the triumphs of the victor's car. Onward fair Gallia opens to the view Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue: Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd, Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd. Here Seyn,—how fair when gliftening to the moon! Rolls his white wave; and here the cold Garoon; Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves; And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves. Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows Of lost Pyrene d rear their cloudy brows; Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd, Streams of red gold and melted filver pour'd.

And

^{— &}lt;sup>d</sup> Faitbles to the vows of less Pyrene, &c.—She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from $m\tilde{\nu}_{\ell}$, fire. To support which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of some shepherds, the ancient forests on these mountains were set on fire, and burned with such vehemence, that the melted metals spouted out and ran down from the sides of the hills. The allusion to this old tradition is in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

And now, as head of all the lordly train Of c Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain. Alas, what various fortunes has she known! Yet ever did her fons her wrongs atone; Short was the triumph of her haughty foes, And still with fairer bloom her honours rose. Where, lock'd with land the struggling currents boil, Fam'd for the godlike Theban's latest f toil. Against one coast the Punic strand extends, And round her breast the midland ocean bends: Around her shores two various oceans swell, And various nations in her bosom dwell; Such deeds of valour dignify their names, Each the imperial right of honour claims. Proud Arragon, who twice her standard reared In conquered Naples; and for art revered, Galicia's prudent fons; the fierce Navarre; And he far dreaded in the Moorish war, The bold Afturian; nor Sevilia's race, Nor thine, Granada, claim the fecond place.

Here

^{*} Of Europe's realms.—It is remarkable, that in this description of Europe, England should be entirely omitted; of so little consequence in the political scale did she then seem. The time when Camöens wrote this may be estimated from the beginning of the seventh book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the Lusiad was not published till the sourteenth of Elizabeth.

f—The Theban's latest toil.—Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, feparated the two mountains, Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean the Egean, and Euxine seas.

Here too the heroes who command the plain By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain, The brave Castilian paufes o'er his fword, His country's dread deliverer and lord. Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd. As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head, Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound, Whose verdant breast the rolling waves furround, Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray, The last pale gleaming of departing day: This, this, O mighty king, the facred earth, This the lov'd parent-foil that gave me birth. And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,' And fair fuccess my perilous toils reward, May that dear land my latest breath receive, And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in heaven's regard her heroes ftand;
By 8 heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell
The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confest the Lusian might.
From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,
(The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)

The

² By beaven's decree—This boast is according to the truth of history. In the days of Portuguese heroism, this first expulsion of the Moors was esteemed as a mark of the favour with which heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic saith. See the presace.

The glorious name of Lufitania rofe, A name tremendous to the Roman foes, When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led, And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled; When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treacherous h blow, That own'd her terror of the matchless foe. But when no more her Viriatus fought, Age after age her deeper thraldom brought; Her broken fons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd, Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd; Till time revolving raifed her drooping head, And o'er the wondering world her conquests spread. Thus rose her power: the lands of lordly Spain Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain; Great were his honours in the bloody fight, And fame proclaim'd him champion of the right. And oft the groaning Saracen's proud creft And shatter'd mail his awful force confest. From Calpe's fummits to the Caspian shore Loud-tongued renown his godlike actions bore. And many a chief from distant regions i came To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame;

Yet

The treacherous blow.—The affaffination of Viriatus. See the note on book I. p. 14.

And many a chief from diflant regions came.—Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded affishance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of the nobility of that age, no sooner was his desire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his shandard. These, in the course of a few years, having shewn signal proofs

Yet more for holy faith's unspotted cause

Their spears they wielded, than for fame's applause.

Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,

And still their foremost swords the battle sway'd.

And now to honour with distinguished meed

Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.

The first and bravest of the foreign bands

Hungaria's younger son brave Henry k stands.

To

of their courage, the king diftinguished the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulsion of the insidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of Entro Minbo e Douro, and Fra los Montes, were subdued, with that part of Beira which was held by the Mootish king of Lamego, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had sled to the mountains, took shelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose to submit and remain in their native country under a mild government. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies, and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

Hungaria's younger fon.—Camöens, in making the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, a younger son of the king of Hungary, has followed the old chronologist Galvan. The Spanish and Portuguese historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger. Some bring him from Constantinople, and others from the house of Lorrain. But the clearest and most probable account of him is in the chronicle of Fleury, wherein is preserved a fragment of French history, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of Count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger son of Henry, the only son of Robert, the first duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanshaw, having an eye to this history, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author.

To him are given the fields where Tagus flows, And the glad king his daughter's hand bestows; The fair Terefa shines his blooming bride, And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride. With her, befides, the fire confirms in dower Whate'er his fword might rescue from the Moor; And foon on Hagar's race the hero pours His warlike fury—foon the vanquish'd Moors To him far round the neighbouring lands refign, And heaven rewards him with a glorious line. To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant fon, The glorious founder of the Lusian throne. Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest, Delivered Judah Henry's might 1 confest. On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode; Whose hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;

And

Amongst these Henry, saith the history,
A younger son of France, and a brave prince,
Had Portugal in lot.——
And the same king did his own daughter tie
To him in wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love———

Nor are historians agreed on the birth of Donna Teresa, the spouse of Count Henry. Brandam, and other Portuguese historians, are at great pains to prove that she was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful Ximena de Guzman. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of Fleury, that Ximena was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the historians, that Donna Urraca, the heiress of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-sister, the wife of Count Henry.

1 Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confest.—His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by some monkish writers, but from the other parts of his history it is highly improbable. Camöens, however, shews his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumstance that might give an air of solemnity to his poem.

And Salem's gate her open folds difplay'd. When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid. But now no more in tented fields opposed, By Tagus' stream his honoured age he closed; Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived, And all the father in the fon furvived. And foon his worth was proved; the parent m dame Avowed a fecond hymeneal flame. The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place, And from the throne expels the orphan race. But young Alphonso, like his fires of yore, (His grandfire's virtues as his name he bore) Arms for the fight, his ravish'd throne to win, And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin. Her fiercest firebrands, civil discord waved, Before her troops the lustful mother raved;

Loft

the parent dame .- Don Alonzo Enriquez, fon of Count Henry. was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother assumed the reins of government, and appointed Don Fernando Perez de Trabo to be her minister. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, fome of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don Perez, or were really offended with the reports that were spread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, eafily perfuaded the young Count to take arms, and affume the fovereignty. A battle enfued, in which the prince was victorious. Terefa, it is faid, retired into the castle of Legonaso, where she was taken captive by her fon, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don Perez, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

Loft to maternal love, and loft to shame,
Unawed she saw heaven's awful vengeance slame;
The brother's sword the brother's bosom tore,
And sad Guimaria's meadows blush'd with gore;
With Lusian gore the peasant's cot was stain'd,
And kindred blood the sacred shrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jason's wife, Yet reeking with your childrens purple life, Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours; Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours. Your crime was vengeance on the faithless fires, But here ambition with foul lust conspires. Twas rage of love, O n Scylla, urged the knife That robb'd thy father of his fated life; Here groffer rage the mother's breast inflames, And at her guiltless son the vengeance aims; But aims in vain; her flaughter'd forces yield, And the brave youth rides victor o'er the field. No more his fubjects lift the thirsty fword, And the glad realm proclaims the youthful lord. But ah, how wild the noblest tempers run! His filial duty now forfakes the fon;

Secluded

n'Twai rage of love, O Scylla.—The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Nisus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war against him, for whom Scylla conceived so violent a passion, that she cut off the fatal lock while her father slept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in despair slung herself from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

Secluded from the day, in clanking chains His rage the parent's aged limbs constrains. Heaven frown'd-Dark vengeance low'ring on his brows, And sheath'd in brass the proud Castilian rose, Refolved the rigour to his daughter shewn, The battle should avenge, and blood atone. A numerous hoft against the prince he sped, The valiant prince his little army led: Dire was the shock; the deep riven helms refound, And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground. Yet though around the stripling's facred head By angel hands etherial shields were spread; Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled, Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd: With bands more numerous to the field he came, His proud heart burning with the rage of shame. And now in turn, Guimaria's lofty wall, That faw his triumph, faw the hero fall: Within the town immured, diftrest he lay, To stern Castilia's fword a certain prey. When now the guardian of his infant years, The valiant Egas, as a god appears; To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows, And faithful homage for his prince he vows. The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith, And peace fucceeds the dreadful scenes of death. Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew His high-foul'd prince to man would never fue,

Would

r

Would never stoop to brook the fervile stain, To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign. And now with gloomy aspect rose the day, Decreed the plighted fervile rites to pay; When Egas to redeem his faith's difgrace Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race. In gowns of white, as fentenced felons clad, When to the stake the sons of guilt are led, With feet unshod they slowly moved along, And from their necks the knotted halters hung. And now, O king, the kneeling Egas cries, Behold my perjured honour's facrifice: If fuch mean victims can atone thine ire, Here let my wife, my babes, myfelf expire: If generous bosoms such revenge can take, Here let them perish for the father's fake: The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are thefe, Nor let a common death thy wrath appeale; For us let all the rage of torture burn, But to my prince, thy fon, in friendship turn.

He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the listed sabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in filent joy the monarch stood;

Then

Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword, And to such o honour honour'd peace restored.

Oh Lufian faith! oh zeal beyond compare! What greater danger could the Persian dare, Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe, Forgot the joy for Babylon's P o'erthrow. And now the youthful hero shines in arms, The banks of Tagus eccho war's alarms: O'er Ourique's wide campaign his enfigns wave, And the proud Saracen to combat brave. Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage, In heaven's protecting care his courage lies, And heaven, his friend, superior force supplies. Five moorish kings against him march along, Ifmar the noblest of the armed throng; Yet each brave monarch claim'd the foldier's name, And far o'er many a land was known to fame.

VOL. II.

C

In

• And to fuch bonour.—The authors of the Universal History having related the story of Egas, add, "All this is very pleasant and entertaining, but we see no sufficient reason to affirm that there is one syllable of it true."

But though history afford no authentic document of this transaction, tradition, the poet's authority, is not silent. And the monument of Egaz in the monastery of Paço de Souza, gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there represented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, says Castera, as described by Camöens.

Babylon's o'ertbrow.—When Darius laid siege to Babylon, one of his lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nose and ears, persuaded the enemy that he had received these indignities from the cruelty of his master. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Justin.

In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Befide each king a warrior a Nymph appears;
Each with her fword her valiant lover guards,
With fmiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous r maid,
Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank the limpid wave of 5 Thermodon.

'Twas morn's still hour, before the dawning grey
The stars bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, resplendent in the heaven serene,
High o'er the prince the sacred cross was seen;
The godlike prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,

Oh.

Befide each king a warrior nymph appears.—The Spanish and Portuguese histories afford several instances of the Moorish chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their mistresses, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of these ladies. Where this is mentioned, the name of George de Sylveyra ought to be recorded. When the Portuguese assisted the king of Melinda against his enemy of Oja, they gave a signal defeat to the Moors in a forest of palm trees. In the pursuit, Sylveyra saw a Moor leading off a beautiful young woman through a bye path of the wood. He pursued, and the Moor perceiving his danger, discovered the most violent agitation for the safety of his mistress, whom he entreated to sty while he fought his enemy. But she with equal emotion refused to leave him, and persisted in the resolution to share his sate. Sylveyra, struck with this tender strife of affection, generously left them, exclaiming, God forbid that my sword should interrupt such love!

the beauteous maid.—Penthefilea, queen of the Amazons, who, after having fignalized her valour at the fiege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[.] Thermodon .- A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know, But to the pagan herd thy wonders shew!

The Lufian hoft, enraptured, mark'd the fign That witness'd to their chief the aid divine: Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance, And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance; Then burst the filence, hail, O king, they cry; Our king, our king, the echoing dales reply. Fired at the found, with fiercer ardour glows The heaven-made monarch; on the wareless foes Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along: So when the chace excites the rustic throng, Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries, On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies: The stern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground, His watchful horns portend the deathful wound; The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe, Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow: Now by the neck, now by the gory fides Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides: In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire, In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire; His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize With thollow thundering found, and raging dies.

C 2

Thus

It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the reader to see Homer's description of a bull overpowered, as translated by Pope:

Thus on the Moors the hero rush'd along, Th' aftonish'd Moors in wild confusion throng; They fnatch their arms, the hafty trumpet founds, With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds; The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain, As when the flame devours the bearded grain: The nightly flames the whiftling winds inspire, Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire: Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze, From fleep the shepherds start in wild amaze; They fnatch their cloaths with many a woeful cry, And fcatter'd devious to the mountains fly. Such fudden dread the trembling Moors alarms, Wild and confused they snatch the nearest arms; Yet flight they fcorn, and eager to engage They four their foamy steeds, and trust their furious rage: Amidst the horror of the headlong shock, With foot unshaken as the living rock Stands the bold Lusian firm; the purple wounds Gush horrible, deep groaning rage resounds;

Reeking

As when a lion, rushing from his den,

Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,

(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,

At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)

Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;

The trembling herdsman far to distance slies;

Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and sled)

He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.

Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hestor slew

All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew;

Mycenian Periphas.

POPE. IL. XV.

Reeking behind the Moorish backs appear

The shining point of many a Lusian spear;

The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,

Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the sield;

Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,

Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;

Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,

And curse their prophet as they writhe in death.

Arms sever'd from the trunks still grasp the set,

Heads gasping roll; the sighting squadrons reel;

Fainty

"—— fiill grass the steel.—There is a passage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camöens had his eye. Επεὶ δί ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῆν ἰδειν, τὴν μέν χῆν αἰμαλι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over one might behold, "through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, "the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the earth, some plunged in the bosoms of the slain, and some yet grasped in the hands of the dead soldiers."

As it was necessary in the preface to give a character of the French translation of the Lusiad, some support of that character is necessary in the notes. To point out every instance of the unpoetical taste of Castera, were to give his paraphrase of every fine passage in Camöens. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner; it is therefore transcribed: " Le Portugais beurte impetuecusement les soldats d'Ismar, les renverse et leur ouvre le sein à coups de lance ; on se rencontre, on se choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le sommet des montagnes. La terre tremble sous les pas des coursiers fougueux ; l'impitoyable Erinnys voit des blessures enormes et des coups dignes d'elles : les guerriers de Lusus brisent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plastrons, armures, boucliers, cuirasses et turbans; la Parque étend ses ailes affreuses sur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la poussiere, l'autre implore le secours de son prophete; têtes, jambes et bras volent et bondissent de toutes parts, l'ail n'apperçoit que visages couverts d'une paleur livide, que corps deebirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes." Had Castera seriously intended to burlesque his author he could scarcely have better succeeded. As translation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. The attack was with such fury that it might shake the tops of the mountains: This bombast,

Fainty and weak with languid arms they close, And staggering grapple with the staggering foes, So when an oak falls headlong on the lake, The troubled waters, flowly fettling, shake: So faints the languid combat on the plain, And fettling ftaggers o'er the heaps of flain. Again the Lufian fury wakes its fires, The terror of the Moors new strength inspires; The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly, And total rout refounds the yelling cry. Defiled with one wide sheet of reeking gore, The verdure of the lawn appears no more: In bubbling streams the lazy currents run, And shooth red flames beneath the evening fun. With spoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies v crown'd The heaven-made fovereign on the battle ground

Three

bombast, and the wretched anticlimax ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his author, the increase of the richness of the tissue would have rendered his work more pleasing. It was therefore his interest to do so. But it was not in the feelings of Castera, to translate the Lusiad with the spirit of Camöens.

with glorious trophies crown'd.—This memorable battle was fought in the plains of Ourique, in 1139. The engagement lasted six hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle, Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portuguese writers have given many sabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Moorish army amounted to 380,000; others, 480,000, and others swell it to 600,000; whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles must also be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, sat down to comfort his mind by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the story of Gideon, he sunk into a deep sleep, in which he saw a very old man

Three days encampt, to rest his weary train, Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain. And now in honour of the glorious day, When five proud monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,

On

in a remarkable dress come into his tent, and assure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to speak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no fooner faw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had feen in his dream. This venerable person acquainted him, that he was a fisherman, and had led a life of penance for fixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morning, as foon as he heard a certain bell ring, he should receive the strongest assurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and suddenly beheld in the eastern sky, the figure of the cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of king, if it was offered him by the army. The fame writers add, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others affert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed falterwife, with a point fable, in memory of the five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. There is an old record, faid to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the story of the vision is related upon his majesty's oath. The Spanish critics, however, have discovered many inconsistencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phrases not then in use: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that æra had not been introduced into Spain; and John, bishop of Coimbra, signs as a witness before John, Metropolitan of Braja, which is contrary to ecclefiaftical rule. These circumstances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falsehood of the vision, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any share in the oath which passes under his name. The truth is, the Portuguese were always unwilling to pay any homage to the king of Castile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their monarchy, with miracle, and the new fovereignty with a command from heaven, circumstances extremely agreeable both to the military pride, and the fuperstition of these times. The regal dignity and constitution of the monarchy, however, were not settled

On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before, Placed as a cross, five azure shields he w wore,

In

till about fix years after the battle of Ourique. For mankind, fay the authors of the Universal History, were not then so ignorant and barbarous, as to fuffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony, than a tumultuous huzza. An account of the coronation of the first king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don Alonzo having been attended with great success, in 1145, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, at Lamego. When the affembly opened, he appeared, feated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. Laurence de Viegas then demanded of the assembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at Ourique, and the briefs of pope Eugenius III. they chused to have Don Alonzo Enriquez for their king? To this they answered they were willing. He then demanded, if they defired the monarchy should be elective or hereditary. They declared their intention to be, that the crown should descend to the heirs male of Alonzo. Laurence de Viegas then asked, " Is it your pleasure that he be invested with the enfigns of royalty?" He was answered in the affirmative; and the archbishop of Braya placed the crown upon his head, the king having his fword drawn in his hand. As foon as crowned, Alonzo thus addressed the assembly: " Bleffed be God, who has always affisted me, and has enabled me, " with this fword, to deliver you from all your enemies. I shall ever wear " it for your defence. You have made me a king, and it is but just that " you should share with me in taking care of the state. I am your king, " and as fuch let us make laws to fecure the happiness of this kingdom." Eighteen short statutes were then framed, and assented to by the people. Laurence de Viegas at length proposed the great question, Whether it was their pleasure that the king should go to Leon, to do homage, and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. On this, every man drawing his fword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our li-" berty to our courage. If the king shall at any time submit to such an act, " he deferves death, and shall not reign either over us, or among us." The king then rifing up, approved this declaration, and declared, That if any of his descendants consented to such a submission, he was unworthy to succeed, should be reputed incapable of wearing the crown, and that the election of another fovereign should immediately take place.

Fanshaw's translation of this is curious. He is literal in the circumstances, but the debasements marked in Italic are his own:

In grateful memory of the heavenly fign, The pledge of conquest by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the fcabbard flept, His warlike arm increasing laurels reapt: From Leyra's walls the baffled Ismar flies, And ftrong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize; That honour'd town, through whose Elysian groves Thy fmooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves. Th' illustrious Santarene confest his power, And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower. The Lunar mountains faw his troops difplay Their marching banners and their brave array; To him fubmits fair Cintra's cold domain, The foothing refuge of the Nayad train, When love's fweet fnares the pining nymphs would fhun; Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run: The cooling shades awake the young defires, And the cold fountains cherish love's fost fires.

And

In these five shields he paints the recompence
(Os trinta dinbeiros; the thirty denarii, says Camöens.)

For which the Lord was fold, in various ink
Writing bis biffery, who did difpense
Such favour to him, more then beart could think.

(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. Camöens.)

In every of the five he paints five-pence.

So fums the thirty by a cinque-fold cinque
Accounting that which is the center, twice,
Of the five cinques, which he doth place cross-wife.

And thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall
Rose by the x hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
Thou queen y of cities, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the hero's sway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad essugence shone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the smoaking breach yawns wide.

As

^{*} Rose by the band.—The tradition, that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called Olyssipolis, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which says, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the island.

The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was stanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and sourceen in circumference. When besieged by Don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. That it was strong, however, and well garrisoned, is certain. It is also certain, that Alonzo owed the conquest of it to a seet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of whom were English. One Udal ap Rbys, in his tour through Portugal says, that Alonzo gave them Almada, on the side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon, and that Villa Franca was peopled by them, which they called Cornualla, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immense herds of cattle are kept, as in the English Cornwall.

As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rush'd along the hero's force.
The thirst of vengeance the affailants fires,
The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,
And every treshold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the city, whose unconquer'd towers

Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,

Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd

The savage courage of their souls sustain'd;

Before whose sword the sons of Ebro sled,

And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;

Aw'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore

The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

When Lifboa's towers before the Lufian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
Eftremadura's region owns him lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his fword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.

Elva

[&]quot;-Unconquer'd towers. - This affertion of Camöens is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got possession of Lisbon.

Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,

Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales

Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows;

For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows:

And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,

Your golden burdens for Alonzo save;

Soon shall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,

And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor fleep his captains while the fovereign wars; The brave Giraldo's fword in conquest shares; Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold, Sertorius dread, whose labours still remain; Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain The marble duct, where, gliftening to the fun, Of filver hue the shining waters run. Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear, And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear. Nor refts the monarch while his fervants toil, Around him still increasing trophies smile, And deathless fame repays the hapless fate That gives to human life fo short a date. Proud Beja's castled walls his fury storms, And one red flaughter every lane deforms.

The

²—wbose labours fill remain.—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely cold, Heapt fad Trancoso's streets in carnage roll'd, Appealed, the vengeance of their flaughter fee, And hail th' indignant king's fevere decree. Palmela trembles on her mountain's height, And fea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might. Nor these alone confest his happy star, Their fated doom produced a nobler war. Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld His towns befieged, and hafted to the field. Four thousand coursers in his army neigh'd, Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd; Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold, In filver belts they shone, and plates of gold. Along a mountain's fide fecure they trod; Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road; When as a bull, whose luftful veins betray The maddening tumult of inspiring May; If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows, When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows, If then perchance his jealous burning eye Behold a careless traveller wander by, With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies; The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies. So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train, And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled flain; The royal Moor precipitates in flight; The mountain echoes with the wild affright

Of flying fquadrons; down their arms they throw, And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe. The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare! But fixty b horsemen waged the conquering war. The warlike monarch still his toil renews: New conquest still each victory pursues. To him Badaja's lofty gates expand, And the wide region owns his dread command. When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld Those walls subdued which faw his troops expell'd; Enraged he faw them own the victor's fway, And hems them round with battalous array. With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows, By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes He rushes, glorying in his wonted force, And fours with headlong rage his furious horse; The combat burns, the fnorting courfer bounds, And paws impetuous by the iron mounds: O'er gasping soes and sounding bucklers trod The raging steed, and headlong as he rode Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar-Low groveling in the dust, the pride of war, The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal state.

And

" And steel revenge my chains:" she spoke, and died;

" Let iron dash his limbs," his mother cried,

But fixty borfemen-The history of this battle wants authenticity.

And heaven affented—Now the hour was come, And the dire curfe was fallen Alonzo's doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with forrow view thy glory's stain;
Though thy tall standards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phasis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the sun's sierce ray
Begets no shadow, own'd thy conquering sway;
Though from the tribes that shiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery glistening team,
To those who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant shades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy same,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, samous for the sleece of gold;

Though

• — Alonzo's doom—As already observed, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo used such severity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan says it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor Egas Nunio a legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was something amiss about his legs. When he was prisoner to his son-in-law Don Fernando king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was restored to strength, on condition that as soon as he was able to mount on horseback, he should come to Leon, and in person do homage for his dominions. This condition, so contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horseback, but on pretence of lameness, ever after affected to ride in a calash. This, his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the superstitious of those days ascribed to the curses of his mother.

Though Judah's land, whose facred rites implored The one true God, and, as he taught adored; Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate fway'd, And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd; Though vext Cilicias pirates wore thy bands, And those who cultured fair Armenia's lands, Where from the facred mount two rivers flow, And what was Eden to the pilgrim shew; Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave To where the northern tempests howl and rave Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vast and wide The various climes that bended to thy pride; No more with pining anguish of regret Bewail the horrors of Pharfalia's fate: For great Alonzo, whose superior name Unequall'd victories confign to fame, The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe; From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the dust,
His crime atoned, confest that heaven was just,
Again in splendor he the throne ascends:
Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santeraen
Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The martyr's bones on Vincent's cape interr'd,

(His

(His fainted name the cape shall ever d bear) To Lisboa's walls he brought with votive care. And now the monarch, old and feeble grown, Refigns the faulchion to his valiant fon. O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero past, And bleeding hofts before him shrunk aghast: Choak'd with the flain, with moorish carnage dy'd, Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide. Burning for victory the warlike boy Spares not a day to thoughtless rest or joy. Nor long his wish unsatisfied remains: With the besiegers' gore he dyes the plains That circle Beja's wall: yet still untamed, With all the fierceness of despair inflamed, The raging Moor collects his distant might; Wide from the shores of Atlas' starry height, From Amphelufia's cape, and Tingia's bay, Where stern Antæus held his brutal sway, The Mauritanian trumpet founds to arms, And Juba's realm returns the hoarfe alarms; The fwarthy tribes in burnish'd armour shine, Their warlike march Abeyla's shepherds join. The great e Miramolin on Tago's shores Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours;

VOL. 11.

Twelve

VIRG. ÆN. VII.

d Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneša nutrix, Æternam moriens famam, Caïeta, dedisti.

⁻ Miramolin,-not the name of a person, but a title, quasi, Soldan.

The Arabs call it Emir-almoumini, the emperor of the faithful.

Twelve kings and one beneath his enfigns ftand, And wield their fabres at his dread command. The plundering bands far round the region hafte, The mournful region lies a naked wafte. And now enclosed in Santareen's high towers The brave Don Sanco shuns th' unequal powers; A thoufand arts the furious Moor purfues, And ceafeless still the fierce affault renews. Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd, In fmouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd; The brazen rams the lofty turrets shake, And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake; But brave Alonzo's fon, as danger grows, His pride inflamed, with rifing courage glows; Each coming from of miffile darts he wards, Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

In that fair city, round whose verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego spreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king reposed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the seeble steps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring veterans, long to conquest train'd;
He leads—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.

As proud Miramolin in horror fled,

Don Sanco's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.

In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds

The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lusian bounds.

Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raise,

And every voice resounds the song of praise;

"Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,
"'Twas guardian heaven," they sung, "that ruled the fight."

This blifsful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale difease gave now the secret wound;
Her icy hand his seeble limbs invades,
And pining languor through his vitals spreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, smourns,
Alonzo's name each woful bay returns;
For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,
And suneral murmurs wailing, roll along;
Their swelling tears o'erslow the wide campaign;
With sloating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,

D 2

For

Ipsa te, Tityre, pinus,

Ipsi te fontes, ipsa bac arbusta vocabant.

Ect. 1.

Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,

Ab miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat:

Eurydicen toto referebant sumine ripa.

G. 1v.

littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

Ect. vi.

^{*} Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns.—In this poetical exclamation, expressive of the sorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoens has happily imitated some passages of Virgil.

For thee the willow bowers and copies weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;
Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
And all the landscape wears the look of woe.
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories spread,
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While still, at eve, each dale Alonzo sighs,
And, Oh, Alonzo; every hill replies;
And still the mountain echoes trill the lay,
Till blushing morn brings on the noiseful day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne succeeds,
Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
Let Betis tinged with blood his prowess tell,
And Beja's lawns, where boastful Afric fell.
Nor less, when king, his martial ardour glows,
Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops enclose:
Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peasant plough'd,
Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys sow'd;
But Lisboa's monarch reapt. The winds of heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven,
In Tago's breast a gallant navy sought
The sheltering port, and s glad affistance brought.

The

the Moors, were feveral times affifted by the English and German crusaders. In the present instance, the sleet was mostly English, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.

The warlike crew, by Frederick the Red,
To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdued,
To Saladine h the foe for mercy sued.

Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,
To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name.
In Sanco's cause the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force resigns.
Thus sent by heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Lisboa's ramparts to the sire's command.

Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn
The hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though senced with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace

To

h To Saladine the foe for mercy fued .- In the reign of Guido, the last Christian king of Jerusalem, the streams which supplied his army with water were cut off by Saladine, the victorious Mamaluke; by which means Guido's army was reduced to submission. During the crusades, the fountains which supplied the Christians had been often perverted and poisoned; and it was believed that fome lepers, who had been turned out of the Christian camp, affisted the enemy by magical arts, in thus destroying them. Hence it was also believed, that every wretch afflicted with the leprofy was a magician, and that by magic they held an univerfal intelligence with one another over the whole world, on purpose to injure the Christian cause. On this opinion, these unhappy objects of compassion were persecuted throughout Europe: Several of them were condemned, and burnt at Paris; and where they experienced less severity, they were turned out of the hospitals erected for their reception. It stands upon authentic record, that the poor old lepers of St. Bartholomew's hospital in the vicinage of Oxford, were severely perfecuted for poisoning the fountains near Jerusalem. Such were the gross opinions of mankind, ere enlightened and civilized by the intercourse of commerce. Fox, Martyr. p. 364. Annal. Mon. Brinton. Ox. p. 13.

To Leon's haughty fons his fword atchieved; Proud Tui's neck his fervile yoke received; And far around falls many a wealthy town, O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair, He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir. Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor, Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dies: another Sanco reigns: Alas, with many a figh the land complains! Unlike his fire, a vain unthinking boy, His fervants now a jarring fway enjoy. As his the power, his were the crimes of those Whom to dispense that sacred power he chose. By various counfels waver'd and confused, By feeming friends, by various arts abused; Long undetermined, blindly rash at last, Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the paft. Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust, The flave capricious of unnatural luft: Nor had he fmiled had flames confumed his Troy; Nor could his people's groans afford him joy; Nor did his woes from female manners fpring, Unlike the i Syrian, or Sicilia's king.

No

No hundred cooks his costly meal prepared,

As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant k fared:

Nor dared the artist hope his ear to gain,

By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain.

But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,

And ask'd a godlike hero for their Lord.

To none accustom'd but an hero's sway,

Great must he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills, Complaint, loud echoed, murmurs through the hills. Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl mawakes, And from his liftless brother's minions takes

The

When Rome's proud tyrant far'd.—Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

By new-form'd arts to point the flings of pain.-Alluding to the flory of

m ____ Bolonia's warlike Earl-__Camöens, who was quite an enthusiast for the honour of his country, has in this instance disguised the truth of history. Don Sancho was by no means the weak prince here reprefented, nor did the miseries of his reign proceed from himself. The clergy were the fale authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman fee was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the most tyrannical manner. The ecclesiastical courts had long claimed the sole right to try the ecclesiastics; and to prohibit a priest to say mass for a twelvemonth, was by the brethren, his judges, esteemed a sufficient punishment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of Don Sancho, attempted to establish the authority of the king's courts of justice over the offending clergy. For this the archbishop of Braga excommunicated Gonzalo Mendez, the chancellor; and Honorius the pope excommunicated the king, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of religion were fufpended, the vulgar fell into the utmost dissoluteness of manners; Mahommedism made great advances, and public confusion every where prevailed. By this policy the holy church constrained the nobility to urge the king to a full sub-

The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restored, And foon, by just fuccession, Lisboa's lord, Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns; Nor may the limits of his fire's domains Confine his mounting spirit. When he led His fmiling confort to the bridal bed, Algarbia's realm, he cried, shall prove thy dower, And foon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power. The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd, All Lufus' shores his might unrivall'd held. And now brave Diniz reigns, whose noble fire Bespoke the genuine lineage of his fire. Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough, Each vale display'd the labours of the plough And fmiled with joy: the rocks on every shore Refound the dashing of the merchant-oar. Wife laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd, And the deep-rooted base of empire laid.

Not

mission to the papal chair. While a negociation for this purpose was on foot, Alonzo died, and left his son to struggle with an enraged and powerful clergy. Don Sancho was just, affable, brave, and an enamoured husband. On this last virtue saction first fixed its envenomed fangs. The queen was accused of arbitrary influence over her husband, and, according to the superstition of that age, she was believed to have disturbed his senses by an inchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the king's favour, were stigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the queen. The confusions which ensued were somented by Alonzo, earl of Bologne, the king's brother, by whom the king was accused as the author of them. In short, by the assistance of the clergy, and pope Innocent IV. Sancho was deposed, and soon after he died at Toledo. The beautiful queen, Donna Mencia, was seized as a prisoner, and conveyed away by one Raymond Portocarrero, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of saction!

Not Ammon's fon with larger heart bestow'd, Nor fuch the grace to him the muses owed. From Helicon the muses wing their way; Mondego's flowery banks invite their flay. Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode; And fired with joy, Parnaffus' bloomy god Beholds another dear-loved Athens rife, And fpread her laurels in indulgent fkies; Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines With threads of gold, and Baccaris n adjoins. Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lour, Here cities fwell and lofty temples tower: In wealth and grandeur each with other vies; When old and loved the parent-monarch dies. His fon, alas, remifs in filial deeds, But wife in peace and bold in fight, fucceeds, The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war He views the stern Castile with watchful care. Yet when the Lybian nations crost the main, And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain, The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel And forung to battle for the proud Castile.

When Babel's haughty queen unsheath'd the sword, And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd;

When

Gingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro,

VIRG. Ecl. VII.

Baccarir—or lady's glove, an herb to which the draids and ancient poets afcribed magical virtues.

When dreadful Attila, to whom was . given That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven, The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan; Not fuch unnumber'd banners then were feen, As now in fair Tartefia's dales convene; Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear, And all the might of Hagar's race was here; Granada's mongrels join their numerous hoft, To those who dared the seas from Lybia's coast. Awed by the fury of fuch ponderous force The proud Castilian tries each hoped resource; Yet not by terror for himself inspired, For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired. His much-loved bride his meffenger he fends, And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends. The much-loved daughter of the king implored, Now fues her father for her wedded lord. The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate, Where her great fire was throned in regal state: On her fair face deep-fettled grief appears, And her mild eyes are bathed in gliftening tears;

Her

[•] When dreadful Attila—A king of the Huns, furnamed, the Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greatest of barbarous conquerors.

P His much-loved bride—The princess Mary. She was a lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill used by her husband, who was violently attached to his mistresses, though he owed his crown to the affistance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow: A secret transport through the father ran, While thus, in sights, the royal bride began:

And know'ft thou not, O warlike king, she cry'd, That furious Afric pours her peopled tide, Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain? Morocco's lord commands the dreadful train. Ne'er fince the furges bathed the circling coast, Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host : Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage, Pale are our bravest youth as palsied age: By night our fathers' shades confess their a fear, Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear: To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands, Alone, O fire, my gallant husband stands; His little hoft alone their breafts oppose To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerous foes: Then hafte, O monarch, thou whose conquering spear Has chill'd Malucca's fultry waves with fear; Hafte to the rescue of distress'd Castile, (Oh! be that fmile thy dear affection's feal!)

And

By night our fathers shades confess their fear.—Camöens says, "A mortos faz espanto," to give this elegance in English required a paraphrase. There is something wildly great, and agreeable to the superstition of that age, to suppose that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of so terrible an army. The French translator, contrary to the original, ascribes this terror to the ghost of only one prince; by which, this stroke of Camöens, in the spirit of Shakespeare, is greatly reduced.

And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate
Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal state,
Be left in captive solitude forlorn,
My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen: So loft in grief was lovely Venus r feen, When Jove, her fire, the beauteous mourner pray'd To grant her wandering fon the promifed aid. Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore, Gave all she ask'd, and grieved she ask'd no more. So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now The warrior binds in steel his awful brow; The glittering fquadrons march in proud array, On burnish'd shields the trembling fun-beams play: The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires, And wakes from flothful peace the hero's fires. With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound, And fprightly neighings echo far around; Far on each fide the clouds of dust arise, The drum's rough rattling rolls along the skies; The trumpet's shrilly clangor founds alarms, And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms. Where their bright blaze the royal enfigns pour'd, High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd; High o'er the rest was his bold front admired, And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspired.

Proudly

So loft in grief-See the first Eneid.

Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain The two Alonzos join their martial train: Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn, They paufe—the mountain and the wide-spread lawn Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe: Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride, The foes already conquer'd Spain divide, And lordly o'er the field the promifed victors stride. So strode in Elah's vale the towering height Of Gath's proud champion; fo with pale affright The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd: The valiant boy advancing fits the ftring, And round his head he whirls the founding fling; The monster staggers with the forceful wound, And his vaft bulk lies groaning on the ground. Such impious fcorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd, When our thin fquadrons took the battle-field; Unconscious of the power who led us on, That power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne; Led by that power, the brave Castilian bared The shining blade, and proud Morocco dared; His conquering brand the Lufian hero drew, And on Granada's fons refiftless flew; The spear-staffs crash, the splinters his around, And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.

With

With piercing shrieks the Moors their prophet's name,
And ours their guardian saint aloud acclaim.

Wounds gush on wounds, and blows resound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erslows;
The wounded gasping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the sword but half supplied.

Though s wove and quilted by their ladies' hands,
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.

With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.

Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero slies,
And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins
In dreadful consist with the Moorish lines.

The parting fun now pour'd the ruddy blaze, And twinkling Vefper shot his filvery rays Athwart the gloom, and closed the glorious day, When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.

Such

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.

and Dryden, Pope, &c. often use wove as a participle in place of the harshfounding woven, a word almost incompatible with the elegance of versification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to be used; and use will
ascertain its definition in grammar. When the spirit of chivalry prevailed,
every youthful warrior had his mistress, to whose favour he laid no claim,
till he had distinguished himself in the ranks of battle. If his first addresses
were received, it was usual for the lady to present her lover with some weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the
goodness of whose metal and fabric, it was supposed she was consident.

^{*} Though wove——It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

Such dreadful flaughter of the boaftful Moor Never on battle-field was heap'd before. Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate And desperate war against the Roman state, Though three strong coursers bent beneath the weight Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight, Erewhile, the badge of rank diftinguish'd, worn, From their cold hands at Cannæ's flaughter torn; Not his dread fword befpread the reeking plain With fuch wide streams of gore, and hills of flain; Nor thine, O Titus, fwept from Salem's land, Such floods of ghofts roll'd down to death's dark ftrand; Though ages ere she fell, the prophets old The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold In words that breathe wild horror: Nor the shore, When carnage choak'd the stream, so smoak'd with gore, When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood, Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood; Not fuch the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
'To Lisboa's shores the happy chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,
His course of same, and honoured age to close.

When

t—fo fmoat'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions—When the foldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; there, says he, you may drink, but it must be purchased with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have something liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

When now, O king, a damsel's fate u severe,

A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,

Disgraced his honours—On the nymph's lorn head

Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:

Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,

Her breathless corfe the crown of Lisboa wore.

'Twas thou, O love, whose dreaded shafts control.

The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;

Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,

'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.

Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,

In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;

The breast that feels thy purest slames divine,

With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.

Such

⁻ a damfel's fate fevere This unfortunate lady, Donna Inez de Cafiro, was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition. La Neufville, Le Clede, and other historians, affert, that she was privately married to the prince, ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the severity of whose temper he well knew, his intercourse with Donna Inez, passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the accession of Don Pedro the Cruel, to the throne of Castile, many of the disgusted nobility were kindly received by Don-Pedro, through the interest of his beloved Inez. The favour shewn to these Castilians, gave great uneafiness to the politicians. A thousand evils were foreseen from the prince's attachment to his Castilian mistress: even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess Constantia, was surmised; and the enemies of Donna Inez, finding the king willing to liften, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his twenty-eighth year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

Such thy dire triumphs !- Thou, O nymph, the while, Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile, In tender scenes by love-fick fancy wrought, By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought, In fweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers, Languish'd away the flow and lonely hours: While now, as terror waked thy boding fears, The conscious stream received thy pearly tears; And now, as hope revived the brighter flame, Each echo figh'd thy princely lover's name. Nor less could absence from thy prince remove The dear remembrance of his diftant love: Thy looks, thy fmiles, before him ever glow, And o'er his melting heart endearing flow: By night his flumbers bring thee to his arms, By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms: By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ, Each thought the memory or the hope of joy. Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love, No princely dame his conftant faith could move: For thee alone his conftant paffion burn'd, For thee the proffer'd royal maids he fcorn'd. Ah, hope of blifs too high—the princely dames Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames; He, with an old man's wintery eye, furveys The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs The peoples' murmurs of his fon's delay To bless the nation with his nuptial day.

R

(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful sire.
Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a semale breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possest!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands, Before the frowning king fair Inez stands; Her tears of artless innocence, her air So mild, fo lovely, and her face fo fair, Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal; Dread rage again the tyrant's foul poffest, And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confest: O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread, Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled, Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes, And all the mother in her bosom rose. Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drown'd, To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound; Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance, The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance, Smiling in innocence of infant age, Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;

To

Ad calum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palenas.

To whom, as burfting forrow gave the flow, The native heart-fprung eloquence of woe, The lovely captive thus :- O monarch, hear, If e'er to thee the name of man was dear. If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood, Inspired by nature with the lust of blood, Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare, Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care, As Rome's great founders to the world were given; Shalt thou, who wear'ft the facred stamp of heaven, The human form divine, shalt thou deny That aid, that pity, which e'en beafts supply! Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare, Of human mould, fuperfluous were my prayer; Thou could'ft not then a helpless damfel slay, Whose sole offence in fond affection w lay,

E 2

In

* Whose sole offence in fond affection lay .- It has been observed by some critics, that Milton on every occasion is fond of expressing his admiration of music, particularly of the song of the nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the same manner we are to judge of the favourite taste of Homer, we shall find it of a less delicate kind. He is continually describing the feast, the huge chine, the favoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling passion of Camoens is also strongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length, which abounds with fo many impassioned encomiums on the fair fex, and the power of their beauty, as the Lusiad. The genius of Camoens feems never so pleased as when he is painting the variety of female charms; he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his descriptions of the happiness and miseries attendant on the passion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, these parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Tasso and Spenser have copied from his Island of Bliss, and three tragedies have been formed from this episode of

In faith to him who first his love confest, Who first to love allured her virgin breast.

In

the unhappy Inez. One in English, named Elvira; the other two are by M. de la Motte, a Frenchman, and Luis Velez de Guepara, a Spaniard. How these different writers have handled the same subject, is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of M. de la Motte, from which Elvira is copied, is highly characteristic of the French drama. In the Lussad, the beautiful victim expresses the strong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother rises in her breast, she implores pity for her children; she feels the horrors of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only solace would be the remembrance of her faithful passion. This, however, it appears, would not suit the taste of a Paris audience. On the French stage, the stern Roman heroes must be polite petits-maitres, and the tender Inez, a blustering amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wishes to die herself, but desires that her children and her husband Don Pedro, may also be put to death.

Hé bien, seigneur, suivez vos barbares maximes, On vous amene encor de nouvelles victimes, Immolez sans remords, et pour nous punir mieux, Ces gages d'un Hymen si coupable à vos yeux. Ils ignorent le sang, dont le ciel les a fit naitre, Par l'arrêt de leur mort faites les reconnaitre, Consommez votre ouvrage, et que les mêmes coups Rejoignent les ensans, et la femme, et l'epoux.

The Spaniard, however, has followed nature and Camöens, and in point of poetical merit, his play is infinitely fuperior to that of the Frenchman. Don Pedro talks in the absence of his mistress with the beautiful simplicity of an Arcadian lover, and Inez implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderness of female affection and delicacy. The reader, who is acquainted with the Spanish tongue, will thank me for the following extrasts:

Iner. A mis hijos me quitais?

Rey Don Alonfo, fenor,

Porque me quereis quitar

La vida de tantas vezes?

Advertid, fenor mirad,

Que el coraçon a pedaços

Dividido me arancais.

Rey. Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.

Ines.

In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hard thy rage on me?

Me,

Iner. Hijos mios, donde vais?

Donde vais sim vuestra madre?

Falta en los hombres piedad?

Adonde vais suzes mais?

Como, que affi me dexais

En el mayor desconsuclo

En manos de la crueldad.

Nino Alfon. Consuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,
Que vamos con nuestro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernas mal:

Posible es, fenor, Rey mio, Padre, que ansi me cerreis La puerta para el perdon? Aora, senor, aora, Aora es tiempo de monstrar El mucho poder que tiene Vuestra real Magestad. Como, senor? vos os vais Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello Inhumanos me entregais? Hijos, hijos de mi vida, Dexad me los abraçar; Alonfo, mi vida hijo, Dionis, a mores, tornad, Tornad a ver vuestra madre: Pedro mio, donde estas Que anfi te olvidas de mi? Poffible es que en tanto mal

The drama, from which these extracts are taken, is entitled, Reynar despues de morir. And as they are cited for the tenderness of the original expression, a translation of them is not attempted.

Me falta tu vista, esposo? Quien te pudiera avisar Del peligro en que astigida Dona Ines tu esposa esta. Me, for their fakes, if yet thou wilt not spare, Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care! Yet pity's lenient current ever flows From that brave breast where genuine valour glows; That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell, Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell; Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime, Procure mine exile to fome barbarous clime: Give me to wander o'er the burning plains Of Lybia's defarts, or the wild domains Of Scythia's fnow-clad rocks and frozen shore; There let me, hopeless of return, deplore. Where ghaftly horror fills the dreary vale, Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale, The lions roaring, and the tygers yell, There with mine infant race, confign'd to dwell, There let me try that piety to find, In vain by me implored from human kind: There in fome dreary cavern's rocky womb, Amid the horrors of fepulchral gloom, For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow, The figh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow: All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear These infant pledges of a love so dear, Amidst my griefs a foothing, glad employ, Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd—as the frozen snow Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow, So just began to melt his stubborn soul

As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole;

But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,

Again pretended for the public weal,

Her sierce accusers urged her speedy doom;

Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom

O'er stern x Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,

Their swords unsheathed around her brandish'd shine.

O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,

By men of arms an helples lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious fire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;

While

* O'er flern Alonzo's brow To give the character of Alphonfo IV. will throw light on this inhuman transaction. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a Machiavilian politician. That good might be attained by villanous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had perfuaded him that her death was necessary to the welfare of the state, he took a journey to Goimbra, that he might fee the lady, when the prince his fon was absent on a hunting party. Donna Inez, with her children threw herfelf at his feet. The king was moved with the distress of the beautiful suppliant, when his three counsellors, Alvaro Gonfalez, Diego Lopez Pacheco, and Pedro Coello, reproaching him for his difregard to the state, he relapsed into his former resolution. She was dragged from his presence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counsellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princess his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, says La Neufville, avowed the horrid affaffination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be ashamed.

While mildly she her raving mother eyed, Refign'd her bosom to the sword, and died. Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal, Refigns her bosom to the murdering steel: That fnowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd The lovelieft face where all the graces reign'd, Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed, That her pale corfe was Lifboa's queen proclaimed; That fnowy neck was flained with fpouting gore, Another fword her lovely bosom tore. The flowers that gliften'd with her tears bedew'd, Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrew'd. As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay, Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away, Lies faded on the plain, the living red, The fnowy white, and all its fragrance fled; So from her cheeks the roses dy'd away, And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay: With dreadful fmiles, and crimfon'd with her blood, Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood, Unmindful of the fure, though future hour, Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O fun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye slowery dales!

When

When pale and finking to the dreadful fall, You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call; Your faithful echoes caught the parting found, And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, figh'd around. Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves: Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still. To give immortal pity to her woe They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow, And still through violet beds the fountain pours Its y plaintive wailing, and is named Amours. Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain: Her gallant lord begins his awful reign. In vain her murderers for refuge fly, Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply. The injured lover's and the monarch's ire, And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire : In hiffing flames they die, and yield their fouls in 2 fire.

Nor

Still the fountain pours its plaintive wailing—At an old royal castle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the Fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro resided with his beloved Inez. The siction of Camöens, sounded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the spirit of Homer.

and yield their fouls in fire.—When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers Minho and Doura was laid desolate: but by the interposition of the queen and the archbishop of Braga, the prince was softened, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his son, but laboured

Nor this alone his stedfast foul display'd: Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade

Of

laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and infult he had received. The prince, however, still continued to discover the strongest marks of affection and grief. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the king of Castile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up fuch malecontents, as should take refuge in each other's dominions. In consequence of this, Pedro Coello and Alvaro Gonfalez, who, on the death of Alonzo, had fled to Castile, were fent prisoners to Don Pedro. Diego Pacheco, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this, the king, Don Pedro, fummoned an affembly of the states at Cantanedes. Here, in the presence of the pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the hely gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had secretly, at Braganza, espoused the lady Inez de Castro, in the presence of the bishop of Guarda, and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The pope's bull, containing the dispensation, was published; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper regalia, was crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred at the royal monastery of Alcobaca, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a queen. Her monument is still extant, where her statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her fervice, confoled him in some degree, and rendered him more converfable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed-A circumstance strongly characteristic of the rage of his refentment must not be omitted: When the murderers were brought before him, he was so transported with indignation, that he struck Pedro Coello several blows on the face with the shaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the magistrate and the hero; and those who will, may add, of the philosopher too. Something greater, however, belongs to Don Pedro: A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every bosom, capable of genuine love, inspire a tender sympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the presence of the inhuman murderers presented to his mind the horrid scene of the butchery of his beloved spouse.

Of red-arm'd justice. From the shades of night He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light: The robber from his dark retreat was led, And he, who spilt the blood of murder, bled. Unmoved he heard the proudest noble plead; Where justice aim'd her fword, with stubborn speed Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspired, Noblest humanity his bosom fired. The caitiff, starting at his thoughts, represt The feeds of murder fpringing in his breaft. His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld, For fixt as fate he knew his doom was feal'd. Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reapt, And proud oppression coward distance kept. Pedro a the Just the peopled towns proclaim, And every field refounds her monarch's name.

Of

The impression left on the philosophical mind by these historical sacts, will naturally suggest some resections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love; and none more so than those who have the least title to the name of lover; to whom the French call less bomnes de galanterie, whose only happiness is in variety, and to whom the greatest beauty and mental accomplishments lose every charm after a sew months enjoyment. Their satiety they scruple not to consess, but are not aware, that in doing so, they also consess, that the principle which inspired their passion, was gross and selsish. To constitute a genuine love, like that of Don Pedro, requires a nobleness and goodness of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful sever of the veins may, for a while, inspire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection so unchangeable and sincere as that of the prince of Portugal, can only spring from a bosom possessed.

* Pedro the Just — History cannot afford an instance of any prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of Just than Pedro. His diligence to

correct

Of this brave prince the foft degenerate fon,
Fernando the remifs, afcends the throne.
With arm unnerved the liftless foldier lay
And own'd the influence of a nerveless fway:
The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd heaven in rage,
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly sloth the king, the nation stain'd;
And lewdness, foster'd by the monarch, reign'd:

The

correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for he respected no persons, and his inslexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A priest having killed a mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the iffue to the ecclefiaftical court, where the prieft was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro upon this, privately ordered the mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his fentence was to be confirmed by the king, he enquired, what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, faid the monarch, I shall commute his punishment, and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a year. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When folicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the pope, he would answer very calmly, That is robut I intend to do: I will fend them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine. Against adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the fource of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it, was the interest and duty of the sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and foured his temper, he was fo far from being naturally fullen or paffionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition; assable and easy of access; delighted in music and dancing; a lover of learning, was himfelf a man of letters, and an elegant poet. Vide La Clede, Mariana, Faria.

The monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust, The wanton revels of adulterous luft: Such was his rage for beauteous b Leonore, Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore: Then with unbleft, unhallowed nuptials stained The facred altar, and its rites profaned. Alas! the folendor of a crown how vain, From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain! To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes, What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arofe! Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell. One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets c beheld, O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd In vengeance of the crime; and streams of blood The guilt of Zion's facred bard d purfued.

Vet

b—beauteous Leonore — This lady, named Leonora de Tellez, was the wife of Don Juan Lorenzo d'Aeugna, a nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Portugal. After a sham process this marriage was dissolved, and the king privately espoused her, though at that time he was publickly married by proxy to Donna Leonora of Arragon. A dangerous insurrection, headed by one Velasquez, a taylor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Lisbon. Soon after he caused his marriage to be publickly celebrated in the province between the Douro and Minho. Henry, king of Castile, informed of the general discontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to some of his subjects, whose ships had been unjustly seized at Lisbon. The desolation hinted at by Camöens ensued. After the subjects of both kingdoms had severely suffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual satisfaction, by an intermarriage of their bastard children.

c ___ Gibeah's fireets ___ See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

The guilt of Zion's facred bard—David.—See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The sword shall never depart from thine house."

Yet love full oft with wild delirium blinds, And fans his basest fires in noblest minds: The female garb the great Alcides wore, And for his Omphale the diftaff bore. For Cleopatra's frown the world was loft. The Roman terror, and the Punic boaft, Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's fmile, Refign'd the harvest of his glorious toil. And who can boast he never felt the fires. The trembling throbbings of the young defires, When he beheld the breathing rofes glow, And the foft heavings of the living fnow; The waving ringlets of the auburn hair, And all the rapturous graces of the fair ! Oh! what defence, if fixt on him, he fpy The languid fweetness of the stedfast eye! Ye who have felt the dear luxurious fmart, When angel charms oppress the powerless heart, In pity here relent the brow fevere, And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear.

- the great Alcides - Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor. OVID.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to obferve, that Camöens, in this episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule
of the epopæia. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which
the action is placed, is as requisite in the epic poem, as it is to preserve the
unity of the character of an individual. That gallantry of bravery, and
romantic cast of the military adventures, which characterised the Spaniards
and Portuguese, during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camöens in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising
victories obtained over the insidels: In the Lusiad, we find the heroes
breathing that enthusiasm which led them to conquest, that enthusiasm

of military honours, fo strongly expressed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the fiege of Arzila. In storming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, lost his life. The king leading his only son, the prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet streamed from his wounds, "Behold, he cried, that great man! May God grant you, my son, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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MARCH SERVE

L U S I A D.

BOOK IV.

As the tost vessel on the ocean rowls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempess howls,
When the lorn mariner in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forbodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all filent and serene,
With soft-paced ray dispels the shades obscene,
With grateful transport sparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of safety spy.
Such darkling tempess and portended sate,
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the state;
Such when he dy'd, the peaceful morning rose,
The dawn of joy, and sooth'd the public woes.

.m. nobe

As blazing glorious o'er the shades of night,
Bright in his east breaks forth the Lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the dust his drooping nation rears.
Though sprung from youthful passion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's son in noble soul he proves;
And heaven announced him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign:
Her tongue had never lisp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic sound her lips could frame,
When heaven the miracle of speech inspired;
She raised her little hands, with rapture fired,
Let Portugal, she cried, with joy proclaim
The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.

The burning fever of domestic rage Now wildly raved, and mark'd the harbarous age;

VOL. II.

F

Through

A cradled infant gave the avondrous fign .- No circumstance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretensions to divinity. Some of his courtiers exposulating with him one day on the absurdity of such claim, he replied, " I know the truth of what you fay, but these," (pointing to a crowd of Persians) " these know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a fon of Jupiter, fpread terror through the east, and greatly facilitated the operations of the conqueror. The miraculous speech of the infant, attested by a few monks, was adapted to the superstition of the age of John I. and as he was a bastard, was of infinite service to his cause. The pretended fact, however, is differently related. By fome, thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to affift at an affembly of the flates, at a little distance from the city, he was met by a great number of children rid ing upon flicks, who no fooner faw him than they cried out, " Bleffed be " Don John, king of Portugal; the king is coming, Don John shall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the affembly the regent was elected king.

Through every rank the headlong fury ran, And first red slaughter in the court began. Of spousal vows, and widow'd bed defiled, Loud fame the beauteous Leonore reviled. The adulterous noble in her presence bled. And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay dead. No more those ghastly deathful nights amaze, When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days; More horrid deeds b Ulysses' towers beheld: Each cruel breast where rankling envy swell'd, Accused his foe as minion of the queen; Accused, and murder closed the dreary scene. All holy ties the frantic transport braved, Nor facred priefthood nor the altar faved. Thrown from a tower, like Hector's fon of yore, The mitred chead was dashed with brains and gore. Ghaftly with scenes of death, and mangled limbs, And black with clotted blood each pavement fwims.

With all the fierceness of the female ire, When rage and grief to tear the breaft conspire, The queen beheld her power, her honours d loft, And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost,

b ____ Ulysses' sowers____ See the note x, vol. 11. p. 26.

* The mitred bead____ Don Marsin, bishop of Lisbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Castilian, which was esteemed a sufficient reason to murder him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

d The queen beheld ber power, ber bonours loft .- Possessed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a difgrace to her fex, and a curse to the

All pale, and pointing at his bloody shroud, Seem'd ever for revenge to scream aloud.

F2

Castile's

age and country which gave her birth. Her fifter, Donna Maria, a lady of unblemished virtue, had been secretly married to the infant Don Juan, the king's brother, who was paffionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to diffuade her fifter from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora persuaded Don Juan that her fifter was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged husband hasted to his wife, and without enquiry or expostulation, fays Mariana, dispatched her with two strokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence, and was completely wretched. Having facrificed her honour and her first husband to a king, says Faria, Leonora soon facrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Castilian nobleman, named Don Juan Fernandez de Andeyro. An unjust war with Castile, wherein the Portuguese were defeated by fea and land, was the first fruits of the policy of the new favourite. Andeyro one day having heated himself by some military exercise, the queen tore her veil, and publicly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand mafter of Avis, the king's bastard brother, afterwards John I. and some others, expostulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She dissembled her refentment, but foon after they were feized and committed to the castle of Evera, where a forged order for their execution was fent; but the governor suspecting some fraud, shewed it to the king, and their lives were faved. Yet fuch was her afcendency over the weak Fernando, that, tho' convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kifs the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the affaffination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite Andeyro was stabbed in the palace by the grand master of Avis, and Don Ruy de Pereyra. The queen expressed all the transport of grief and rage, and declared she would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this she never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, the was more punctual. Don Juan, king of Castile, who had married her only daughter and heirefs, at her earnest intreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John, grand mafter of Avis, was proclaimed by the people protector and regent. A desperate war enfued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and fon-in-law, refolved on the murder of the latter; but the plot was difcovered, and the was fent prisoner to Castile. The regent was besieged in Lisbon, and the city reduced to the utmost extremities, when an epidemia. eal distemper broke out in the Castilian army, and made such devastation,

Castile's proud monarch to the nuptial bed In happier days her royal daughter led:

To

that the king fuddenly raifed the liege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants ascribed their deliverance to the valour and vigilance of the regent. The regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and to return thanks to God, to whose interpolition he folely afcribed their fafety. This behaviour increased the admiration of the people; the nobility of the first rank joined the regent's party; and many garrisons in the interest of the king of Castile, opened their gates to him. An affembly of the states met at Coimbra, where it was proposed to invest the regent with the regal dignity. This he pretended to decline. Don John, fon of Pedro the Just, and the beautiful Inez de Castro, was by the people effeemed their lawful fovereign, but was, and had been long detained, a prisoner by the king of Castile. If the states would declare the infant Don John their king, the regent professed his willingness to fwear allegiance to him; that he would continue to expose himself to every danger, and act as regent, till Providence restored to Portugal her lawful sovereign. The states however saw the necessity that the nation should have an head. The regent was unanimously elected king, and some articles in favour of liberty, were added to those agreed upon at the coronation of Don Alonzo Enriquez, the first king of Portugal.

Don John I. one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs, was the natural son of Pedro the Just, by Donna Teresa Lorenza, a Galician lady, and born some years after the death of Inex. At seven years of age he was made grand master of Avis, and by his father's particular care he received an excellent education; which, joined to his great parts, produced him early on the political theatre. He was a brave commander, and a deep politician, yet never sorfeited the character of candour and honour. To be humble to his friends, and haughty to his enemies, was his leading maxim. His prudence gained him the considence of the wise, his steadings and gratitude the friendship of the brave; his liberality the bulk of the people. He was in the twenty-seventh year of his age when declared protector, and in the twenty-eighth when proclaimed king.

The following anecdote is much to the honour of this prince when regent. A Castilian officer having six Portuguese gentlemen his prisoners, cut off their noses and hands, and sent them to Don John. Highly incensed, he commanded six Castilian gentlemen to be treated in the same manner. But before the officer, to whom he gave the orders, had quitted the room, he relented "I have given enough to resentment, said he, in giving such a "command. It were infamous to put it in execution." See that the Castilian command.

" tilian prisoners received no harm."

To him the furious queen for vengeance cries. Implores to vindicate his lawful prize, The Lufian sceptre, his by spousal right: The proud Castilian arms and dares the fight. To join his standard as it waves along, The warlike troops from various regions throng: Those who possess the lands by Rodrick e given, What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven; That race who joyful smile at war's alarms, And fcorn each danger that attends on arms; Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's uplands tear, Now cased in steel in glittering arms appear, Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor: The Vandals glorying in their might of yore March on; their helms and moving lances gleam Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream: Nor staid the Tyrian fislanders behind, On whose proud enfigus floating on the wind Alcides' pillars tower'd; nor wonted fear Withheld the base Galician's fordid spear; Though still his crimson feamy scars reveal The fure-aim'd vengeance of the Lufian fteel. Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain fide The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,

tremb or many was a street Along.

[•] ____by Roderick given—The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

the Tyrian islanders—The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phonician colony.

Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain, Toledo's warriors join the martial train: Nor less the furious lust of war inspires The Biscayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires, Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue Of hapless stranger give the fancy'd wrong. Nor bold Afturia, nor Guispuscoa's shore, Famed for their steely wealth, and iron ore, Delay'd their vaunting fquadrons; o'er the dales Cased in their native steel, and belted mails, Blue gleaming from afar they march along, And join with many a fpear the warlike throng. As thus, wide fweeping o'er the trembling coast, The proud Castilian leads his numerous host, The valiant John for brave defence prepares, And in himself collected greatly dares: For fuch high valour in his bosom glow'd, As Samfon's locks by miracle beftow'd: Safe in himself resolved the hero stands, Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands: The council furmon'd, fome with prudent mien, And words of grave advice their terrors screen; By floth debased, no more the ancient fire Of patriot loyalty can now inspire; And each pale lip feem'd opening to declare For tame submission, and to shun the war; When glorious Nunio, starting from his feat, Claim'd every eye, and closed the cold debate:

Singling

Singling his brothers from the dastard train,

His rolling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,

On them he fixt, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,

While his bold speech bewray'd the soldier's fire,

Bold and s unpolish'd; while his burning eyes

Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies:

Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield! Oh shame! and yield untry'd the martial field! That land whose genius, as the god of war, Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car; Shall now her fons their faith, their love deny, And, while their country finks, ignobly fly! Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe, For whom ye tremble, and would stoop so low! That foe, who, boaftful now, then basely fled, When your undaunted fires the hero led, When feven bold earls in chains the fpoil adorn'd, And proud Caftile through all her kindreds mourn'd, Caftile, your awful dread-yet, conscious, say, When Dinez reign'd, when his bold fon bore fway, By whom were trodden down the bravest bands That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?

Twas

² Bold and unpolified—This speech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic, it is hoped, will perceive that the translator has endeavoured to support the character of the speaker.

'Twas your brave fires—and has one languid reign Fix'd in your tainted fouls fo deep a ftain, That now degenerate from your noble fires, The last dim spark of Lusian slame expires? Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd, A godlike king now calls you to the field-Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow, Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe. Not proud Castile, oft by your fires o'erthrown, But every land your dauntless rage should own. Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear, Shun the bold war, hark I on my fword I fwear, Myself alone the dreadful war shall wage-Mine be the fight—and trembling with the rage Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn display'd The awful terror of his shining blade-I and my vaffals dare the dreadful fhock; My shoulders never to a foreign yoke Shall bend; and by my fovereign's wrath I vow, And by that loyal faith renounced by you, My native land unconquer'd shall remain, And all my monarch's foes shall heap the plain.

The hero paufed—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'scaped the bloody doom
That dy'd with slaughter Cannæ's purple field,
Afsembled stood, and bow'd their necks to yield;

the inspect, will permit the test that has easier county to risport the

Many relation to be the bold fine bear well in the bold

When

constitute of the speakers.

When nobly rifing with a like difdain The young h Cornelius raged, nor raged in vain: On his dread fword his daunted peers he fwore. (The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore) While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield. And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield. Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired; Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired, To horse, to horse, the gallant Lusians cry'd; Rattled the belted mails on every fide, The spear-staffs trembled; round their heads they waved Their shining faulchions, and in transport raved, The king our guardian-loud their shouts rebound, And the fierce commons echo back the found. The mails that long in rufting peace had hung, Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarfely rung: Some foft with wool the plumy helmets line, And fome the breast-plate's fealy belts entwine:

The

The young Cornelius—This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, somewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the deseat at Cannæ, a considerable body of Romans sled to Canusium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that some of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking measures to transport themselves out of Italy. He went immediately to their assembly, and drawing his sword, said, I swear that I will not desert the commonwealth of Rome, nor suffer any other citizen to do it. The same oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all present; whoever resuses, let him know that this sword is drawn against him. The historian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all swore, and submitted themselves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

The gaudy mantles fome, and fcarfs prepare, Where various lightfome colours gaily flare; And golden tiffue, with the warp enwove, Displays the emblems of their youthful love.

of an dispense were more a transcribil design

The valiant John, begirt with warlike state, Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate; Whose lawns of green the infant Tagus laves, As from his fpring he rolls his cooly waves. The daring van in Nunio's care could boaft A general worthy of the unnumber'd hoft, Whose gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd, When boastful Xerxes lash'd the Sestian tide: Nunio, to proud Caftile as dread a name, As erft to Gaul and Italy the fame Of Atilla's impending rage. The right Brave Roderic led, a chieftain train'd in fight: Before the left the bold Almada rode, And proudly waving o'er the centre nod The royal enfigns, glittering from afar, Where godlike John inspires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the stubbly plain The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain; The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun, And fierce and red the fun of August shone; When from the gate the fquadrons march along: Crowds preft on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng:

Here the fad mother rends her hoary hair,

While hope's fond whifpers struggle with despair:

The weeping spouse to heaven extends her hands:

And cold with dread the modest virgin stands;

Her earnest eyes, suffused with trembling dew,

Far o'er the plain the plighted youth pursue:

And prayers and tears and all the semale wail,

And holy vows the throne of heaven assail.

Now each stern host full front to front appears, And one joint shout heaven's airy concave tears: A dreadful pause ensues, while conscious pride Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide: Now wild and pale the boldest face is seen; With mouth half open and disordered mien Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze, And languid weakness trembles in the knees. And now the clangor of the trumpet founds, And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds: The fife shrill whistling cuts the gale; on high The flourish'd enfigns shine with many a dye Of blazing fplendor: o'er the ground they wheel And chuse their footing, when the proud Castile Bids found the horrid charge; loud bursts the found, And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound: The thundering roar rolls round on every fide, And trembling finks Guidana's rapid tide: The flow paced Durius rushes o'er the plain, And fearful Tagus haftens to the main.

Such

Such was the tempest of the dread alarms, The babes that prattled in their nurses' arms Shriek'd at the found: with fudden cold impreft. The mothers ftrained their infants to the breaft, And shook with horror-now, far round, begin The bow ftrings whizzing, and the brazen i din Of arms on armour rattling; either van Are mingled now, and man opposed to man: To guard his native fields the one infpires. And one the raging luft of conquest fires: Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue, Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue, Each arm strains swiftest to impel the blow; Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know, Their only passion to offend the foe. In might and fury, like the warrior god, Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode: That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he fows With their foilt blood, and with their corfes strews. Their forceful volleys now the crofs-bows pour, The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy shower;

of Laring folendor: o'er the ground flow wheel

the brazen din—Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the last efforts of their genius were lavished in describing the superior prowers of the hero in the decisive engagement. Camöens, in like manner, has bestowed his utmost attention on this his principal battle. The circumstances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and solemnly conducted, and the sury of the combat is supported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not hesitate to affirm, would have done honour to an ancient classic.

had almost water to be a feet with the A

The white foam recking o'er their wavy mane,
The fnorting courfers rage and paw the plain;
Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As diffant thunder through the mountains founds:
The ponderous spears crash, splintering far around;
The horse and horsemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the sudden weight opprest,
And many a buckler rings on many a crest.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's sword
With surious sway the bravest squadrons gored,
The raging foes in closer ranks advance,
And his own brothers shake the hostile k lance.

Oh!

And bis own brothers shake the bostile lance .- The just indignation with which Camöens treats the kindred of the brave Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra, is condemned by the French translator. " Dans le fond, says he, les Pereyras " ne meritojent aucune fletrissure, &c .- The Pereyras deserve no stain on their " memory for joining the king of Castile, whose title to the crown of Por-" tugal, was infinitely more just and folid than that of Don John." Castera, however, is grofly mistaken. Don Alonzo Enriquez, the first king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election, the constitution of the kingdom was fettled in eighteen short statutes, wherein it is expressly provided, that none but a Portuguese can be king of Portugal; that if an Infanta marry a foreign prince, he shall not, in her right, become king of Portugal: and a new election of a king, in case of the failure of the male line, is by these statutes declared to be legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Caftile and Donna Beatrix, the heiress of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children should succeed to the Portuguese crown; and that, in case the throne became vacant ere such children were born, the queendowager Leonora should govern with the title of regent. Thus, neither by the original constitution, nor by the treaty of marriage, could the king of Castile succeed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage-contract was already forfeited; for he canfed himfelf and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portuguese money with his bust, deposed the queen regent, and afterwards fent her

Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood, Nor yearning memory his rage withstood; With proud disdain his honest eyes behold Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has fold. Nor want there others in the hoftile band Who draw their fwords against their native land; And headlong driven, by impious rage accurft, In rank were foremost, and in fight the first. So fons and fathers, by each other flain, With horrid flaughter dyed Pharfalia's plain. Ye dreary ghosts, who now for treasons foul, Amidft the gloom of Stygian darkness howl; Thou Catiline, and, stern Sertorius, tell Your brother shades, and sooth the pains of hell; With triumph tell them, fome of Lufian race Like you have earn'd the traitor's foul difgrace.

As waves on waves, the foes increasing weight

Bears down our foremost ranks and shakes the fight;

Yet firm and undismay'd great Nunio stands,

And braves the tumult of surrounding bands.

So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains stray'd,

The raging lion braves the shepherd's shade;

The

her prisoner to Castile. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the son of Inez de Castro, was kept in prison by his rival the king of Castile; and, as before observed, a new election was, by the original statutes, declared legal in cases of emergency. These facts, added to the consideration of the tyranny of the king of Castile, and the great services which Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its existence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camöens against the traiterous Pereyras.

The shepherds hastening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With shouts surround him, and with spears restrain:
He stops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pause;
His threatening eye-balls burn with sparkling sire,
And his stern heart forbids him to retire:
Amidst the thickness of the spears he slings,
So midst his soes the furious Nunio springs:
The Lusian grass with foreign gore distain'd,
Displays the carnage of the hero's hand.

- " An ample shield the brave Giraldo bore,
- "Which from the vanquish'd Perez' arm he tore;
- " Pierced through that shield, cold death invades his eye,
- " And dying Perez faw his victor die.
- " Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame,
- "The fame their friendship, and their youth the same,
- "Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody I way,
- " Till in a cold embrace the ftriplings lay.
- " Lopez and Vincent rush'd on glorious death,
- " And midst their slaughter'd foes resign'd their breath.
- " Alonzo glorying in his youthful might
- " Spurr'd his fierce courfer through the staggering fight:
- " Shower'd from the dashing hoofs the spatter'd gore
- " Flies round; but soon the rider vaunts no more:
- " Five Spanish swords the murmuring ghosts atone,
- " Of five Castilians by his arms o'erthrown.

" Transfix'd

¹ Through the fierce Brigians——The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

- "Transfix'd with three Iberian fpears, the gay,
- " The knightly lover, young Hilario lay:
- "Though, like a role, cut off in opening bloom,
- " The hero weeps not for his early doom;
- "Yet trembling in his fwimming eye appears
- "The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears;
- " To call his loved Antonia's name he tries,
- "The name half utter'd, down he finks, and m dies."

Now through his fhatter'd ranks the monarch strode,
And now before his rally'd squadrons rode:
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he spies,
And instant to his aid impetuous slies.
So when returning from the plunder'd folds,
The lioness her emptied den beholds,
Enraged she stands, and listening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living sparkles slashing from her eyes,
To the Massylian shepherd-tents she affice;
She groans, she roars, and echoing far around
The seven twin-mountains tremble at the sound:

o's Alonco glorying in his youthful might.

4 Source like akeed courfer through the margering for

the grandfile of Month, . .

their sectors kings, sensed Brix, or Bright, where the monkills totallile

m These lines, marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camöens. They consist of three stanzas in the Portuguese, and are said to have been lest out by the author himself in his second edition. The translator, however, as they breathe the true spirit of Virgil, was willing to preserve them with this acknowledgment. In this he has followed the example of Castera.

n To the Massylian shepherd tents—Massylia, a province of Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called Os sets montes ir mais, the seven brother mountains.

So raged the king, and with a chosen train He pours refiftless o'er the heaps of flain. Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries, Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies; Behold your friend, your monarch, leads the way, And dares the thickest of the iron fray. Say, shall the Lusian race forfake their king, Where spears infuriate on the bucklers ring!

He spoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd His ponderous fpear, and midft the foremost hurl'd; Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon past, And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his o last.

VOL. 11.

A naked chark now lought

a immorare, he percented to.

· And many a gasping warrior sigh'd bis last .- This, which is almost literal the ground. Item Teday later prod him week

and to that hard hid of this and that are me Muitos lançarao o ultimo suspiro-

and the preceding circumstance of Don John's brandishing his lance four

E sopesando a lança quatro vezes-

are truly poetical, and in the spirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Castera, who substitutes the following in their place, " Il dit, et d'un bras, " &c .- He faid, and with an arm whose blows are inevitable, he threw his " javelin against the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went toge-"ther. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horse tumbled " over him." Besides Maldonat, Castera has, in this battle, introduced several other names which have no place in Camöens. Carrillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed; he tells us: And, " Velaf-" ques and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbes, furnamed the Soldier with-" out Fear, Montanches, Oropesa, and Mondonedo, all six of proved va-" lour, fell by the hand of young Antony, qui porte dans le combat ou plus " d'adresse ou plus de bonbeur qu'eux, who brought to the fight either more adWith noble shame inspired, and mounting rage, His bands rush on, and foot to foot engage; Thick burfting fparkles from the blows afpire; Such flashes blaze, their fwords feem dipt in fire; The belts of steel and plates of brafs are riven. And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

The first in honour of Saint Jago's band, A naked ghost now fought the gloomy strand;

(solet; then four sines round his nead ne which a

And

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The fate of another hero shall conclude the specimens of the manner of Castera. The following is literally translated: "Guevar, a vain man, nou-" rished in indolence, stained his arms and face with the blood of the dead " whom he found stretched on the dust. Under the cover of this frivolous " imposture, he pretended to pass himself for a formidable warrior. He " published, with a high voice, the number of the enemies he had thrown to " the ground. Don Pedro interrupted him with a blow of his fabre: Gue-" var lost his life; his head, full of fumes of a ridiculous pride, bounded " far away from his body, which remained defiled with its own blood; a just " and terrible punishment for the lies he had told." It is almost unnecessary to add, that there is not one word of this in the original.

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Their bucklers clash; thick blows defeend from high, And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

DRYD. VIRO. ÆN. XII.

A The first in bonour of St. Jago's band .- Grand master of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of Aljubarota, but in that of Valverda, which immediately followed. The reader may perhaps be furprifed to find, that every foldier mentioned in these notes is a Don, a Lord. The following piece of history will account for the number of the Portuguese nobles. Don Alonzo Enriquez, count of Portugal, when faluted king by his army at the battle of Ourique; in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th stat. of Lamego.

And he, of Calatrave the fovereign knight, Girt with whole troops his arm had flain in fight, Descended murmuring to the shades of night. Blaspheming heaven, and gash'd with many a wound Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground, And curst their fate, and dy'd. Ten thousands more Who held no title and no office bore, And nameless nobles who, promiscuous fell, Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell. Now low the proud Castilian standard lies Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize. With furious madness fired, and stern disdain, The fierce Iberians to the fight again Rush headlong; groans and yellings of r despair With horrid uproar rend the trembling air. Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast Pants, every limb with fainty weight opprest Slow now obeys the will's ftern ire, and flow From every fword descends the feeble blow;

Go

Till

* ----groans and yellings of despair. The last efforts of rage and despair are thus described in Pope's translation of the fifth battle at the ships. IL. xv.

Thou wouldst have thought, so surious was their fire,

No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;

As if new vigour from new sights they won,

And the long battle was but then begun.

Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,

Secure of death, considing in despair.

Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,

Bright with the blane, and red with heroes stain;

Like strength is self from hope and from despair,

And each contends as his were all the war.

With noble shame inspired, and mounting rage,
His bands rush on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick bursting sparkles from the blows aspire;
Such slashes blaze, their swords feem dipt in sire;
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Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes stain;
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends as his were all the war.

Till rage grew languid, and tired flaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breast to wound.
Now from the field Castile's proud monarch s slies,
In wild dismay he rolls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lipt flight: swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted smoke, at distance disappear
The dusty squadrons of the scatter'd rear;
Blaspheming heaven, they sly, and him who first
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars accurst.

L'ou iver tist prome Catallian franche

The festive days by heroes old tordain'd

The glorious victor on the field remain'd.

The

Now from the field Caffile's proud monarch flies .- This tyrant, whose unjust pretensions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the decifive battle of Aljubarota, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don Laurence, archbishop of Braga, in a letter written in old Portuguese to Don John, abbot of Alcobaça, gives this account of his behaviour. " O condestrabre à me far saber ca e rey de Castella se viera à Santaren " como bomen tresvaliado, quem maldezia seu viver, è puxava polas barbas; è à bo " fe, bom amigo, melbor e que o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca bomen, quem suas bar-" bas arrepela mao lavor faria das albeas. i. e. The constable has informed " me that he faw the king of Castile at Santaren, who behaved as a mad-" man, curfing his existence, and tearing the hairs of his beard. And in good " faith, my good friend, it is better that he should do so to himself than to " us; the man who thus plucks his own beard, would be much better pleafed " to do fo to others." The writer of this letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle of Aljubarota, where he received on the face a large wound from a fabre. Castera relates this anecdote of him: The slattery of a sculptor had omitted the deep scar: when the archbishop saw the statue, he laid hold of an attendant's fword, with which he disfigured the face. I have now, faid he, fupplied what it wanted.

t The festive days by beroes old ordain'd.—As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of these ages, that the victor should encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages

The funeral rites and holy vows he paid:
Yet not the while the restless Nunio staid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilia's standard on his spear he bore,
And Andalusia's ensigns steept in gore.
Low in the dust distrest Castilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary sire's;
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging sires
Of mutual hate: from England's happy shore
The peaceful seas u two lovely sisters bore.
The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led,

And

which ought to have been purfued, were frequently loft. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, fent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

" --- two lovely fifters --- Castera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were the daughters of John, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward IV. " of England, both of great beauty: the eldest, named Catherine, was mar-" ried to the king of Castile, the youngest, Isabel, to the king of Portugal." This is all a mistake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of Aljubarota, married Philippa, eldeft daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter Catalina with Don Henry, eldest son of the king of Castile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Castile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horse, and leaving no iffue by his queen Beatrix, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretensions to that crown ceased. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not strictly kept, yet at last the influence of the English queen Catalina prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, enfued.

And holy peace affum'd her blifsful reign, Again the peafant joy'd, the landscape smiled again.

But John's brave breaft to warlike cares inured. With conscious shame the sloth of ease endured. When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain The valiant hero braved the foamy main; The first, nor meanest, of our kings who bore The Lufian thunders to the Afric shore. O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd, Their filver wings a thousand eagles shew'd; And proudly fwelling to the whiftling gales The feas were whiten'd with a thousand fails. Beyond the columns by Alcides placed To bound the world, the zealous warrior past. The shrines of Hagar's race, the shrines of lust, And moon-crown'd mosques lay smoaking in the dust. O'er Abyla's high steep his lance he raised. On Ceuta's lofty towers his standard blazed: Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor v train, His vaffal now, enfures the peace of Spain.

But ah, how foon the blaze of glory dies! Illustrious w John ascends his native skies.

His

v Ceuta, the refuge of the traiter train.—Ceuta is one of the strongest garrifons in Africa; it lies almost opposite to Gibraltar, and the possession of it was of the greatest importance to the Postuguese, during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the asylum of Spanish and Portuguese renegados and traitors.

[&]quot;Illustrious John——The character of this great prince claims a place in these notes, as it affords a comment on the enthusiasm of Camoens, who

His gallant offspring prove their genuine strain,
And added lands increase the Lusian reign.

Yet not the first of heroes Edward shone;
His happiest days long hours of evil own.
He saw, secluded from the cheerful day,
His sainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious x youth in captive chains, to thee
What suiting honours may thy land decree!

Thy

has made him the hero of this episode. His birth, excellent education, and masterly conduct when regent, have already been mentioned. The same justice, prudence, and heroism always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the most winning affability with all the manly dignity of the fovereign. To those who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made visits to them, and introduced among them the taste for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmost care of that of his children. He had many fons, and he himself often instructed them in folid and useful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to fee them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to thew affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities. One of his fons, Don Henry, duke of Vifeo, was that great prince, whose ardent passion for maritime assairs, gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had disturbed almost every other reign, were so convinced of the wisdom of his, that they confessed he ought to be supported out of the treasures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the pope ordered a rigorous enquiry to be made into his having brought ecclesiastics before lay tribunals, the clergy had the fingular honesty to defert what was stiled the church immunities, and to own that justice had been impartially administered. He died in the feventy-fixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen Philippa made him fond of the English, whose friendship he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently assisted.

* O glorious youth——Camöens, in this instance, has raised the character of one brother at the other's expence, to give his poem an air of solemnity. The siege of Tangier was proposed in council. The king's brothers differed

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy

For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;

The princely hostage nobly spurns the thought

Of freedom and of life so dearly bought,

The

in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, tho' a knight-errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid siege to Tangier, and were surrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as some writers say, of six hundred thousand. On condition that the Portuguese should be allowed to return home, the infants promifed to restore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hostage. Fernand offered himself, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court considered the value of Ceuta, and would not confent. The pope also interposed his authority, that Seuta should be kept as a check on the infidels, and proposed to raise a crusade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile, large offers were made for his liberty. These were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whose vast importance was superior to any ransom. When negociation failed, king Edward assembled a large army to effect his brother's release; but just as he was setting out, he was seized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the release of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their esteem and admiration; nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour, which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Castera follows, make his sufferings little inferior to those, without proof likewise, ascribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day esteemed as a saint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the most eloquent man in his dominions, fpoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of feveral books, one on horfemanship, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in bufiness, and rendered his country infinite service by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his cousin Henry V. of England. In one instance, he gave great offence to the superstitious populace. He despised the advice of a Jew astrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, because the flars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of the army at Tangier was ascribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if some terrible disaster impended over them.

The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies
A dreary prison death. Let noisy fame
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus' name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boast no more,
Nor those the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The splendor of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful fate's most awful frown,
To distant times through every land shall blaze
The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise.

Now to the tomb the hapless king descends, His fon Alonzo brighter fate attends. Alonzo! dear to Lufus' race the name; Nor his the meanest in the rolls of fame. His might refiftless proftrate Afric own'd, Beneath his yoke the Mauritinians groan'd, And still they groan beneath the Lusian sway. 'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away The golden apples from Hesperia's shore, Which but the fon of Jove had fnatch'd before. The palm and laurel round his temples bound, Difplay'd his triumphs on the Moorish ground; When proud Arzilla's strength, Alcazer's towers, And Tingia, boaftful of her numerous powers, Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturned, Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd. Great was the day: the meanest sword that fought Beneath the Lufian flag fuch wonders wrought

As from the muse might challenge endless fame, Though low their station, and untold their name.

Now flung with wild ambition's madning fires, To proud Castilia's throne the king y aspires. The lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls, And hoar Pyrene's fides his legions calls; The numerous legions to his standards throng, And war, with horrid strides, now stalks along. With emulation fired, the 2 prince beheld . His warlike fire ambitious of the field: Scornful of eafe, to aid his arms he fped, Nor fped in vain: The raging combat bled; Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, difmay Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array; To flight she hurried; while with brow serene The martial boy beheld the deathful scene. With curving movement o'er the field he rode, Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd: The purple dawn and evening fun beheld His tents encampt affert the conquer'd field. Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er Philippi's plain, appealed with Roman gore.

Octavius'

To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires.—When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the infanta Joanna was his heires, in preference to his sister, Donna Isabella, married to Don Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Castile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece, Donna Joanna; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

^{*} The prince of Portugal.

Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endless night had feal'd his mortal eyes, And brave Alonzo's fpirit fought the fkies, The fecond of the name, the valiant John, Our thirteenth monarch, now afcends the throne. To feize immortal fame, his mighty mind, What man had never dared before, defign'd; That glorious labour which I now purfue, Through feas unfail'd to find the shores that view The day-star, rising from his watery bed, The first grey beams of infant morning shed. Selected meffengers his will obey; Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way: Through Italy they reach the port that gave The fair · Parthenope an honoured grave; That shore which oft has felt the servile chain, But now smiles happy in the care of Spain. Now from the port the brave advent rers bore, And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore; Now reach the strand where noble Pompey bled; And now, repair'd with rest, to Memphis sped; And now, ascending by the vales of Nile, Whose waves pour fatness o'er the grateful foil,

Through

Parthenope — was one of the fyrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corpse was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

[&]quot;-where noble Pompey bled.-The coast of Alexandria.

Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they stray'd, Where their glad eyes Meffiah's rites b furvey'd: And now they pass the famed Arabian flood, Whose waves of old in wondrous ridges stood, While Ifrael's favour'd race the fable bottom trode: Behind them gliftening to the morning skies, The mountains named from Izmael's offspring 'rife; Now round their steps the blest Arabia spreads Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads, And every breaft, inspired with glee, inhales The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales: Now past the Persian gulph their route ascends Where Tygris wave with proud Euphrates blends; Illustrious streams, where still the native shews Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose: From thence through climes unknown, their daring course Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they d force; Carmanian hordes, and Indian tribes they faw, And many a barbarous rite, and many a law. Their fearch explored; but to their native shore, Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.

The

b _____Meffiab's rites furvey'd .- Among the Christians of Prefter John, or Abyffinia.

^e The mountains nam'd from Izmael's offipring—The Nabathean mountains; fo named from Nabaoth, the fon of Ishmael.

⁴ Beyond where Trajan——The emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman empire in the east, far beyond any of his predecessors. His conquests reached to the river Tigris, near which stood the city of Ctessphon, which he subdued. The Roman historians boasted that India was entirely conquered by him; but they could only mean Arabia Fælix. Vid. Dion. Cass. Euseb. Chron. p. 206.

The glad completion of the fates' decree,
Kind heaven referved, Emmanuel, for thee.
The crown, and high ambition of thy e fires,
To thee descending, waked thy latent fires;
And to command the sea from pole to pole,
With restless wish instanced thy mighty soul.

Now from the fky the facred light withdrawn, O'er heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn, Deep filence spread her gloomy wings around, And human griefs were wrapt in fleep profound. The monarch flumber'd on his golden bed, Yet anxious cares possess his thoughtful head; His generous foul, intent on public good, The glorious duties of his birth review'd. When fent by heaven a facred dream inspired His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired: High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd, New worlds, and nations fierce and ftrange, appear'd; The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd, The forest-boughs with yellow splendor glow'd; High from the steep two copious glassy streams Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams. Here various monsters of the wild were seen, And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green: Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom; There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,

Whole

The crown, and high ambition of thy fires.—Emmanuel was cousin to the late king John II. and grandson to king Edward, son of John I.

Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod, Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode, Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes, Two hoary fathers from the Areams arife; Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace Appear'd majeftie on their wrinkled face: Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and fweepy long, Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung; From every lock the crystal drops diftil, And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill; Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs, Nameless in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows. Bent o'er his staff, more filver'd o'er with years, Worn with a longer way, the one appears; Who now flow beckoning with his wither'd hand, As now advanced before the king they ftand;

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown, Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown; To thee our golden shores the fates decree; Our necks, unbow'd before, shall bend to thee. Wide through the world refounds our wealthy fame; Hafte, speed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim. From Paradife my hallowed waters fpring; The facred Ganges I, my brother king Th' illustrious author of the Indian name: Yet toil shall languish, and the fight shall flame; Our fairest lawns with streaming gore shall smoke, Ere yet our shoulders bend beneath the yoke; A most to me boundly gold or mining the R and paid But

But thou shalt conquer: all thine eyes survey,
With all our various tribes, shall own thy sway.

He spoke; and melting in a silvery stream

Both disappear'd; when waking from his dream,

The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,

Weighs in his losty thoughts the sacred sign.

From all your start organs O Vacch, you all more

Now morning burfting from the eaftern fky Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's dye; The nations wake, and at the fovereign's call The Lufian nobles crowd the palace hall. The vision of his sleep the monarch tells; Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells: Fulfil, they cry, the facred fign obey, And fpread the canvals for the Indian fea. Inftant my looks with troubled ardour burn'd, When keen on me his eyes the monarch turn'd: What he beheld I know not; but I know, Big fwell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow: And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired, Had to the glorious dreadful toil afpired: Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed, My looks the omen of fuccess displayed. When with that fweetness in his mien exprest, Which unrefisted wins the generous breaft, Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried, Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.

If in the glorious strife the hero fall, He proves no danger could his foul appall; And but to dare so great a toil, shall raise Each age's wonder, and immortal praise. For this dread toil new oceans to explore, To fpread the fail where fail ne'er flow'd before. For this dread labour, to your valour due, From all your peers I name, O Vasco, you. Dread as it is, yet light the task shall be To you, my GAMA, as perform'd for me. My heart could bear no more—Let skies on fire, Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire, I dare them all, I cried, and but repine That one poor life is all I can refign. Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall, For you my joyful heart would dare them all; The ghaftly realms of death could man invade, For you my steps should trace the ghastly shade.

While thus with loyal zeal my bosom swell'd,
That panting zeal my prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I stood, but honour'd more
By that esteem my joyful sovereign bore.
That generous praise which fires the soul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth,
That praise even now my heaving bosom fires,
Inslames my courage, and each wish inspires.

Moved

Moved by affection, and allured by fame, A gallant youth, who bore the dearest name, Paulus my brother, boldly fued to share My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war; And brave Coello urged the hero's claim To dare each hardship, and to join our fame: For glory both with restless ardour burn'd, And filken ease for horrid danger spurn'd; Alike renown'd in council or in field, The fnare to baffle, or the fword to wield. Through Lifboa's youth the kindling ardour ran, And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man; And each the meanest of the venturous band With gifts flood honour'd by the fovereign's hand. Heavens! what a fury fwell'd each warrior's breaft, When each, in turn, the fmiling king addrest! Fired by his words the direft toils they fcorn'd, And with the horrid lust of danger fiercely burn'd.

With fuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd, When the first keel the Euxine surges plow'd; When bravely venturous for the golden sleece Orae'lous Argo sail'd from wondering Greece. Where Tago's yellow stream the harbour laves, And slowly mingles with the ocean waves,

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H

In

Grac'lous Argo—" According to fable, the vessel of the Argonauts fooke and prophesied. The ancients, I suppose, by this meant to insinuate, that those who trust their lives to the caprice of the waves, have need of a penetrating foresight, that they may not be surprised by sudden tempests." Castera.

In warlike pride my gallant navy rode, And proudly o'er the beach my foldiers strode. Sailors and land-men marshall'd o'er the strand, In garbs of various hue around me stand, Each earnest first to plight the facred vow. Oceans unknown and gulphs untry'd to plow: Then turning to the ships their sparkling eyes, With joy they heard the breathing winds arise; Elate with joy beheld the flapping fail, And purple standards floating on the gale; While each prefaged that great as Argo's fame, Our fleet should give some starry band a name.

A facred fane its hoary arches rears: Dim o'er the fea the evening shades descend, And at the holy shrine devout we bend: There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze, Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise. " Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave "Still to the failor's eye displays his grave; "Through howling tempests, and through gulphs untry'd, " O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide." While kneeling thus before the facred shrine, In holy faith's most folemn rite we join, Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms, And meek contrition every bosom warms: Sudden the lights extinguish'd, all around Dread method of believed at the gas god ted to be full and guiter to Dread

And each the meaned of the gentieval land

Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,

Latera

Dread filence reigns, and midnight gloom profound; A facred horror pants on every breath, And each firm breaft devotes itself to death, An offer'd facrifice, fworn to obey My nod, and follow where I lead the way. Now proftrate round the hallow'd shrine we s lie, Till rofy morn befpreads the eaftern fky; Then, breathing fixt refolves, my daring mates March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisboa's gates, Thousands on thousands crowding, press along, A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng. A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend, And prayers, and holy vows to heaven ascend. A scene so solemn, and the tender woe Of parting friends, constrained my tears to flow. To weigh our anchors from our native shore-To dare new oceans never dared before— Perhaps to fee my native coast no more-Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel, I bear no bosom of obdurate steel-

H 2

*Now profirate round the ballow'd forine we lie.—This folemn scene is according to history: Aberat Olysippone prope littus quatuor passium millia templum sanè religiosum et sanctum ab Henrico in honorem sanctissima virginis edificatum. In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conscensiurus, se recepit, ut noctem cum religiosis hominibus qui in adibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis consumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantum gratia, sed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenissent, suit ab omnibus in scaphis deductus. Neque solum homines religiosi, sed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut benè & prosperè illa tam periculosa navigatio omnibus eveniret, & universi re benè gesta incolumes in patriam redirent.

(The godlike hero here supprest the figh, And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye; Then thus refuming—) All the peopled shore An awful, filent look of anguish wore; Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes: As men they never should again behold, Self-offer'd victims to destruction fold, On us they fixt the eager look of woe, While tears o'er every cheek began to flow; When thus aloud, Alas! my fon, my fon, An hoary fire exclaims! Oh, whither run, My heart's fole joy, my trembling age's ftay, To yield thy limbs the dread fea-monster's prey! To feek thy burial in the raging wave, And leave me cheerless finking to the grave! Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years, And bore each fever of a father's fears! Alas! my boy!—His voice is heard no more, The female shriek resounds along the shore: With hair dishevell'd, through the yielding crowd A lovely bride fprings on, and fcreams aloud; Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown, Where would'ft thou fly me, and my love disown! And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep confign That valued life, the joy, the foul of mine: And must our loves, and all the kindred train Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain! apartur, in bend is produce the tain periodical arrive

All the dear transports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inspired each raptured face!
Must all, alas! be scatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind!

Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes, Such o'er the strand the voice of wailing rose; From breaft to breaft the foft contagion crept, Moved by the woeful found the children wept; The mountain echoes catch the big-fwoln fighs, And through the dales prolong the matron's cries; The yellow fands with tears are filver'd o'er, Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore. Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance afide On hoary parent, or on lovely bride. Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew What foft affection and what love could do. The last embrace the bravest worst can bear: The bitter yearnings of the parting tear Sullen we shun, unable to sustain The melting passion of such tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we fland,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the ftrand,
A reverend h figure fixt each wondering eye,
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,

And

h A reverend figure—By this old man is personified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to discover the East Indies by the southern ocean,

And thrice his hoary curls he fternly shook, While grief and anger mingled in his look; Then to its height his faultering voice he rear'd, And through the fleet these awful words were heard:

O frantic thirst of honour and of fame, The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name; From breat to break the fest contagion evert.

oved by the world found the chadred west

The mountain echoes ratch the bigocean, for about eighty years, had been the favourite topic of complaint: and never was any measure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's council were almost unanimous against the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants, luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could arise from so perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a forefight peculiar to politicians, were alarmed, lest the Egyptian sultan, who was powerful in the east, should fignify his displeasure; and others foresaw, that fuccess would combine all the princes of Christendom in a league for the destruction of Portugal. In short, if glory, interest, or the propagation of the gospel, were defired, Africa and Ethiopia, they faid, afforded both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expressions of the thousands who crowded the shore when Gama gave his fails to the wind, are thus expressed by Osorius, from whom the above facts are selected :- A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant : En quo miseros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius supplicium hominibus istis constitui, si in se scelestum aliquod facinus admissifient? Est enim illis immensi maris longitudo peragranda, sluctus immanes difficillima navigatione superandi, vitæ discrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multo tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis abfumi, quam tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus sepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc sententiam dicebant, cum omnia multò tristiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.-The tender emotion and fixed refolution of Gama, and the earnest passion of the multitudes on the shore, are thus added by the fame venerable historian: Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas suorum desiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem faustis omnibus conscendit. . . . Qui in littore consistebant, non prius abscedere voluerunt, quam naves vento secundo plenissimis velis ab omnium conspectu remotz funt.

What ftings, what plagues, what fecret fcourges curft, Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurst! What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy! By thee, dire tyrant of the noble mind, and holdsond. What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind; Kingdoms and Empires in confusion hurl'd, ababson 140 What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless world! Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air, What new-dread horror doft thou now prepare! Val bnA High founds thy voice of India's pearly shore, Of endless triumphs and of countless store: signification Of other worlds fo tower'd thy fwelling boaft, Thy golden dreams, when paradife was loft, When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore, And fimple innocence was known no more. And fay, has fame fo dear, fo dazzling charms? Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms, Conquest, and laurels dipt in blood, he prized, and advised While life is fcorn'd, and all its joys despised! And fay, does zeal for holy faith inspire To spread its mandates, thy avow'd defire? Behold the Hagarene in armour stands, Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands: A thousand cities own his lordly sway, A thousand various shores his nod obey. Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd Is thy religion, and thine altars fourn'd:

A foe

A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his shining spear displays,
Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the watery maze,
Enseebled leave thy native land behind,
On shores unknown a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!
That same's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her slag be borne:
Thee, Lord of Persia, thee, of India lord,
O'er Ethiopia's vast, and Araby adored!

Of seiner worlds to gower'd they feelling book, the has yeard

Curft be the man who first on floating wood,
Forsook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood!
Oh! never, never may the facred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallowed wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times resound,
Oblivion be his meed, and hell prosound!
Curst be the wretch, the fire of heaven who stole,
And with ambition first debauch'd the soul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!
To what dread slaughter has thy pride given birth!
On proud ambition's pleasing gales upborne,
One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn:

And

Married and appropriate the speciment of the stone of the

i One boass to guide the chariot of the morn, &c. Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

And one on treacherous pinions foaring high,
O'er ocean's waves dar'd fail the liquid sky:
Dash'd from their height they mourn their blighted aim;
One gives a river, one a sea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor same!
Yet such the sury of the mortal race,
Though same's fair promise ends in soul disgrace,
Though conquest still the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a shadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet still through sire and raging seas they run
To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone!

The departure of the fleet from the Tagus .- In no circumstance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conspicuous, than in the constant attention he pays to his proposed subjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the fufferings of Ulysses. He bestows the utmost care on every incident that could possibly impress our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the wohirhag dies 'Odvorsies. Virgil throughout the Æneid has followed the fame course. Every incident that could possibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long fearch for the promifed Italy, is fet before us in the fullest magnitude. But, however, this method of ennobling the epic, by the utmost attention, to give a grandeur to every circumstance of the proposed subject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his Henriade, and by some other moderns, who have attempted the epopæia; it has not been omitted by Camöens. The Portuguese poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every circumstance attending it is represented with magnificence and dignity. John II. defigns what had never been attempted before. Messengers are sent by land'to discover the climate and riches of India. Their route is described in the manner of Homer. The palm of discovery, however, is referved for a succeeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another striking instance of the fpirit of the Grecian poet. The enthusiasm which the king beholds on the aspect of Gama is a noble stroke of poetry; the solemnity of the night spent in devotion; the fullen resolution of the adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed

them as felf-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and interesting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the classics. In the Aneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the Odysley, there is no circumstance which can be called similar.

> Alas I the poor reversa of that as You fach the fair of the property local

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The describer of the first from the Vigenments no circumfrage doze the political and such facility one spilled many species and it has been prompted attention he pays to his proposed different the weath of earlies and the and torongal when he and former and special and tasking an analytic activity at stanta t sweet about a rate of he west that the shall use harm yelling blood the information and of the leaderstone position of the matters and females of and should should be sent the sent to the state of the st I see altered hittentill has been all will ploud a bast visitors blood to be derings of Anese, in his long sourch for the poor high stale, had a leftery on a in the failed magazin to the failed, this section of emolaton the or an abstraction of the standard of the stand the proposed subject, may have pror proposed by Volumento bis Heartain. to sed if a new or a large state of the section of the boats and ad bas There makes the first of the strength of To. account had better and disclosed that mayage of the same Energy this amplance are adding to in accordants & with magnification and the court of the bar and the bar and the bear at tempted before. Medicing a swiften day hard to Manual the chante and I rates of India. Their cole higheringed in the represent Charge, The count to discount of the part of the state o must be warmed by a drop or, which added a mother for thing inflance or the four of the Crotian part. The anthonoun which the hing benefit on the band to be a store of the effect the file and the many of the high faces belong with first or the reserved of the last th Sales of the Minister of their should be the sales of the and the sales of the sale

Though conquest fillt the victor's hope betrays,

Though fame's fair moinile ends in four differace,

The twice a thador, or a rainnow blaze.

To esteb the glord fonds," and fink undone arel Arabe waster ! ...

Our native fall now his behinder we ply the critical and

THE LUGILLE

VIOLENSE.

The layer draws and he seed he of the start of the layer of the Lord United Start I of A D. The Lord United by the layer of the layer o

The verdant filends, that by him thany'd, see equivarial We pair; and now in prelipedt opening wildow was standard. For to the left, him to pely him set and a treathed at

Far to the right, the staicts encan rearries and they well. Whole possessing to V | X O O B explaint; a or not will bounding believe, as realing decrease finishes as seen 1 well.

The valt Asjangia from the Indian dde. of Second Sead W.

W HILE on the beach the hoary father stood
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We spread the canvass to the rising gales;
The gentle winds distend the snowy fails.
As from our dear-loved native shore we sly
Our votive shouts, redoubled, rend the sky;
"Success, success," far echoes o'er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly star of day,
Intensely blazing, shot his siercest ray;
When slowly gliding from our wishful eyes,
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;

Tago's loved stream, and Cyntra's mountains cold Dim fading now, we now no more behold; And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore, Till one dim speck of land appears no more. Our native foil now far behind, we ply The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky. Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore, Where but our Henry plough'd the wave a before: The verdant islands, first by him decry'd, We past; and now in prospect opening wide. Far to the left, increasing on the view, Rose Mauritania's hills of paly blue: Far to the right the restless ocean roared, Whose bounding furges never keel explored; If bounding b shore, as reason deems, divide The vast Atlantic from the Indian tide.

Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd, From fair 'Madeira's purple coast we turn'd: Cyprus and Paphos' vales the smiling loves Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;

A fhore

redoubled, rend the fky;

^{*} Where but our Henry—Don Henry, prince of Portugal, of whom, fee the Preface.

b If bounding shore——The discovery of some of the West-Indian islands by Columbus, was made in 1492 and 1493. His discovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama sailed from the Tagus in 1497.

Called by the ancients Infula Purpuraria.

Now Madeira and Porto Santo. The former was so named by Juan Gonzales and Tristan Vaz, from the Spanish word Madera, wood.

A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air, Venus might build her dearest temple there. Onward we pass Massilia's barren strand, A waste of wither'd grass and burning fand; Where his thin herds the meagre native leads, Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads; Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze: O'er the wild waste the stupid offrich strays, In devious fearch to pick her fcanty meal, Whose fierce digestion gnaws the temper'd steel. From the green verge, where Tigitania ends, To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends. Now past the limit, which his course divides, When to the north the fun's bright chariot rides, We leave the winding bays and fwarthy shores, Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars; A flood, whose course a thousand tribes surveys, The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze, When Phaeton, devious from the folar height, Gave Afric's fons the fable hue of night. And now from far the Lybian cape is feen, Now by my mandate named the Cape of c Green. Where midst the billows of the ocean smiles A flowery fifter-train, the happy d ifles, Our onward prows the murmuring furges lave; And now our veffels plough the gentle wave,

Where

⁻Cape of Green-Called by Ptolemy, Caput Asinarium.

d-the happy isles-Called by the ancients, Insula Fortunata, now the Canaries.

Where the blue islands, named of Hesper old, Their fruitful bosoms to the deep unfold. Here changeful nature shews her various face, And frolics o'er the flopes with wildest grace: Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw, The fickly cherish, and our stores renew. From him the warlike guardian power of Spain, Whose spear's e dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire difmay, And fixt the fortune of the doubtful day; From him we name our station of repair, And Jago's name that ifle shall ever bear. The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main, Our fails unfurl'd we plough the tide again: Round Afric's coast our winding course we steer, Where bending to the east the shores appear. Here f Jalofo its wide extent displays, And vast Mandinga shews its numerous bays;

Whofe

e Whose spear's dread lightning——It was common for Spanish and Portuguese commanders to see St. James in complete armour, fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies. The general and some of his officers declared they saw the warrior saint beckoning them with his spear to advance; San Iago, Iago, was immediately echoed through the ranks, and victory usually crowned the ardour of enthusiasm.

the Gambea and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the feveral countries through which it runs. In its course it makes many islands, inhabited only by wild beasts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is crossed by a stupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river rushes with such character, that travellers pass under it without any other inconveniency than the prodigious noise. The Gambea, or Rio

Whose s mountains' sides, though parch'd and barren, hold, In copious store, the seeds of beamy gold.

The Gambea here his serpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thousand windings makes;
A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves,
Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.

The 'Gorgades we past, that hated shore,
Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shared,
The lorn beholders into marble stared;
Three dreadful sisters! down whose temples roll'd
Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold,
And scattering horror o'er the dreary strand,
With swarms of vipers sow'd the burning sand.

Still

Grande, runs 180 leagues, but is not so far navigable. It carries more water, and runs with less noise than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality; when mixed together, they operate as an emetic, but when separate they do not. They abound with great variety of sishes, and their banks are covered with horses, crocodiles, winged serpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of other animals, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. Faria y Soussa.

* Whose mountains' fides—Tombotu, the mart of Mandinga gold was greatly resorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tunis, Oran, Tremisen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

h The Gorgades——Contra hoc promontorium (Hesperionceras) Gorgades insulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione distantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampsacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pænorum imperator, prodiditque hirta sæminarum corpora viros pernicitate evasisse, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo posuit, spectatas usque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hist. Nat. l. 6. c. 31.

Still to the fouth our pointed keels we guide, And through the austral gulph still onward ride. Her palmy forests mingling with the skies, Leona's rugged steep behind us flies: The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name, Already conscious of our nation's fame. Where the vext waves against our bulwarks roar, And Lufian towers o'erlook the bending shore: Our fails wide fwelling to the constant blast, Now by the isle from Thomas named we past; And Congo's fpacious realm before us rofe, Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows; A flood by ancient hero never feen, Where many a temple o'er the banks of green, Rear'd by the Lufian k heroes, through the night Of Pagan darkness, pours the mental light.

O'er the wild waves as fouthward thus we stray, Our port unknown, unknown the watery way;

Each

Leona's rugged fleep——This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the ancients Θεῶν ὅχημα, the chariot of the gods. Camöens gives it its Portuguese name, Serra Lioa, the rock of lions.

**Rear'd by the Lufian beroes—During the reign of John II. the Portuguese erected several forts, and acquired great power in the extensive regions of Guinea. Azambuja, a Portuguese captain, having obtained leave from Caramansa, a Negro prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almost proved fatal to the discoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the Devil would have it, happened to be a Negro god. The Portuguese were driven away by the enraged worshippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profusion of such presents as they most esteemed.

Each night we fee, imprest with folemn awe, Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw: In the wide void we lofe their cheering beams: Lower and lower still the pole-star gleams, Till past the limit, where the car of day Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray, We now disprove the faith of ancient lore; Bootes' shining car appears no more: For here we faw Califto's ftar 1 retire Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire. Here, while the fun his polar journeys takes, His vifit doubled, double feafon makes; Manage radionA

vol. 11. saloge a la lastinit a diol od Stern

Our heaving bree Corches hills full over an

The Portuguese having brought an ambassador from Congo to Lisbon, fent him back instructed in the faith. By his means, the king, queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized; the idols were destroyed, and churches built. Soon after, the prince, who was then absent at war, was baptized by the name of Alonzo. His younger brother, Aquitimo, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, because allowed only one wife. turned apostate, and lest the crown to his Pagan son, who, with a great army, furrounded his brother, when only attended by fome Portuguese and Christian blacks, in all only thirty-seven. By the bravery of these, however, Aquitimo was defeated, taken, and flain. One of Aquitimo's officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-feven Christians, but by a glorious army who fought under a shining cross. The idols were again destroyed, and Alonzo fent his fons, grandfons, and nephews, to Portugal to fludy; two of whom were afterwards bishops in Congo. Extracted from Faria y Soufa.

1 ____Califlo's flar-According to fable, Califlo was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter having assumed the figure of that goddess, completed his amorous desires. On the discovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where the was delivered of a fon. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the constellation of Urfa major and minor. Juno, still enraged, entreated Thetis never to suffer Calisto to bathe in the sea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-star to the inhabitants of our hemisphere; but when Gama approached the fouthern pole, the northern, of confequence.

disappeared under the waves.

Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year, And twice the fpring's gay flowers their honours rear. Now preffing onward, past the burning zone, Beneath another heaven, and stars unknown, Unknown to heroes, and to fages old, With fouthward prows our pathless course we hold: Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign, And fewer stars emblaze the heavenly plain; Fewer than those that gild the northern pole, And o'er our feas their glittering chariots roll-While nightly thus the lonely feas we brave Another pole-star rises o'er the wave; Full to the fouth a shining cross m appears; Our heaving breafts the blifsful omen cheers: Seven radiant stars compose the hallowed fign That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine. Beneath this fouthern axle of the world, Never, with daring fearch, was flag unfurl'd;

Nor

m Full to the fouth a shining cross appears.—The constellation of the fouthern pole was called the cross by the Portuguese sailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the discovery of the southern hemisphere, has these remarkable lines in the sirst canto of his Purgatorio:

I' mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente
All' altro polo, 'e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

and he all only there-feven, its the bravery of thefe, however,

Voltaire somewhere observes, that this looked like a prophecy, when, in the succeeding age, these sour stars were known to be near the Antartic pole. Dante, however, spoke allegorically of the sour cardinal virtues.

In the fouthern hemisphere, as Camoens observes, the nights are darker than in the northern, the skies being adorned with much sewer stars. Thefe eves diffract have from that Living fare

Nor pilot knows if bounding shores are placed, and the or if one dreary sea o'erslow the lonely waste.

While thus our keels still onward boldly stray'd, Now toft by tempefts, now by calms delay'd, in the hard To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd, What toils we fuffer'd, and what ftorms defy'd; What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd, What dreary weeks of folid darkness lour'd; What mountains furges mountains furges lash'd, What fudden hurricanes the canvass dash'd; on adult ad I What burfting lightnings, with inceffant flare, is ni but Kindled in one wide flame the burning air; What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head, And feem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed: To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd, Would ask an iron throat with tenfold vigour steel'd: Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw, Which fill the failor's breast with facred awe; And which the fages, of their learning vain, Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain. That living fire, by fea-men held a divine, Of heaven's own care in storms the holy fign,

The same of the same said

Which

^{*} That living fire, by feamen beld divine.—The ancients thus accounted for this appearance: The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite, and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus

Which midft the horrors of the tempest plays, And on the blaft's dark wings will gaily blaze; These eyes distinct have seen that living fire Glide through the ftorm, and round my fails afpire. And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breaft, mine eyes To heaven have feen the watery columns rife. Slender at first the subtle sume appears, And writhing round and round its volume rears: Thick as a mast the vapour swells its fize; A curling whirlwind lifts it to the fkies: The tube now straitens, now in width extends, And in a hovering cloud its fummit ends: Still gulp on gulp in fucks the rifing tide, sho ut bollow a And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight fupply'd, ten rations thad a nessa guile restauration of himsel Full-

thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the superstition of failors should in all ages have esteemed them divine, and

Fo tell each horror but the deadarevealld, ed life alor and

Of heaven's own care in florms the boly fign.

In the expedition of the golden fleece, in a violent tempest these fires were feen to hover over the heads of Caftor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately enfued. After the apotheoles of these heroes, the Grecian failors invoked those fires by the names of Castor and Pollux, or the fone of Jupiter. The Athenians called them Zarness, Saviours, and Homer, in his hymn to Castor and Pollux, says,

> Ναύταις σήματα καλά σόνω σφίσιν, οι δε ίδόντες Γήθησαν, πάυσαντο δ' δίζυροῖο πόνοιο.

Plin. Nat, Hift. 1. 2. Seneca, Quest. Nat. c. I. and Cæsar de Bell. Afr. c. VI. mention these fires as often seen to alight and rest on the points of the spears of the soldiers. By the French and Spaniards they are called St. Helme's fires; and by the Italians, the fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas. Modern discoveries have proved that these appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the spindle of the mast, or the point of the spear.

Full-gorged, and blackening, fpreads, and moves, more flow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.

Thus when to fhun the fummer's fultry beam
The thirfty heifer feeks the cooling ftream,
The eager horse-leech fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat insatiate sips,
Till the gorged glutton, swell'd beyond her size,
Drops from her wounded hold, and bursting dies.
So bursts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
And the dash'd ocean staggers with the weight.
But say, ye sages, who can weigh the cause,
And trace the secret springs of nature's laws,

Say,

But fay, ye fages ____ In this book, particularly in the description of Massilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Castor and Pollux, and the waterfpout, Camöens has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camöens, in his voyage to the East-Indies, was an eye-witness of the phænomena of the fires and water-spout. The latter is thus described by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. Fit et caligo, bellua similis nubes dira navigantibus vocatur et columna, cum spissatus bumor rigensque ipse se sustinet, et in longam veluti fistulam nubes aquam trabit. Dr. Priestley, from signior Beccaria, thus describes the water-spouts: "They generally appear in calm weather. The sea seems to boil, and fend up a fmoke under them, rifing in a hill towards the spout. A rumbling noise is heard. The form is that of a speaking trumpet, the wider end being towards the clouds, and the narrower towards the fea. The colour is fometimes whitish, and at other times black. Their position is fometimes perpendicular, fometimes oblique, and fometimes in the form of a curve. Their continuance is various; some vanish instantly, and presently rise again; and some continue near an hour." Modern philosophers ascribe them to electricity, and esteem them of the same nature as whirlwinds and hurricanes on land. Camoens fays, the water of which they are composed, becomes freshened; which some have thus accounted for: When the violent heat attracts the waters to rife in the form of a tube, the marine falts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too grofs and fixed to afcond. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour bursts, that it descends

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.

Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the bosom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its falt, and from the cloud distil
Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill?
Ye sons of boastful wisdom, famed of yore,
Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,
From nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring fail,
Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,
What seeming miracles the deep display'd,
What secret virtues various nature shew'd,
Oh! heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

And now fince wandering o'er the foamy fpray, Our bravo Armada held her venturous way, Five times the changeful empress of the night Had fill'd her shining horns with filver light, When fudden from the main-top's airy round Land, land, is echoed-At the joyful found, Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew On wings of hope and fluttering transport flew, And each strain'd eye with aching fight explores The wide horizon of the eastern shores: As thin blue clouds the mountain fummits rife, And now the lawns falute our joyful eyes; Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail, We drop the anchor, and restrain the fail; And now descending in a spacious bay, Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,

To foy the wonders of the favage shore, Where stranger's foot had never trod before. I, and my pilots, on the yellow fand Explore beneath what sky the shores expand. That fage device, whose wondrous use proclaims Th' immortal honour of its authors' names. The fun's height measured, and my compass scann'd The painted globe of ocean and of land. Here we perceived our venturous keels had past, Unharm'd, the fouthern tropic's howling blaft; And now approach'd dread neptune's fecret reign, Where the stern power, as o'er the austral main He rides, with scatters from the polar star Hail, ice, and fnow, and all the wintery war. While thus attentive on the beach we flood, My foldiers, haftening from the upland wood, Right to the shore a trembling negro brought, Whom on the forest-height by force they caught, As diffant wander'd from the cell of home, He fuck'd the honey from the porous comb. Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme: No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew, No fign could answer, nor our gems would view:

From

That fage device——The Aftrolabium, an inftrument of infinite fervice in navigation, by which the altitude of the fun, and diffance of the flars are taken. It was invented in Portugal, during the reign of John II. by two Jew physicians, named Roderic and Joseph. It is afferted by some that they were affished by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated mathematician. Partly from Castera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

From garments striped with shining gold he turn'd;
The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd.
Straight at my nod are worthless trinkets brought;
Round beads of crystal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a string
Some little bells of brass before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confest his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he raised to grasp the toy,
Pleased with these gifts we set the savage free,
Homeward he springs away, and bounds with glee.

Soon as the gleamy streaks of purple morn The lofty forest's topmost boughs adorn, Down the steep mountain's side, yet hoar with dew, A naked crowd, and black as night their hue, Come tripping to the shore: their wishful eyes Declare what tawdry trifles most they prize: These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear, Mild feem'd their manners, and their looks fincere. A bold rash youth, ambitious of the fame Of brave adventurer, Velose his name, Through pathless brakes their homeward steps attends, And on his fingle arm for help depends. Long was his stay: my earnest eyes explore, When rushing down the mountain to the shore I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid strides; And foon Coëllo's skiff the wave divides. Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.

Moved

Moved by the danger of a youth fo brave,

Myself now snatch'd an oar, and sprung to save:

When sudden, blackening down the mountain's height,

Another crowd pursued his panting slight;

And soon an arrowy and a flinty shower

Thick o'er our heads the sierce barbarians pour,

Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow stood

Fix'd a in my leg, and drank the gushing blood.

Vengeance

the

9 Fin'd in my leg--Camoens, in describing the adventure of Fernando Veloso, by departing from the truth of history, has shewn his judgment as a poet. The place where the Portuguese landed, they named the bay of St. Helen. They caught one of two negroes, fays Faria, who were bufied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this favage, whom they gratified with a red cap, fome glaffes and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though fome who accompanied Gama were skilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could understand them. A commerce, however, was commenced by figns and gestures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was cheerfully fupplied with fresh provisions, for which the natives received cloaths and trinkets. But this friendship was soon interrupted by a young rash Portuguese. Having contracted an intimacy with some of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to observe their habitations and strength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they effeemed an elegant repast, a sea-calf dressed in the way of their country. This so much disgusted the delicate Portuguese, that he instantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppose his departure, but accompanied him with the greatest innocence. As fear, however, is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to flaughter. No fooner did he come near the ships, than he called aloud for affishance. Coëllo's boat immediately fet off for his refcue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now effeeming the Portuguese as a band of lawless plunderers, they provided themselves with arms, and lay in ambush. Their weapons were javelins, headed with short pieces of horn, which they threw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and some of his officers were on the shore, taking the altitude of the fun by the astrolabium, they were fuddenly and with great fury attacked by

Vengeance as sudden every wound repays,

Full on their fronts our flashing lightnings blaze;

Their shrieks of horror instant pierce the sky,

And wing'd with fear at fullest speed they sly:

Long tracks of gore their scatter'd flight betray'd.

And now, Veloso to the fleet convey'd,

His sportful mates his brave exploits demand,

And what the curious wonders of the land:

- " Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
- " But oh! how smooth and easy to descend!
- "Well haft thou proved thy swiftness for the chace,
- "And shewn thy matchless merit in the race!"
 With look unmoved the gallant youth reply'd,
- " For you, my friends, my fleetest speed was try'd;
- "Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to flay;
- " For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;
- "Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
- " And I fwift as lightning to your rescue flew,"

He

the ambush from the woods. Several were much wounded, multor convulnerant, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The admiral made a speedy retreat to the sleet, prudently chusing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to risque the life of one man in a quarrel so foreign to the destination of his expedition; and where, to impress the terror of his arms, could be of no service to his interest. When he came nearer to India, he asted in a different manner. He then made himself dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his resentment. Collected from Faria and Oforius.

* And fwift as lightning——The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed against the least mixture of the comic, with the dignity of the epic poem. It is needless to enter into any defence of this passage of Camöens, farther than to observe, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton,

have

He now the treason of the foe relates,

How soon, as past the mountain's upland straits,

They changed the colour of their friendly shew,

And force forbade his steps to tread below:

How

have offended the critics in the same manner; and that this piece of raillery in the Lusiad is by much the politest, and the least reprehensible of any thing of the kind in the four poets. In Homer are several strokes of low raillery. Patroclus having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his sudden sall; "It is a pity be is not nearer the sea! He would soon catch abundance of oysers, nor would the storms frighten him. See how be dives from his chariot down to the sand? What excellent divers are the Trojans! Virgil, the most judicious of all poets, descends even to the style of Dutch painting, where the commander of a galley tumbles the pilot into the sea, and the sailors afterward laugh at him, as he sits on a rock spewing up the salt water:

Segnemque Meneten
In mare pracipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
At gravis ut findo wix tandem redditus imo est
Jam senior, madidaque succei in veste Menetes,
Summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit.
Illum et labentem Teucri, et risere natantem;
Et salsos rident revomentem postore sluctus.

And though the characters of the speakers (the ingenious desence which has been offered for Milton) may in some measure, vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouths of Satan and Belial, the lowness of it, when compared with that of Camöens, must still be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, says Satan,

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell

As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd

Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps

For joy of offer'd peace.—

To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood,

Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,

Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,

And stumbled many—

this gift they have beside,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

How down the coverts of the steepy brake.

Their lurking stand a treacherous ambush take;

On us, when speeding to defend his slight,

To rush, and plunge us in the shades of night:

Nor while in friendship would their lips unfold

Where India's ocean laved the orient shores of gold.

Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd; From these rude shores our fearless course we held: Beneath the gliftening wave the God of day Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray, When o'er the prow a fudden darkness spread, And flowly floating o'er the mast's tall head A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far The moon's pale glimpfe, nor faintly twinkling ftar; So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast, Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast. Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds, As when hoarfe furges lash their rocky mounds; Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven The wonted figns of gathering tempest given. Amazed we stood-O thou, our fortune's guide, Avert this omen, mighty God,-I cried; Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd, Have we the fecrets of the deep furvey'd. Which these wide folitudes of seas and sky Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye?

They there as when our five wall that surject

Whate'er

Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more

Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,

When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

I fpoke, when rifing through the darken'd air, Appall'd we faw an hideous Phantom glare; High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd, And thwart our way with fullen aspect lour'd: An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread, Erect uprofe his hairs of wither'd red; Writhing to fpeak, his fable lips difclofe, Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows; His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind, Revenge and horror in his mien combined; His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared, The inward anguish of his foul declared. His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves His voice refounded, as the cavern'd shore With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar. Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breaft, Our briftling hair and tottering knees confest Wild dread; the while with vifage ghaftly wan, His black lips trembling, thus the fiend s began;

O you,

The partiality of translators and editors is become almost proverbial. The admiration of their author, is supposed when they undertake to introduce him to the public; that admiration, therefore, may without a blush be confessed; but if the reputation of judgment is valued,

O you, the boldest of the nations, fired By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,

Who

all the jealoufy of circumfpection is necessary, for the transition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticism, is not only easy, but to oneself often imperceptible. Yet however guarded against this partiality of hypercriticism, the translator of Camöens may deem himself, he is aware that some of his colder readers, may perhaps, in the following instance, accuse him of it. Regardless, however, of the same froid of those who judge by authority, and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the sew, whose taste, though formed by the classics, is untainted with classical prejudices. To these he will appeal, and to these he will venture the affertion, that the siction of the apparition of the cape of tempests, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, stands unsurpassed in human composition.—Voltaire, and the foreign critics, have confessed its merit. In the prodigy of the harpies in the **Eneid*, neither the

Virginei volucrum vultus, fædissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora same:

Though Virgil, to heighten the description, introduces it with

nec favior ulla vend de compas le aveni ed l'

Pestis et ira Deûm Stypiis sese extulit undis :

Nor the predictions of the harpy Celano, can, in point of dignity, bear any comparison with the siction of Cambens. The noble and admired description of Fame, in the fourth Æneid, may seem indeed to challenge competition:

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum: Mobilitate viget, virefque acquirit eundo : Parva metu primò; mox sese attollit in auras, Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit: Illam terra parens, ira irritata Deorum, sat ; been bill. Extremam (ut perbibent) Cao Enceladoque sororem er sand whald sitt Progenuit; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis : Monstrum borrendum, ingens ; cui quot sunt corpore plume, Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu) Tot lingua, totidem ora fonant, tot fubriget aures. Nocte volat cali medio terraque, per umbram Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina fomno: Luce fedet cuftos, aut fumni culmine tecti, Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.

Fame

Who fcornful of the bowers of fweet repose, Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,

Regardless

Fame, the great ill, from fmall beginnings grows; Swift from the first, and every moment brings New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings. Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic fize, Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies: Enraged against the gods, revengeful earth Produced her last of the Titanian birth. Swift in her walk, more fwift her winged hafte. A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast; As many plumes as raife her lofty flight, So many piercing eyes enlarge her fight: Millions of opening mouths to fame belong, And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue, And round with liftning ears the flying plague is hung; She fills the peaceful universe with cries, No flumbers ever close her wakeful eyes: By day from lofty towers her head she shews .- DRYD.

The mobilitate viget, the vires acquirit eundo, the parva metu primo, &c. the caput inter nubila condit, the plume, oculi unque, ora, and aures, the nocle volat, the luce fedet cuffos, and the magnas territat urbes, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offspring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble display of the calm majesty of Virgil, yet it has not the enthuliasm of that heat of spontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inspiration. The fiction of Camöens, on the contrary, is the genuine effusion of the glow of poetical imagination. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, fill the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer or a Shakespeare. But however Camöens may, in this passage, have excelled Virgil, he himself is infinitely surpassed by two passages of holy writ. " A thing was fecretly brought to me," fays the author of the book of Job," and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep fleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to Sbake: then a spirit passed before my face; the bair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I beard a voice: Shall mortal man be more just than God! shall a man be more pure than his maker! Behold, be put no trust in his servants, and his attogers I to one I say tomen on making angels

Regardless of the lengthening watery way,

And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,

Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore

Where never hero braved my rage before;

Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane

Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,

Have pass'd the bounds which jealous nature drew

To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;

Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,

And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend:

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,

Eternal war my rocks and ftorms shall wage,

The next proud sleet that through my drear domain,

With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,

That

angels be charged with folly: bow much less in them that dwell in bouses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who are crushed before the moth!

This whole passage, particularly the indistinguishable form and the silence, are as superior to Camöens, in the inimitably wild terrific, as the following, from the apocalypse, is in grandeur of description. And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire . . . and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth . . . and he listed up his hand to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, . . . that time should be no more.

* The next proud fleet——On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen fail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was fent out on the second voyage to India, where the admiral with only six ships arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days. The day-time, says Faria, was so dark, that the failors could scarcely see each other, or hear what was said, for the horrid noise of the winds. Among those who perished, was the celebrated Bartbolomew Diaz, who was the first modern discoverer of the cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempests.

That gallant navy by my whirlwinds toft,

And raging feas, shall perish on my coast:

Then He who first my secret reign descried,

A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide

Shall drive—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,

O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;

Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,

Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

The flatter'd wracks flatt blacker all new florre.

With trophies plumed behold an hero come,
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though fmiling fortune bleft his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with fparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;

vol. 11. . werd Hell of K aid bee a wol and While

By might unthelearth and Releas by day,

"—Bebold an bero come—Don Francisco de Almeyda. He was the first Portuguese viceroy of India, in which country he obtained several great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He conquered Quiloa, and Mombassa or Mombaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and provisions. The rudeness of one of his servants produced a quarrel with the Cassres, or Hottentots. His attendants, much against his will, forced him to march against the blacks. "Ah, whither (he exclaimed) will you carry the infirm "man of sixty years." After plundering a miserable village, on the return to their ships they were attacked by a superior number of Cassres, who fought with such sury in rescue of their children, whom the Portuguese had seized, that the viceroy and sifty of his attendants were slain.

While proudly mingling with the tempest's found,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

Dece to was the West reign defer

The howling blaft, ye flumbering ftorms prepare, A youthful lover and his beauteous fair, Triumphant fail from India's ravaged land; His evil angel leads him to my ftrand. Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar, The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore. Themselves escaped, despoil'd by favage hands, Shall naked wander o'er the burning fands. Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear, Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear. Their infant race, the promifed heirs of joy, Shall now no more an hundred hands employ: By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye, In these wide wastes their infant race shall die. Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod, Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod, The hapless lover and his bride shall stray, By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day. In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain. Her tender limbs, and breaft of mountain fnow, Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow, Parch'd by the fun, and shrivell'd by the cold Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold. Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast, In fond embraces they shall fink at last;

While

While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,

And the last figh shall wail each other's v woe.

K 2

Some

* And the last figh shall wail each other's wee .- This poetical description of the miserable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful spouse Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was several years governor of Diu in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which were his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his failors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew, escaped, having only faved a few arms and provisions. As they marched through the rude uncultivated deferts, some died of famine, of thirst, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in fearch of water, were murdered by the favages, or destroyed by the wild beasts. The horror of this miserable situation was most dreadfully aggravated to Donna Leonora: her husband began to difcover starts of infanity. They arrived at last at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At first they were courteously received, and Souza, partly stupified with grief, at the desire of the barbarians, yielded up to them the arms of his company. No fooner was this done, than the favages stripped the whole company naked, and left them destitute to the mercy of the defert. The wretchedness of the delicate and exposed Leonora was encreased by the brutal infults of the negroes. Her husband, unable to relieve, beheld her miseries. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs swelled, her feet bleeding at every step, and her strength exhausted, she funk down, and with the fand covered herfelf to the neck, to conceal her nakedness. In this dreadful situation, she beheld two of her children expire. Her own death foon followed. Her hufband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her last breath in a distracted embrace. Immediately he fnatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the most lamentable cries, he ran into the thickest of the wood, where the wild beasts were foon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who efcaped the waves, only fix and twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whose inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red Sea: from hence they found a passage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Cortereal, a Portuguese poet, has written an affecting poem on the shipwreck and deplorable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel and his beloved spouse. Vid. Faria, Barros, &c.

Some few, the fad companions of their fate,
Shall yet furvive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the difmal tale to tell
How blafted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paus'd, in act still farther to disclose A long, a dreary prophecy of woes: When springing onward, loud my voice resounds, And midft his rage the threatening shade confounds: What art thou, horrid form, that ridest the air? By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare. His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws. And from his breaft deep hollow groans arose; Sternly askaunce he stood: with wounded pride And anguish torn, in me, behold, he cried, While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd, In me the spirit of the Cape behold, That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named, By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed, When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed. With wide-thretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand, And Afric's fouthern mound unmoved I stand; Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar Fre dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore; Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the fail On these my seas to catch the trading gale. You, you alone have dared to plough my main, And with the human voice difturb my lonesome reign. He w spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view;
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.

High

" He spoke .- The circumstances of the disappearance of the spectre are in the same poetical spirit of the introduction. To suppose this spectre the Spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempests, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination. As already observed in the preface, the machinery of Camöens is allegorical: To establish Christianity in the East, is expresly faid in the Lusiad to be the great purpose of the Hero. By Bacchus, the demon who opposes the expedition, the genius of Mohammedism must of consequence be understood: and accordingly, in the eighth book, the Evil spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the same personage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan priest. In like manner by Adamastor, the genius of Mohammedism must be supposed to be meant. The Moors, who professed that religion, were, till the arrival of Gama, the fole navigators of the eaftern seas, and by every exertion of force and fraud, they endeavoured to prevent the fettlements of the Christians. In the figure of the spectre, the French translator finds an exact description of the person of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion; but he certainly carries his unravelment too far in several instances: to mention only two; " Mohammed (says " he) was a false prophet, so is Adamastor, who says Emmanuel de Souza " and his spouse shall die in one another's arms, whereas the husband was " devoured by wild beasts in the wood. . . . By the metamorphosis of "Adamastor into an huge mass of earth and rock, laved by the waves, is " meant the death and tomb of Mohammed. He died of a dropfy, behold " the waters which furround him; voila les eaux qui l'entourent.-His tomb " was exceeding high, behold the height of the promontory." By fuch latitude of interpretation, the allegory which was really intended by an author, becomes suspected by the reader. As Camoens, however, has assured us that he did allegorife, one need not helitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamastor is an instance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory. by the fierce passion of the giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this last circumstance is adopted from Caftera.

High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread king implore, as o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow sled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!

With face ed horror thrill'd, Melinda's lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word,
Oh wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,
Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise!
Taught by their fires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears
O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells controll'd,
His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told:

By forceful Titan's warm embrace comprest
The rock-ribb'd mother earth his love confest;
The hundred-handed giant at a birth
And me she bore: nor slept my hopes on earth:
My heart avow'd my sire's etherial slame;
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.

In my bold brothers' glorious toils engaged, Tremendous war against the gods I waged: Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try, With mountain piled on mountain to the fky; To me the conquest of the seas befel, In his green realm the fecond Jove to quell: Nor did ambition all my paffions hold, Twas love that prompted an attempt fo bold. Ah me, one fummer in the cool of day I faw the Nereids on the fandy bay With lovely Thetis from the wave advance In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance. In all her charms reveal'd the goddess trode; With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd; Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart, And hopeless languish with the raging smart. For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorn'd, For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd. In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed; From my grim form with horror mute she fled. Madning with love, by force I ween to gain The filver goddess of the blue domain: To the hoar mother of the Nereid * band I tell my purpose, and her aid command: Berg was no godiefe, here so heavenly charms,

A sogged maintenant put billit missession hopger A .

⁻The boar mother of the Nereid band .- Doris, the fifter and spoule of Nereus. By Nereus, in the phylical sense of the fable, is understood the water of the fea, and by Doris, the bitterness or salt, the supposed cause of its prolific quality in the generation of fishes.

By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move, And win the spouse of Peleus to my love. The filver goddess with a smile replies, What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize! Yet from the horrors of a war to fave, pero and on o'll And guard in peace our empire of the wave, Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain, That let him hope his wish shall foon attain. And shook my mighty limbs with fierce defire. But ah, what error spreads its dreamful night, What phantoms hover o'er the lover's fight! The war refign'd, my steps by Doris led, While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread, Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone In all her charms, all naked, and alone. Swift as the wind with open arms I fprung, and world And round her waift with joy delirious clung: In all the transports of the warm embrace; An hundred kiffes on her angel face, On all its various charms my rage bestows, And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows. When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell! What fixt defpair, what rage my bosom swell! Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms, A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms, Whose rocky top o'erhung with matted brier, Received the kiffes of my amorous fire.

and to exiter any off or pileup Waked

BOOK Y.

Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood; Fixt as a rock before the rock I flood; O fairest goddess of the ocean train, Behold the triumph of thy proud difdain! Yet why, I cried, with all I wish'd decoy, And when exulting in the dream of joy, An horrid mountain to mine arms convey !---Madning I fpoke, and furious fprung away. Far to the fouth I fought the world unknown, Where I unheard, unfcorn'd, might wail alone, My foul dishonour, and my tears to hide, And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride. My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown, Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan; And I, who taught each echo to deplore, And tell my forrows to the defert shore, I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue; My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew, And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd, To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd, You dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became, Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame, The filvery Thetis bids her furges roar, And waft my groans along the dreary shore.

Melinda's monarch thus the tale purfued Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd— Now from the wave the chariot of the day Whirl'd by the fiery coursers springs away,

When

When full in view the giant Cape appears,

Wide spreads its limbs, and high its shoulders rears;

Behind us now it curves the bending side,

And our bold vessels plow the eastern tide.

Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,

A cultur'd shore invites us to the land.

Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,

And give our wearied minds a lively y glow.

The tenants of the coast, a sessive band,

With dances meet us on the yellow sand;

Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind;

The spreading horns with slowery garlands twined,

Bespoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudest boast,

Of all their bestial store the valued most.

By

And lell my lorrouse to the bake

And give our wearied minds a lively glow .- Variety is no less delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camoens gave an abundant fupply. The infertion of this pastoral landscape, between the terrific scenes which precede and follow, has a fine effect. "Variety," fays Pope, in one of his notes on the Odyssey, " gives life and delight; and " it is much more necessary in epic than in comic or tragic poetry, some-" times to shift the scenes to diversify and embellish the story." The authority of another celebrated writer offers itself: " Les Portugais naviguant " sur l'océan Atlantique, decouverirent la pointe la plus méridionale de l'Afrique; ils " virent une vaste mer; elle les porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs périls sur cette u mer, et la decouverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Galecut, ont éte chantés " par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait sentir quelque chose des charmes de l'Odyssée, et de " la magnificence de l'Eneïde." i. e. The Portuguese sailing upon the Atlantic ocean discovered the most southern point of Africa: here they found an immense sea, which carried them to the East Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the discovery of Mozambic, of Melinda, and of Calicut, have been fung by Camoens, whose poem recalls to our minds the charms of the Odyssey, and the magnificence of the Eneid. Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. er.

By turns the husbands and the brides prolong The various measures of the rural song. Now to the dance the ruftic reeds refound; The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground; And now the lambs around them bleating ftray, Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play. Methought I faw the fylvan reign of Pan, And heard the music of the Mantuan swan-With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold The blifsful manners of the age of gold. With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd, Fresh stores they bring, with cloth of red repay'd: Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow, Nor fign of India's strand their hands bestow. Fair blow the winds; again with fails unfurl'd We dare the main, and feek the eaftern world. Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd, And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd: The fouthern pole low to the wave declined, We leave the isle of Holy Cross z behind; That isle where erst a Lusian, when he past The tempest-beaten Cape, his anchors cast, And own'd his proud ambition to explore The kingdoms of the morn, could dare no more.

From

^{*} We leave the ifle of Holy Croft.—A small island, named Santa Cruz by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it. According to Faria y Sousa, he went twenty-five leagues farther, to the river del Insante, which, till passed by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries.

From thence, still on, our daring course we hold Through trackless gulphs, whose billows never roll'd Around the veffel's pitchy fides before; Through trackless gulphs, where mountain furges roar, For many a night, when not a ftar appear'd, Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkness cheer'd; For many a dreary night, and cheerless day, In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play, By ardent hope still fired, we forced our dreadful way. Now fmooth as glass the shining waters lie, No cloud flow moving fails the azure fky; Slack from their height the fails unmoved decline, The airy ftreamers form the downward line; No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale, Nor gentlest swell distends the ready fail; Fixt as in ice the flumbering prows remain, And filence wide extends her folemn reign. Now to the waves the burfting clouds descend, And heaven and fea in meeting tempests blend; The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean fweep, And from his bottom roars the staggering deep. Driven by the yelling blaft's impetuous fway Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away. And now escaped the fury of the storm, New danger threatens in a various form;

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Though

Though fresh the breeze the swelling canvass swell'd,
A current's headlong sweep our prows withheld:
The rapid force imprest on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling vessels reel:
When from their southern caves the winds, enraged
In horrid consist with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempest groans each loaded mast,
And o'er the rushing tide our bounding navy past.

Now shined the facred morn, when from the east
Three kings the holy cradled babe addrest,
And hail'd him Lord of heaven: that festive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the facred day we name,
And stores, the wandering seaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our dearest hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our ears retain
Nought to reward our search for India's sound,
By word or sign our ardent wishes b crown'd.

Behold.

femines gave come

A current's beadlong sweep.—It was the force of this rushing current which retarded the farther discoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the affistance of a tempest. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the south west of Madagascar. It is now easily avoided.

Nought to reward our feareb for India's found—The frequent disappointment of the Portuguese, when they expect to hear some account of India, is a judicious imitation of several parts of Virgil; who, in the same manner, magnifies the distresses of the Trojans in their search for the sated seat of empire:

Infelin! cui te enitio fortuna refervat?

Septima post Troja encidium jam vertitur aslas;

Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita sana

Behold, O king, how many a shore we try'd! How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd! Yet still in vain for India's shore we try, The long-fought shores our anxious fearch defy. Beneath new heavens, where not a ftar we knew, Through changing climes, where poison'd air we drew; Wandering new feas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn, By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn Our food corrupted, pregnant with difeafe, And pestilence on each expected breeze; Not even a gleam of hope's delufive ray To lead us onward through the devious way: That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd; Worn as we were each night with dreary care, Each day with danger that increased despair, Oh! monarch, judge, what less than Lusian fire Could still the hopeless scorn of fate inspire! What less, O king, than Lusian faith withstand, When dire despair and famine gave command Their chief to murder, and with lawless power Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour! What more than men in wild despair still bold! These more than e men in these my band behold!

Sacred

is bringing 30

Sideraque emensa ferimur: dum per mare magnum Italiam sequimur sugientem, et volvimur undis.

ÆN. V.

ner, emognification differences

These more than men.—It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of Melinda. The boast

of

Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,

These all the rage of sierce despair withstood;

Firm to their faith, though sondest hope no more

Could give the promise of their native shore!

Now the fweet waters of the stream we leave, And the falt waves our gliding prows receive; Here to the left, between the bending shores, Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars, And boiling raves against the founding coast, Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast: Full to the gulph the showery fouth-winds howl, Aslant against the wind our vessels roll: Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven, Our helms refigning to the care of heaven, By hope and fear's keen passions tost, we roam, When our glad eyes beheld the furges foam Against the beacons of a cultured bay, Where floops and barges cut the watery way. The river's opening breast some upward ply'd, And fome came gliding down the fweepy tide.

Quick

of their loyalty besides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the epopoeia required to be ascribed to them. History relates the matter differently. In standing for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the highest proofs of his resolution, "In illo autem surfu valdé Game virtus eui"tuit." The fleet seemed now tossed to the clouds, ut modo nubes contingere, and now funk to the lowest whirlpools of the abyss. The winds were infusferably cold, and to the rage of the tempest was added the horror of an almost continual darkness. The crew expected every moment to be swallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the storm, they came round Gama, asserting the impossibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he resolutely resused. See the presace.

Quick throbs of transports heaved in every heart To view the knowledge of the feaman's art; For here we hoped our ardent wish to gain, To hear of India's strand, nor hoped in vain. Though Ethiopia's fable hue they bore No look of wild furprize the natives wore: Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban fwell'd, And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd. Their speech, though rude and dissonant of found, Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd. Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore, In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale, That o'er these seas full oft the frequent sail, And lordly veffels, tall as ours, appear'd, Which to the regions of the morning steer'd, And back returning to the fouthmost land, Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand; Whose cheerful crews, resembling ours, display lic river's The d kindred face and colour of the day. Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim, And, e river of Good Signs, the port we name: Then, facred to the angel guide, who led The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,

And

getting when the place country to the terms are a self " and "

But this to reflected respect, Die the gestier

to freeding for the Christian though theps, Cama you the

The kindred face.—Gama and his followers were at feveral ports, on their first arrival in the East, thought to be Moors. See the note, vol. 1. p. 28.

[·] Rio dos bons finais.

And fafe return'd him through the perilous way,

We rear a column f on the friendly bay.

Our keels, that now had fteer'd through many a clime, By shell-fish roughen'd, and incased with slime, Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field The fleecy dams the fmiling natives yield: But while each face an honest welcome shews, And big with sprightly hope each bosom glows, (Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy! How foon the blafts of woe that bloom destroy!) A dread difeafe its rankling horrors fhed, And death's dire ravage through mine army foread. Never mine eyes fuch dreary fight beheld, Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous & swell'd; And inftant, putrid like a dead man's wound, Poisoned with fetid steams the air around. No fage phyfician's ever-watchful zeal, No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal, Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave Some brave companion to a foreign grave:

VOL. II. L'yager voi la Larg dain . (A grave,

We rear a column.——It was the custom of the Portuguese navigators to erect crosses on the shores of the new-discovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of stone along with him, and erected six of these crosses during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the first discovery.

Le Ghafily the mouth and gums enormous fwell'd—This poetical description of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what sometimes really happens in the course of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the constitution is unhabituated.

A grave, the awful gift of every shore!

Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!

Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,

O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;

And in their hapless lot forbode our own,

A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!

Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate, With joyful hope of India's shore elate, We loofe the haulfers and the fail expand, And upward coast the Ethiopian strand. What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's ifle, Mozambic's treason, and Mombassa's guile; What miracles kind heaven, our guardian, wrought, Loud fame already to thine ears has brought: Kind heaven again that guardian care display'd, And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd, Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below, Bidft thy full bounty and thy truth to flow: Health to the fick, and to the weary reft, And fprightly hope revived in every breaft, Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repay'd, The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid. And now in honour of thy fond command, The glorious annals of my native land; And what the perils of a route fo bold, So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told. Then judge, great monarch, if the world before Ere faw the prow fuch length of feas explore!

Nor

Nor fage Ulyffes, nor the Trojan pride, Such raging gulphs, fuch whirling storms defy'd; Nor one poor tenth of my dread course explored, Though by the muse as demigods adored.

O thou whose breast all Helicon inflamed, Whose birth seven vaunting cities proudly claim'd; And thou whose mellow lute and rural fong, In foftest flow, led Mincio's waves along; Whose warlike numbers as a storm impell'd, And Tyber's furges o'er his borders fwell'd; Let all Parnaffus lend creative fire, And all the Nine with all their warmth inspire; Your demigods conduct through every scene Cold fear can paint, or wildest fancy feign; The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's spell, And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell; Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm, And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm; Give fails and oars to fly the purple shore, Where love of absent friend awakes no i more;

I. 2

In

Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest, They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast; The trees around them all their fruit produce; Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice;

(Thence

And burl the guardian pilot from the belm.—See Æn. V. 833.

i — The purple shore.—The Lotophagi, so named from the plant Lotus, are thus described by Homer:

In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,
Her slowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
In skins confined the blustering winds control,
Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies prowl;
And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortur'd spectres and infernal gods;

Give

(Thence called Lotophagi) which whoso tastes
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had geturn'd no more.

Pope, Odys. ix.

The natural history of the Lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Lybian Lotos is a shrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigness of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was used as food for slaves. They also made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note in loco.

* In skins confined the blustering winds control .- The gift of Bolus to Ulysses.

The adverfe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast.
For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd,
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely setter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails;
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails.

Pope, Odyf. x.

The companions of Ulysses imagined that these bags contained some valuable treasure, and opened them while their leader slept. The tempests bursting out drove the sleet from Ithaca, which was then in sight, and was the cause of a new train of miseries.

¹ ____barpies prowl___See the third Æneid.

m Of tottur'd spectres-See the fixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odysley.

Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divinest skill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illustrious GAMA charm'd their ears, The look of wonder each Melindian wears, And pleafed attention witnefs'd the command Of every movement of his lips or hand. The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame Of Lifboa's monarchs, and the Lufian name; What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired, Nor less their warriors loyal faith admired. Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost, Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most, Each to his mate; while fixed in fond amaze The Lufian features every eye furveys; While present to the view, by fancy brought, Arise the wonders by the Lusians wrought; And each bold feature to their wondering fight Displays the raptured ardour of the fight.

Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day, And left the western sky to twilight grey; Beneath the wave he sought fair Thetis' bed, And to the shore Melinda's sovereign sped.

What

What boundless joys are thine, O just renown, Thou hope of virtue, and her nobleft crown; By thee the feeds of conscious worth are fired, Hero by hero, fame by fame inspired: Without thine aid how foon the hero dies! By thee upborne his name ascends the skies. This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre The noblest glory of Pelides' ire. This knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd; And foon exulting flow'd the fong divine, The noblest glory of the Roman line. Dear was the muse to Julius: ever dear To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering spear Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew, And to the tented field the gentle muses drew. Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line Or barbarous race n, adorn'd th' Aonian shrine; Each glorious name, e'er to the muse endear'd, Or wooed the muses, or the muse revered. Alas, on Tago's hapless shores alone The muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;

For

^{*} Or barbarous race——We have already observed that Camöens was not missed by the common declamations against the Gothic conquerors.
"Theodoric, the second king of the Ostrogoths, a pious and humane prince,
restored in some degree the study of letters. . . He adopted into his
second fervice Boethius, the most learned and almost only Latin philosopher of
that period. Cassiodorus, another eminent Roman scholar, was his grand
fecretary . . . Theodoric's patronage of learning is applauded by Clausidian, &c. Many other Gothic kings were equally attached to the works
of peace, Warton, Hist. Eng. Poetry.

For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre, No Homer here awakes the hero's fire. On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæfars born, And Alexander's Lifboa's clime adorn. But heaven has frampt them in rougher mould, Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold. Careless and rude or to be known or know, In vain to them the fweetest numbers flow; Unheard, in vain their native poet fings, And cold neglect weighs down the muse's wings. Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms, Walks by, unconscious of the muse's charms: For him no muse shall leave her golden loom, No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom; Yet shall my P labours and my cares be paid By fame immortal, and by GAMA's shade:

Him

[•] Even be whose veins—Don Fran. de Gama, grandson of the hero of the Lusiad. For his insignificant and worthless character, see the life of Camöens.

Tet shall my labours—Aristotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digressive declamation spoken in the person of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reason, Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been censured as a violation of the rules of the epopeia. But it may be presumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reason of these rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he selt that to write a poem like an history, whose parts had no necessary dependence and connexion with each other, must be uninteresting and tiresome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral episodes, therefore presented itself in its progressive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end; or in other words, a description of certain circumstances, the actions which these produce, and the catastrophe. This unity of conduct, as most interesting, is indispensably ne-

Y talls 1

Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,

The first of heroes, first of naval same.

Rude and ungrateful though my country be,

This proud example shall be taught by me,

"Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,

"To crown that worth some generous bard shall rife!"

cessary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the person of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action; the omission therefore, of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this, however, will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digreffive histories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camöens in praise of poetry, must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyssey, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however, a Bossu or a Rapin, may condemn the digressive exclamations of Camöens, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the feventh Lusiad, must please, must touch every breaft. The feelings of a great spirit, in the evening of an active and military life, finking under the pressure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly resentment, cannot fail to interest the generous, and, if adorned with the dress of poetry, to plead an excufe for its admission with the man of taste. The declamation which concludes the present book, has also some arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now fafely conquered many difficulties, and are promised a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contrast to the murmurings of the populace, expressed by the old man, at the end of the fourth Lufiad, and is by no means an improper conclusion to the episode which so highly extols the military fame of the Lusian warriors.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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BOOK VI.

WITH heart fincere the royal pagan joy'd,
And hospitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Lusian band admired,
And much their friendship and their aid desired;
Each hour the gay festivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian songs;
Each hour in mirthful transport steals away,
By night the banquet, and the chace by day:
And now the bosom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's festive rites;
Their filken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride;

The net and angle various hands employ,
And Moorish timbrels sound the notes of joy.
Such was the pomp, when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval shew convene,
In pleasure's downy bosom to beguile
Her love-sick warrior: o'er the breast of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple ensigns slow'd,
And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a shining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting sishes drew.

Now from the west the sounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plow:
The sountain and the field bestow'd their store,
And friendly pilots from the friendly shore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of lasting peace renew'd,
For still the king for lasting friendship sued;

That

* Such was the pomp—Every display of eastern luxury and magnificence was lavished in the fishing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amused Mark Antony, when at any time he shewed symptoms of uneasiness, or seemed inclined to abandon the esseminate life which he led with his mistress. At one of these parties, Mark Antony having procured divers to put sishes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly boasted to his mistress of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and as gallantly outwitted him. Some other divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fish, in place of a live one, to the vast entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company.—Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who should be master of the world.

That Lusus' heroes in his port supplied, And tafted reft, he own'd his dearest pride, And vow'd that ever while the feas they roam, The Lufian fleets should find a bounteous home, And ever from the generous shore receive Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could b give. Nor less his joy the grateful chief declared; And now to feize the valued hours prepared. Full to the wind the fwelling fails he gave, And his red prows divide the foamy wave: Full to the rifing fun the pilot steers, And far from shore through middle ocean bears. The vaulted fky now widens o'er their heads, Where first the infant morn his radiance sheds. And now with transport sparkling in his eyes Keen to behold the Indian mountains rife, High on the decks each Lufian hero smiles, And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils. When the stern dæmon, burning with disdain, Beheld the fleet triumphant plow the main: The powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew, Refolved in Lifboa glorious to renew The Roman honours-raging with despair From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air, On earth new hopes of vengeance to devise, And fue that aid deny'd him in the skies:

Blaspheming

Whate'er bis land could give—The friendship of the Portuguese and Mclindians was of long continuance. See the preface.

Blaspheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode Of ocean's lord, and fought the ocean's god. Deep where the bases of the hills extend, And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend, Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves Responsive as the aërial tempest raves, The ocean's monarch, by the Nereid train, And watery gods encircled, holds his reign. Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore, Shining with hoary fands of filver ore. Extends the level, where the palace rears, Its crystal towers, and emulates the spheres; So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze, And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays. Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold, The golden gates their maffy leaves unfold: Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine; The fculptured walls confess an hand divine. Here various colours in confusion loft, Old Chaos' face and troubled image boaft. Here rifing from the mass; distinct and clear, Apart the four fair elements appear. High o'er the rest ascends the blaze of fire, Nor fed by matter did the rays aspire, But glow'd ætherial, as the living flame, Which, stolen from heaven, inspired the vital frame. Next, all-embracing air was fpread around, Thin as the light, incapable of wound;

The

The fubtle power the burning fouth pervades, And penetrates the depth of polar shades. Here mother earth, with mountains crown'd, is feen, Her trees in bloffom, and her lawns in green; The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales, The fleecy dams befpread the floping dales; Here land from land the filver streams divide; The fportive fishes through the crystal tide, Bedropt with gold their shining sides display: And here old ocean rolls his billows gray; Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows, And round the earth his giant arms he throws. Another scene display'd the dread alarms Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms: Here Titan's race their swelling nerves diftend Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend And tower the mountains to the thundering fky, While round their heads the forky lightnings fly: Beneath huge Ætna vanquish'd Typhon lies, And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies. Here feems the pictured wall poffes'd of life; Two gods contending in the noble strife, The choicest boon to human kind to give, Their toils to lighten, or their c wants relieve:

While

Their wants relieve—According to fable, Neptune and Minerva disputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the contest by a display of their wisdom and power, in conferring the most beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and produced the horse whose bounding motions are emblematical

While Pallas here appears to wave her d hand, The peaceful olive's filver boughs expand: Here, while the ocean's god indignant frown'd, And raifed his trident from the wounded ground, As yet intangled in the earth appears The warrior horse, his ample chest he rears, His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare, And his fore-hooss, high pawing, smite the air.

Though e wide and various o'er the sculptured stone.

The feats of gods, and godlike heroes shone,

On

tical of the agitation of the sea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the symbol of peace and of riches, to spring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddess, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their history in hieroglyphics, the taste of the ancient Grecians cloathed almost every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is most probable, disputed whether their new city should be named from the fertility of the soil, or from the marine situation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddess of the olive tree.

a While Pallas here appears to wave her hand—As Neptune struck the earth with his trident, Minerva, says the fable, struck the earth with her lance. That she waved her hand while the olive boughs spread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

* Though wide and various o'er the feulptured flone—The description of palaces is a favourite topic feveral times touched upon by the two great masters of epic poetry, in which they have been happily imitated by their three greatest disciples among the moderns, Camöens, Tasso, and Milton. The description of the palace of Neptune has great merit. Nothing can be more in place than the picture of Chaos and the four elements. The war of the gods, and the coutest of Neptune and Minerva, are touched with the true boldness of poetical colouring. But perhaps it deserves censure thus to point out whatevery reader of taste must perceive. To shew to the mere English reader that the Portuguese poet is, in his manner, truly classical, is the intention of many of these notes.

On speed the vengeful dæmon views no more: Forward he rushes through the golden door, Where ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine. In regal state receives the king of wine: O Neptune! instant as he came, he cries, Here let my presence wake no cold surprise. A friend I come, your friendship to implore Against the fates unjust, and fortune's power: Beneath whose shafts the great celestials bow, Yet ere I more, if more you wish to know, The watery gods in awful fenate call, For all should hear the wrong that touches all. Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands From every shore to call the watery bands: Triton, who boafts his high Neptunian race, Sprung from the god by Salace's embrace, Attendant on his fire the trumpet founds, Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds; Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue; His bushy beard and hairs that never knew The fmoothing comb, of fea-weed rank and long, Around his breaft and shoulders dangling hung, And on the matted locks black muffels clung; A f shell of purple on his head he bore, Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,

But

A shell of purple on his head he bore.—In the Portuguese,

Na caheça por gorra tinha posta

Huma mui grande casca de lagosta.

Thus

But all was cover'd with the flimy brood, The fnaily offspring of the unctuous flood. And now obedient to his dreadful fire. High o'er the wave his brawny arms aspire; To his black mouth his crooked fhell applied, The blaft rebellows o'er the ocean wide: Wide o'er their shores, where'er their waters flow, The watery powers the awful fummons know; And instant darting to the palace hall, Attend the founder of the Dardan 8 wall

the watery gods in amilal femile cost

Thus rendered by Fanshaw,

He had (for a *montera) on his crown The shell of a red lobster overgrown,

The description of Triton, who, as Fanshaw fays,

Was a great nafty clown-

is in the style of the classics. His parentage is differently related. Hesiod makes him the fon of Neptune and Amphitrité. By Triton, in the physical fense of the fable, is meant the noise, and by Salace, the mother, by some afcribed to him, the falt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a fea animal, which, according to some ancient and modern naturalists, in the upward parts resembles the human figure. Paufanias relates a wonderful ftory of a monftroufly large one, which often came afhore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown scales; and nose and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beafts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at laft, contrived his defirmation. They fet a large vellel full of wine on the fea shore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound fleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, fays Paufanias, it continued a long time.

* Neptune.

Montera, the Spanish word for a huntiman's cap.

Old father ocean, with his numerous race Of daughters and of fons, was first in place. Nereus and Doris, from whose nuptials sprung The lovely Nereid train for ever young, Who people every fea on every ftrand Appear'd, attended with their filial band; And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic a mind The fecret cause of Bacchus' rage divined, Attending, left the flocks, his scaly charge, To graze the bitter weedy foam at large In charms of power the raging waves to tame, The lovely spouse of Ocean's sovereign came: From Heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine; Her fnowy limbs bright through the vestments shine. Here with the dolphin, who perfusive k led Her modest steps to Neptune's spousal bed Fair Amphitrite moved, more sweet, more gay, Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May; Together with her fifter spouse she came, The fame their wedded lord, their love the fame;

h And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind—The fullest and best account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyssey.

¹ Thetis.

Here with the Dolphin—Castera has a most curious note on this passage. "Neptune, (says he) is the vivifying spirit, and Amphitrite the humidity of the sea, which the Dolphin, the divine intelligence, unites for the generation and nourishment of sishes. Who says, he, cannot but be struck with admiration to find how consonant this is to the sacred scripture; Spiritus Domini fertur super aquas; the spirit of God moved upon the sace of the waters."

The fame the brightness of their sparkling eyes,
Bright as the sun and azure as the skies.

She who the rage of Athamas to I shun
Plunged in the billows with her infant son;
A goddess now, a god the smiling boy
Together sped; and Glaucus lost to m joy,
Curst in his love by vengeful Circe's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapless fate.

And now affembled in the hall divine,

The ocean gods in folemn council join;

The goddeffes on pearl embroidery fate,

The gods on fparkling crystal chairs of state;

And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,

Beside the ocean's lord, Thyoneus a shone.

High

1 She vobo the rage of Athamas to shun—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and second sponse of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camöens follows is the most common. Athamas, seized with madness, imagined that his spouse was a lioness, and her two sons young lions. In this frenzy he slew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other son Melicertus into the sea. The corpse of the mother was thrown ashore on Megaria, and that of the son at Corinth. They were afterwards deisied, the one as a sea Goddess, the other as the God of harbours.

m—and Glaucus loft to joy—A fisherman, fays the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a sea God. Circe was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her slighted love, poisoned the fountain where his mistress usually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into an hideous monster, whose loins were surrounded with the ever barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a distance appears like the statute of a woman: The surrous dashing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, resembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

With impious feach, explain she maken way,

High from the roof the living amber o glows, High from the roof the stream of glory flows, And richer fragrance far around exhales Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

Attention now in liftening filence waits: The power, whose bosom raged against the fates, Rifing, casts round his vengeful eyes, while rage Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled feams of age; O thou, he cries, whose birthright fovereign fway, From pole to pole, the raging waves obey; Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds, And fence the nations with thy watery mounds: And thou, dread power, O father ocean, hear, Thou, whose wide arms embrace the world's wide sphere, Tis thine the haughtieft victor to reftrain, And bind each nation in its own domain: And you, ye gods, to whom the feas are given, Your just partition with the Gods of heaven; You who, of old unpunish'd never bore The daring trespass of a foreign oar; You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring strove To scale the vaulted sky, the feat of Jove:

M 2 Indignant

To fink my conquells

Clarica check rosers away with clock

· High from the roof the living amber glows-

-From the arched roof, Pendent by fubtle magic, many a row Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed With naphtha and afphaltus, yielded light As from a fky

MILTON.

Indignant Jove deep to the nether world The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd. Alas! the great monition loft on you, Supine you flumber, while a roving crew, With impious fearch, explore the watery way, And unrefifted through your empire ftray: To feize the facred treasures of the main Their fearless prows your ancient laws disdain: Where far from mortal fight his hoary head Old ocean hides, their daring fails they fpread, And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar Of mounting billows only howl'd before. In wonder, filent, ready Boreas fees Your passive languor, and neglectful ease; Ready with force auxiliar to restrain The bold intruders on your awful reign; Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old, When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd, And rent the Mynian P fails, whose impious pride First braved their fury, and your power defied. Nor deem that, fraudful, I my hope deny; My darken'd glory sped me from the sky. How high my honours on the Indian shore! How foon these honours must avail no more! Unless these rovers, who with double shame To stain my conquests, bear my vassal's a name,

Unless

P And rent the Mynian fails .- The fails of the Argonauts of Mynia.

⁴ See the first note on the first book of the Lusiad.

Unless they perish on the billowy way-Then rouse, ye gods, and vindicate your sway. The powers of heaven in vengeful anguish see The tyrant of the skies, and fate's decree; The dread decree, that to the Lusian train Configns, betrays your empire of the main: Say, shall your wrong alarm the high abodes? Are men exalted to the rank of gods, O'er you exalted, while in careless ease You yield the wrested trident of the seas, Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stained, Your birth-right ravish'd, and your waves profaned! Alike the daring wrong to me, to you, And shall my lips in vain your vengeance fue! This, this to fue from high Olympus bore— More he attempts, but rage permits no more. Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires, And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires: Heaving and panting struggles every breast, With the fierce billows of hot ire opprest. Twice from his feat divining Proteus rofe, And twice he shook enraged his fedgy brows: In vain; the mandate was already given, From Neptune fent, to loofe the winds of heaven: In vain; though prophecy his lips inspired, The ocean's queen his filent lips required. Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies, Or council to debate, or thought to rife.

And now the god of tempests swift unbinds

From their dark caves the various rushing winds:

High o'er the storm the power impetuous rides,

His howling voice the roaring tempest guides;

Right to the dauntless sleet their rage he pours,

And sirst their headlong outrage tears the shores;

A deeper night involves the darken'd air,

And livid slashes through the mountains glare:

Up-rooted oaks, with all their leasy pride,

Rowl thundering down the groaning mountains side;

And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,

The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.

While thus the council of the watery state,
Enraged, decree the Lusian heroes fate:
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope displayed the steady fail;
Thro' the smooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To fable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept;
The second watch the wonted vigils kept;
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes affail.

Languid

Languid against the languid power they strive, And fweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive. When Leonardo, whose enamoured thought In every dream the plighted fair-one fought, The dews of fleep what better to remove Than the foft, woeful, pleafing tales of love? Ill timed, alas, the brave VELOSO cries, The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes. The dear enchantments of the fair I know, The fearful transport and the rapturous woe: But with our ftate ill fuits the grief or joy; Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ: With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire The fcorn of danger, and the hero's fire. His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear, And on the youth the speaker's toil confer. The brave VELOSO takes the word with joy. And truth, he cries, shall these slow hours decoy. The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame; The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John, Gave war's full fplendor to the Lusian throne, In haughty England, where the winter spreads His snowy mantle o'er the shining r meads,

The

In baughty England where the winter spreads His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads.

The feeds of strife the fierce Erynnis sows;
The baleful strife from court diffention rose.
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
That spreads its magic o'er the semale face,
Twelve ladies shined the courtly train among,
The first, the fairest of the courtly throng:
But envy's breath reviled their injured name,
And stain'd the honour of their virgin same.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at first, perhaps, a tale of sport.
Ah, base the sport that lightly dares defame
The facred honour of a lady's name!
What sknighthood asks the proud accusers yield,
And dare the damsels champions to the field.

" There

In the original,

Là na grande Inglaterra, que de neve Boreal sempre abunda-

That is, "In illustrious England, always covered with northern snow." Though the translator was willing to retain the manner of Homer, he thought it proper to correct the error in natural history fallen into by Camöens. Fanshaw seems to have been sensible of the mistake of his author, and has given the following, uncountenanced by the Portuguese, in place of the eternal snows ascribed to his country.

In merry England, which (from cliffs that fland Like hills of fnow) once Albion's name did git.

* What knighthood asks the proud accusers yield,

And dare the damfels champions to the field.

The translator, either by his own researches, or by his application to some gentlemen who were most likely to inform him, has not been able to discover the slightest vestige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the English history. It is probable, nevertheless, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without soundation in truth. Castera, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portuguese champions; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count

d'Avranches

"There let the cause, as honour wills, be tried,

" And let the lance and ruthless sword decide."

The

d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, furnamed the Juster, from his dexterity at that warlike exercise; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen D'Acosta; Juan Augustin Pereyra; Luis Gonsalez de Malafay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomez de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acosta, who gave his name to the river Acosta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and Alvaro Gonsalez de Coutigno, furnamed Magricio. The names of the English champions and of the ladies, he confesses are unknown, nor does history positively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It must however, he adds. have been fuch as required the atonement of blood; il falloit qu'elle fuit sanglante, fince two fovereigns allowed to determine it by the fword. " Some " critics, says Castera, may perhaps condemn this episode of Camöens; " but for my part (he continues) I think the adventure of Olindo and So-" phronia, in Tasso, is much more to be blamed. The episode of the Ita-" lian poet is totally exuberant, il est tout-à-fait postiche, whereas that of the " Portuguese has a direct relation to his proposed subject; the wars of his " country, a vast field, in which he has admirably succeeded, without pre-" judice to the first rule of the epopæia, the unity of the action." To this may be added the fuffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camöens artfully interweaves the history of Portugal. And the severest critic must allow that the episode related by Veloso, is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at fea, the scene must be particularly pleasing. The sleet is under fail, they plough the fmooth deep,

And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.

All but the fecond watch are afleep in their warm pavilions; the fecond watch fit by the mast, sheltered from the chilly gale by a broad sail-cloth; sleep begins to overpower them, and they tell stories to entertain one another. For beautiful picturesque simplicity, there is no sea-scene equal to this in the Odyssey or Æneid. And even the prejudice of a Scaliger must have confessed, that the romantic chivalrous narrative of Veloso,

With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire—

is better adapted to the circumstances of the speaker and his audience, than almost any of the long histories, which on all occasions, and sometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the Iliad relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his fanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The present instance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably suspending

The lovely dames implore the courtly train. With tears implore them, but implore in vain: So famed, fo dreaded tower'd each boaftful knight, The damfels lovers shunn'd the proffer'd fight. Of arm unable to repel the ftrong, The heart's each feeling conscious of the wrong, When robb'd of all the female breaft holds dear, Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear! To Lancaster's bold duke the damsels sue; Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue Of fnowdrops trembling to the chilly gale, The flow-paced crystal tears their wrongs bewail. When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows, What manly bosom can its force oppose! His hoary curls th' indignant hero shakes, And all his youthful rage restored awakes: Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers In civil discord, yet appease your tears: From Lufitania—for on Lufian ground Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown'd; Had mark'd how bold the Lufian heroes shone, What stime he claim'd the proud Castilian throne,

How

fuspending the mind of the reader after the storm is raised by the machinations of Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judi-

cious poet.

* What time be claim'd the proud Cassilian throne.—John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife, Donna Constantia, daughter of Don Pedro, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of St. Jago de Compostella. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter Gatalina, with the infant Don Henry of Castile. See the note, BOOK IV. p. 85.

How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might, When thundering at his fide they ruled the fight: Nor less their ardent passion for the fair, Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care, When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed The warlike John his lovely daughter led-From Lusitania's clime, the hero cries, The gallant champions of your fame shall rise: Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know, To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe. Let courtly phrase the heroes worth admire, And for your injured names that worth require: Let all the foft endearments of the fair, And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare. Myself the heralds to the chiefs will fend, And to the king, my valiant fon, commend. He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names, All noble youths, the champions of the dames. The dames by lot their gallant champions 'chuse, And each her hero's name exulting views. Each in a various letter hails her chief, And earnest for his aid relates her grief: Each to the king her courtly homage fends, And valiant Lancaster their cause commends.

Soon

^{*} The dames by lot their gallant champions chuse.—The ten champions, who, in the fifth book of the Jerusalem, are fent by Godfrey for the affistance of Armida, are chosen by lot. Tasso, who had read the Lusiad, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portuguese poet in his eye.

Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came, Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame Of high-foul'd chivalry; the monarch glows First on the listed field to dare the foes; But regal state withheld. Alike their fires, Each courtly noble to the toil aspires: High on his helm, the envy of his peers. Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears. In that proud port half circled by the " wave. Which Portugallia to the nation gave, A deathless name, a speedy sloop receives The fculptured bucklers, and the clasping greaves, The fwords of Ebro, spears of lofty fize, And breaft-plates flaming with a thousand dyes, Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight, Bold steeds, whose harness shone with filvery light Dazzling the day. And now the rifing gale Invites the heroes, and demands the fail, When brave Magricio thus his peers addrest: Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confest, Long have I hoped through foreign climes to ftray, Where other streams than Douro wind their way; To note what various shares of bliss and woe From various laws and various customs flow. Nor deem that artful, I the fight decline; England shall know the combat shall be mine.

By

"In that proud port half circled by the wave,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name——
Oporto, called by the Romans Galle. Hence Portugal.

By land I speed, and should dark fate prevent,

For death alone shall blight my firm intent,

Small may the forrow for my absence be,

For yours were conquest, though unshared by me.

Yet something more than human warms my x breast,

And sudden whispers, in our fortunes blest,

Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,

Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.

He faid; and now the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Castile he bends.
On many a field enrapt the hero stood,
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest viewed.
Navarre he past, and past the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening skies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians rise.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he spent:
His peers the while direct to England's strand,
Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,

Adorn'd

* Yet something more than human warms my breast,

And sudden whispers—

In the Portuguese,

Mas se a verdade o esprito me adevinha.

Literally, "But if my spirit truly divine." Thus rendered by Fanshaw,

But in my aug'ring ear a bird doth sing.

Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay, land I have all To lordly London hold the crowded way. Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy; The feaft and warlike fong each hour employ. The beauteous dames attending wake their fire. With tears enrage them, and with fmiles inspire. And now with doubtful blushes rose the day. Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay. The English monarch gives the listed bounds, And, fixt in rank, with thining spears furrounds. Before their dames the gallant knights advance. Each like a Mars, and fhake the beamy lance: The dames, adorn'd in filk and gold, display A thousand colours glittering to the day: Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came, Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame. Fear not our prowefs, cry the bold eleven, In numbers, not in might, we ftand uneven, More could we spare, secure of dauntless might, When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal state,

High on a throne the English monarch sate;

All round, the ladies and the barons bold,

Shining in proud array, their stations hold.

Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,

And sacing three to three, and sour to sour,

Flourish their arms in prelude. From the bay

Where slows the Tagus, to the Indian sea,

The

in verticus cares the fleeting

The fun beholds not in his annual race A twelve more fightly, more of manly grace Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing jaws Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws; And rearing to approach the rearing foe, Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy fnow: Crofs-darting to the fun a thousand rays The champions helmets as the crystal blaze. Ah now, the trembling ladies cheeks how wan! Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran A fhout loud gathering: turn'd was every eye Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy. And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode, With conscious pride his snorting courser trod; Low to the monarch and the dames he bends, And now the great Magricio joins his friends. With looks that glow'd, exulting rofe the fair, Whose wounded honour claim'd the hero's care: Afide the doleful weeds of mourning thrown, In dazzling purple and in gold she shone. Now loud the fignal of the fight rebounds Quivering the air; the meeting shock refounds Hoarfe crashing uproar; griding splinters spring Far round; and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring: Their fwords flash lightning; darkly reeking o'er The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore. Torn by the four, the loofened reins at large, Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge;

Trembles

Trembles beneath their hoofs the folid ground, And thick the fiery sparkles flash around, A dreadful blaze! with pleafing horror thrill'd The crowd behold the terrors of the field. Here stunn'd, and staggering with the forceful blow, A bending champion grasps the saddle-bow; Here backward bent a falling knight reclines. His plumes dishonour'd lash the courser's loins. So tired and stagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight, When great Magricio kindling all his might Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force, Conscious of victory, his bounding horse Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's fpear Now on the front, now flaming on the rear, Mows down their firmest battle; groans the ground, Beneath his courfer's smiting hoofs; far round The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound. Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay, From the fall'n master springs the steed away; Obscene with dust and gore, slow from the ground Rifing, the mafter rolls his eyes around, Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast, In all the rage of shame confused and lost. Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown, The wallowing courfers and the riders groan: Before their glimmering vision dies the light, And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night. They now who boafted, "Let the fword decide," Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide: Loud

Loud to the fky the shout of joy proclaims The fpotless honour of the ladies' names.

The Rhine another pall, and probed his might In painted halls of state and rofy bowers, The twelve brave Lufians crown the feftive hours. Bold Lancaster the princely feast bestows, The goblet circles, and the music flows; And every care, the transport of their joy, To tend the knights the lovely dames employ; The green-boughed forests by the lawns of Thames Behold the victor-champions and the dames Roufe the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn, While through the dales of Kent refounds the bugle-horn. The fultry noon the princely banquet owns, The minstrel's fong of war the banquet crowns; And when the shades of gentle evening fall, Loud with the dance refounds the lordly hall: The golden roofs, while Vefper shines, prolong The trembling echoes of the harp and fong. Thus past the days on England's happy strand, Till the dear memory of their natal land Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breaft Of brave Magricio spurns the thoughts of rest: In Gaul's proud court he fought the lifted plain, In arms an injured lady's knight again. As Rome's 7 Corvinus o'er the field he strode, And on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod. WOLATE WILL STATE OF THE WAY STATE AND AND THE NO

at South Samuel downs begin to be troubled, thus the felt

As Rome's Corvinus-Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and flew a Gaul of enormous stature, in single combat. During the duel a

No more by tyranny's proud tongue reviled, and or hand The Flandrian counters on her hero of fmiled. The Rhine another past, and proved his might, A fraudful German dared him to the fight:

raven perched on the helm of his antagonift, fometimes pecked his face and hand, and fometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The

HER LOW CONTRACT STATE

bold Lancafter the princely realt beforest

victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. 1. 7. c. 26. The Flandrian countefs on ber bero smiled .- " The princefs, for whom

" Magricio fignalized his valour, was Habella of Portugal, and spouse to " Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spanish

" chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having affembled the states

" of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vallals. Ifabella,

" who was prefent, folemnly protested that the earls of Flanders were not

" obliged to do homage. A dispute arose, on which she offered, according

" to the cultom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The propofal was

" accepted, and Magricio, the champion of Ifabella, vanquished a French

" chevalier, appointed by Charles. Though our authors do not mention

" this adventure, and though Emmanuel de Faria, and the best Portuguese

" writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the disadvantage of Camoens is

" thence to be inferred. A poet is not obliged always to follow the truth

" of history. Castera.

* The Rhine another past, and prov'd his might-" This was Alvaro Vaz "d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Bafil he received

" from a German a challenge to measure swords, on condition that each

" should fight with his right side unarmed; the German by this hoping to

" be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portuguese, suspecting no

" fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality.

" His right fide unarmed was exposed to the enemy, whose left fide, which

" was nearest to him, was defended with half a cuitals. Notwithstanding

" all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He fprung upon the

"German, feized him, and grafping him forcibly in his arms, stifled and

" crushed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercales, who in the

" fame manner flew the cruel Anteus. Here we ought to remark the ad-

" drefs of our author; he describes at length the injury and grief of the

" English ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the

" prowess they there displayed. When Veloso relates these, the sea-is

" calm; but no fooner does it begin to be troubled, than the foldier abridges

" his recital: we see him follow by degrees the preludes of the storm, we

assisped "Caul of enormous flature, in fingle combat. During the davi a

Strain'd in his grafp the fraudful boafter fell-did will
Here fudden stopt the youth; the distant yell die bak
Of gathering tempest founded in his ears, a smill buo. I
Unheard, unheeded by his liftening peers. mor and affault
Earnest at full they urge him to relate the standing and T
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.
When fhrilly whiftling through the decks refounds of T
The mafter's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Instant from converse and from slumber start
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart won do
Aloft, Oh fpeed, down, down the topfails, cries angain?
The master, sudden from my earnest eyes a sale of ballott
Vanish'd the stars, slow rolls the hollow figh, and ni anost
The florm's dread herald,-To the topfails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and fwift the canvass furl; wong all
When from their grasp the buriting tempets bore allow of
The sheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.
Strike, ftrike the mainfail, loud again he rears about and
His echoing voice; when roaring in their ears, and an T
As if, the starry vault by thunders riven,
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven; olid W

Darred is sugara choir Gravia all shriw showbs adT "perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger,

The Wisher crazing bulker 2 M kindling rago water with

Joan Franco Barreto, whose short nomenclator is printed as an index to the Portuguese editions of the Lusiad, informs us, that Magricio was son of the marischal Conçalo Coutinho, and brother to Don Vasco Coutinho, the sirst count de Marialva.

[&]quot; hastening his narration to an end. Voilà ce que s'appelle des coups de maître.

" Behold the strokes of a master." Castera.

With headlong weight a fiercer blaft descends, And with sharp whirring crash the main-sail rends; Loud shricks of horror through the fleet resound, Burfts the torn cordage, rattle far around The fplinter'd yard-arms; from each bending maft, In many a shred, far streaming on the blast The canvass floats; low finks the leeward fide, O'er the broad veffels rolls the fwelling tide; O strain each nerve, the frantic pilot cries, Oh now-and instant every nerve applies, and and and Tugging what cumbrous lay with strainful force; Dash'd by the ponderous loads the surges hoarse Roar in new whirls: the dauntless foldiers ran To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown In groveling heaps the stagger'd foldiers groan: So rolls the veffel, not the boldest three, Of arms robustest, and of firmest knee, and and and Can guide the starting rudder; from their hands The helm bursts; scarce a cable's strength commands The staggering fury of its starting bounds, While to the forceful beating furge refounds The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage The adverse winds the adverse winds engage: As from its base of rock their banded power tain amounted " Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower, Whose dented battlements in middle sky s the Partagorist com Frown on the tempest and its rage defy; More to device the printer to be to the SoSo roar'd the winds: high o'er the rest upborne all it A On the wide mountain-wave's flant ridge forlorn, am night. At times discover'd by the lightnings blue, and mib bal Hangs GAMA's lofty veffel, to the view of the blive of I Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' fhatter'd prore tout tout Falls the tall main-mast prone with crashing roar; and I Their hands, yet graspin g their uprooted hair, The failors lift to heaven in wild despair; The Saviour God each yelling voice implores: Nor less from brave Coello's war-ship pours The shriek, shrill rolling on the tempest's wings; Dire as the bird of death at midnight fings His dreary howlings in the fick man's ear, The answering shriek from ship to ship they hear. Now on the mountain-billows upward driven, The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven; Now rushing downward with the finking waves. Bare they behold old ocean's vaulty caves. The eaftern blaft against the western pours, Against the fouthern storm the northern roars: From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare, is a little B One pale blue twinkling sheet enwraps the air; In fwift fuccession now the volleys fly, Darted in pointed curvings o'er the fky, And through the horrors of the dreadful night, is all authorized of O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light; pushing aller and affect off The breaking furges flame with burning red, Wider and louder still the thunders spread, Manage and the As if the folid heavens together crush'd,

Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,

And dim-brow'd chaos struggled to regain

The wild confusion of his ancient reign.

Not such the volley when the arm of Jove

From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;

Not such sierce lightnings blazed athwart the slood,

When, saved by heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode

High o'er the deluged hills. Along the shore

The halcyons, mindful of their sate, b deplore;

As beating round on trembling wings they sty,

Shrill through the storm their woeful clamours die.

So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,

With harill, saint voice, th' untimely ghost complains.

The ware to meeting in a special desirent of the

The near man its with the distant of heaven; naturated at

b The balcyone, mindful of their fate, deplore-Ceyx, king of Trachinia, fon of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to confult the Delphic oracle, he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in the view of his sponse, who, in the agonies of her love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphofed them into the birds which bear her name. The halycon is a little bird, about the fize of a thrush, its plumage of a beautiful sky blue, mixed with fome traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the king, or martin fisher. The halcyons very feldom appear but in the finest weather, whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nourishes and attends the male when lick, and furvives his death but a few days. When the haleyons are furprifed in a tempeft, they fly about as in the utmost terror, with the most lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a ftorm, is a proof both of the talle and judgment of Campens ive small approximate and

With farill faint voice to untimely ghost complains—It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite Madam Dacier, and Mr. Pope, on the voices of

The amorous dolphins to their deepest caves.

In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;

High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,

And tears the aged forests from their brows:

The the poor chewalisms O anglesions of the

the dead. It will, at least, afford a critical observation, which appears to have escaped them both. "The shades of the suitors (observes Dacier) when they are summoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulysses, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate sound, residuos, strident: whereas Agamenton, and the shades that have been long in the state of the dead, speak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to shew, by the sormer description, that when the soul is separated from the organs of the body, it ceases to ast after the same manner as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not easy to understand. "In other respects Virgil paints after Homer:

——Pars tollere vocem

Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur biantes."

To this Mr. Pope replies, "But why should we suppose with Dacier, "that these shades of the suitors (of Penelope) have lost the faculty of speaking; I rather imagine that the sounds they uttered were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak. "After Patroclus was slain, he appears to Achilles, and speaks very articulately to him; yet to express his forrow at his departure, he acts like "these suitors: for Achilles

Like a thin fmoke beholds the spirit fly, And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

- " Dacier conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are
- " admitted into a state of rest; but Patroclus is an instance to the contrary
- " in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyssey, for they both speak before their
- " funereal rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a
- " state of repose amongst the shades of the happy."

The critic, in his search for distant proofs, often omits the most material one immediately at hand. Had Madam Dacier attended to the episode of the souls of the suitors, the world had never seen her ingenuity in these mythological conjectures; nor had Mr. Pope any need to bring the case of Patroclus or Elpenor to overthrow her system. Amphimedon, one of the suitors, in the very episode which gave birth to Dacier's conjecture, tells his

The pine and oak's huge finewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the dufky fands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy fweep,
Imbrown the furface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant Gama fprings,
And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope destroyed.
In awful horror lost the hero stands,
And rolls his eyes to heaven, and spreads his hands,
While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,
And now her black keel strikes the gates of hell;
Oh thou, he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,
Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,

Who,

flory very articulately to the shade of Agamemnon, though he had not received the funereal rites:

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected fpread the marble floor:
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corfe! the honours of the dead. Opvss. XXIV.

On the whole, the defence of Pope is almost as idle as the conjectures of Dacier. The plain truth is, poetry delights in personification: every thing in it, as Aristotle says of the Iliad, has manners; poetry must therefore personify according to our ideas. Thus in Milton:

Tears, fuch as angels weep, burst forth-

And thus in Homer, while the fuitors are conducted to hell;

Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent:

and, unfetter'd with mythological diftinctions, either shriek or articulately talk, according to the most poetical view of their supposed circumstances.

Who, through the wild waves, led'st thy chosen race,
While the high billows stood like walls of brass:
Oh thou, while ocean bursting o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the sky down hurl'd
Rush'd other headlong oceans: Oh, as then
The second father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! save us now, be now the saviour God!
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we past!
And shalt thou leave us, leave us now at last
To perish here—our dangers and our toils
To spread thy laws unworthy of thy smiles;
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh horror, come! and come, eternal night!

He paused;—then round his eyes and arms he threw In gesture wild, and thus: Oh happy you!

You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,
And, pierced with Moorish spears, in glorious death
Beheld the smiling heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conquest shared;
Oh happy you, on every shore renown'd!

Your vows respected, and your wishes crown'd.

He spoke; redoubled raged the mingled blasts; Through the torn cordage and the shatter'd masts The winds loud whistled, siercer lightnings blazed, And louder roars the doubled thunders raised,

The

The fky and ocean blending, each on fire, Seem'd as all nature struggled to expire. When now the filver ftar of love appear'd, Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd; Fair through the horrid from the gentle ray Announced the promise of the cheerful day; From her bright throne celeftial love beheld The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd: And must the furious dæmon still, she cries, Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice! Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain-She fpoke, and darted to the roaring main; Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey, Her nymphs the virtues who confess her sway; Round every brow she bids the rose-buds twine, And every flower adown the locks to shine, The fnow-white lily and the laurel green, And pink and yellow as at strife be feen. Inftant amid their golden ringlets ftrove Each flowret, planted by the hand of love; At strife, who first th' enamour'd powers to gain, Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain; Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone, Inftant old Eolus' fons their presence cown; The winds die faintly, and in foftest fighs Each at his fair one's feet desponding lies.

August and with the metter and the track about a The

^{*} For the fable of Eolus, fee the tenth Odyssey.

The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides The furious Boreas, and his faith derides; The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands: Fair Galatea, with a fmile commands The raging Notus, for his love, how true, His fervent passion and his faith, she knew. Thus every nymph her various lover chides; The filent winds are fetter'd by their brides; And to the goddess of celestial loves, Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame The Queen approves, and ever burn the fame, She cries, and joyful on the nymphs' fair hands, Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands, And vow, that henceforth her armada's fails Should gentle fwell with fair propitious d gales.

Mam

And wow, that beneforth ber armada's fails,

Should gently fwell with fair propitious gales—

cities a remedy to predicted the corplina. The observances were the constant and the constant and the constant and the prediction that the prediction with an authorise, which allowed known

In innumerable inflances, Camöens discovers himself a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great masters of the epic, are several prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of solemn importance to the poem. The fate of the armada thus obscurely anticipated, resembles in particular the prophecy of the fase return of Ulysses to Ithaca, foretold by the shade of Tirestas, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make some observations on the machinery used by Camõens in this book. The necessity of machinery in the epopæia, and the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a poem where the heroes are christians, or, in other words, to a poem whose subject is modern, have already been observed in the preface. The descent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the sea, and his address to the watery gods, are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the first Æneid. The description of the storm is also masterly. In both instances the conduct of the Æneid is joined with the

descriptive

Now morn, ferene in dappled grey, arose
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows;

three british and next server green, amiral Pale

descriptive exuberance of the Odyssey. The appearance of the star of Venus through the storm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that goddess over the winds, and their subsequent nuptials, are in the spirit of the promise of Juno to Bolus:

The distribution of the second

Sunt mibi bis septem prastanti corpore nympha: Quarum, qua forma pulcherrima, Desopeiam Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo: Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.

And the fiction itself is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. Orithia, the daughter of Erecteus, and queen of the Amazons, was ravished and carried away by Boreas. Her name, derived from \$600, bound or limit, and \$600, violence, implies, says Castera, that she moderated the rage of her husband. In the same manner, Galatea, derived from \$7600, mills, and \$600, a goddes, signifies the goddes of candour or innocence.

"If one would speak poetically, says Bossum, he must imitate Homer. Homer will not say that salt has the virtue to preserve dead bodies, or that the sea presented Achilles, a remedy to preserve the corpse of Patroclus from putresaction: He makes the sea a goddess, and tells us that Thesis, to comfort Achilles, promised to persume the body with an ambrossa, which should keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the sea is made a person who speaks and acts, and this prosopopoia is accompanied with passion, tenderness, and affection."

It has been observed by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the side of the Greeks he places all the gods who preside over the arts and sciences. Mars and Venus savour the adultery of Paris; and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their strength consisted chiefly in the use of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art, says Eustabius, as cited by Pops, does the poet engage the gods in this consist? Neptune opposes Apollo, which implies, that things moist and dry are in continual discord. Pallas sights with Mars, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: Juno is against Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy: Vulcan engages Xantbus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader conceives a double satisfaction at the same time, from the beautiful

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Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam; Blue o'er the filver flood Malabria's mountains gleam: The failors on the main-top's airy round, handle for soci Land, land, aloud, with waving hands, refound; Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries, Behold, O chief, the shores of India rife! Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod, And every breaft with fwelling raptures glow'd; GAMA's great foul confest the rushing swell, Prone on his manly knees the hero fell, Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and spreads his hands To bounteous heaven! while boundless joy commands No farther word to flow. In wonder loft, As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools toft, Now fnatch'd by dæmons rides the flaming air, And howls, and hears the howlings of despair;

Awaked,

verses and an instructive moral." And again, "The combat of Mars and Pallas is plainly allegorical. Justice and wisdom demanded, that an end should be put to this terrible war: the god of war opposes this, but is worsted.—No sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, thus Venus succours Mars.—Pallas retreated from Mars, in order to conquer him; this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

the rather of the splitted restrictions were in willing out the foliar?

These explications of the manner of Homer, ought, in justice, to be applied to his imitator; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camoens less exact than the mythological. In the present instances, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil damon, to prevent the interests of christianity, are strongly marked. The storm which he raises is the tumult of the human passions; these are most effectually subdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon celestial love; and the union which the confirms between the virtues and passions, is the surest pledge of future tranquillity.

Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows, and all And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erslows; So, yet affected with the fickly weight.

Left by the horrors of the dreadful night, and the land of the Indian shores before his prows unfold:

Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire

Surveys the limits of his proud defire.

O glorious chief, while froms and oceans raved, smart What hopeless toils thy dauntiess valour braved traused do By toils like thine the brave afcend to heaven; By toils like thine immortal fame is given. Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown, and an and all Who nightly flumbers on the couch of down; and work Who proudly boafts through heroes old to trace work land The lordly lineage of his titled race; Proud of the fmiles of every courtier lord, A welcome guest at every courtier's board; Not he, the feeble fon of eafe, may claim and and ad blood Thy wreathe, O GAMA, or may hope thy fame. Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field, From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd, With manly face unmoved, fecure, ferene, Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene, From horror's mouth dares fnatch the warrior's crown, His own his honours, all his fame his own: cal tive; and the union which the count to Detween the victors and saff-

had y the pass secret to age of the of who

Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,

The dogstar's rage on Afric's burning sands,

Or the keen air of midnight polar skies,

Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:

Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,

Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest scars;

Who cloath'd in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,

Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,

Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,

Each with by mental dignity inspired,

Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,

To bless mankind, his great his only care;

Him whom her son mature experience owns,

Him, him alone heroic glory crowns.

Once more the translator is tempted to confess his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reasonable objection against the exclamatory exuberances of Camons. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already obferved, which violently trespass against the first rule of the epopæia, the unity of the action : a rule which, strictly speaking, is not outraged by the digreffive exclamations of Camöens. The one now before us, as the feverest critic must allow, is happily adapted to the subject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly described. He is afterwards brought in safety to the Indian shore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and discovers the warmth of its author's genius. It must also please, as it is strongly characteristical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he fpeaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the foldier, prefent his own active life to the reader of fensibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he loft an eye, his dangerous life at fea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable share in India, rise to our idea, and posless VOL. H.

posses us with an esteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthusiasm, though his modesty does not mention himself, on all the hardships he had endured: who thus could bravely esteem the dangers to which he had been exposed, and by which he had severely suffered, as the most desirable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK. III believed to the

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BOOK VII.

HAIL, glorious chief! where never chief before Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore! And hail, ye Lusian heroes! fair and wide What groves of palm, to haughty Rome deny'd, For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold! What laurel forests on the shores of gold For you their honours ever verdant rear, Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear!

Ah heaven! what fury Europe's fons controls!

What felf-confuming difcord fires their fouls!

'Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns;

Through all her states fraternal rancour burns;

VOL. II.

O

Some,

Some, blindly wandering, holy faith disclaim,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.

High sound the titles of the English crown,
King of Jerusalem, his old renown!

Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim shadow of departed fame,
England's stern monarch, sunk in soft repose,
Luxurious riots mid his northern snows:
Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,
His brethren are his soes, and christians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,
In weeping Salem unmolested reign,
And with their rites impure her holy shrines profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Most christian named; alas, in vain assumed!

What

Some, blindly wandering, boly faith disclaim.—The constitution of Germany, observes Puffendors, may be said to verify the sable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German state bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoens wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miseries of a religious war, the catholics using every endeavour to rivet the chains of popery, the adherents of Luther as strenously endeavouring to shake them off.

b High found the titles of the English crown, king of Jerusalem.—This is a mistake. The title of king of Jerusalem was never assumed by the kings of England. Robert, duke of Normandy, son of William the conqueror, was elected king of Jerusalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of ascending the throne of England, which attempt was deseated. Regnier, Count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jerusalem; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a cross potent, between sour crosses Sol.—Hen. VIII. silled the throne of England when our author wrote this part of the Lusiad: his gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deserved the censure of the honest poet.

What impious lust of empire steels thy • breast
From their just lords the christian lands to wrest!
While holy faith's hereditary foes
Possess the treasures where Cynisio d slows;
And all secure, behold their harvests smile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.
And thou, O lost to glory, lost to same,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debased,
Each noble passion from thy breast erased,
Nerveless in sloth, enseebling arts thy boast,
Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how • lost!

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In

litan

What impious luft of empire steels thy breast—The French translator very cordially agrees with the Portuguese poet in the strictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon, "Malgre" l'estime, says he, que j'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tembe "ici dans une grande injustice:" "For all the regard I have for my author, I "will not hesitate to say, that here he has committed an enormous injustice." All Europe besides, however, will witness the truth of the affertion, which stigmatizes the French politics with the lust of extending their monarchy.

d ___where Cynifio flows-A river in Africa.

[•] Oh! Italy, bow fallen, bow low, bow lost!—However these severe restections on modern Italy may displease the admirers of Italian manners, the picture on the whole is too just to admit of consutation. Never did the history of any court afford such instances of villainy and all the baseness of intrigue, as that of the popes. The faith and benour of gentlemen banished from the politics of the vatican, every public virtue must of consequence decline among the higher ranks; while the lower, broken by oppression, sink into the deepest poverty, and its attendant vices of meanness and pusillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the pope's dominions is just, we have the indubitable testimony of an Addison, confirmed by the miserable depopulation of a province, which was once the finest and most populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and esseminate dissipation of the Neapo-

In vain to thee the call of glory founds, Thy fword alone thy own foft bosom wounds.

Ah,

litan nobility; and those of modern Venice resemble their warlike ancestors only in name. That Italy can boast many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow these general observations sounded on the testimony of the most authentic writers. Our poet is besides justifiable in his censures, for he only follows the severe resections of the greatest of the Italian poets. It were easy to give fifty instances, two or three however shall suffice. Dante, in his sixth Canto, del Purg.

Abi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello, Nave senza recebiero in gran tempesta, Non donna di provincie, ma bordello

" Ah, flavist-Italy, the inn of dolour, a ship without a pilot in a horrid tem-

" pest, not the mistress of provinces, but a brothel.

Ariofto, Canto 17.

O d'ogni vitio fetida fentina
Dormi Italia imbriac

" O inebriated Italy, thou sleepest the fink of every filthy vice."

And Petrarch ;

Del' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori, Albergo di dolor, madre d' errori Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.

- " From the impious Babylon (the papal court) from whence all shame and
- " all good are fled, the inn of dolour, the mother of errors, have I haftened

" away to prolong my life."

A much-admired fonnet from the same author shall close these citations:

SONNETTO.

La gola, e'l fonno, e l'atiofo piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita;
Ond è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
ostra natura vinta dal cossume:
Ed è si spento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel; per cui s'informa bumana vita
Che per cosa mirabile e'addita
Chi vuol sar d'Helicona nascer siume

Ah, Europe's fons, ye brother-powers, in you The fables old of Cadmus now are f true:

Fierce

Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?
Povera e nuda vai Filisofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.
Pochi compagni bavrai per l'alta via;
Tanto ti prego più; gentile spirto,
Non lassar la magnanima tua impresa.

Though this elegant little poem is general, yet as the author and the friend to whom he addresses it, were Italians, it must be acknowledged that he had a particular regard to the state of their own country. His friend, it is supposed, was engaged on some great literary work, but was discouraged by the view of the dissipation and profligacy of his age. I have thus attempted it in English:

SONNET.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul-gorged luxurie, And bloated flumbers on the flothful down, From the dull world all manly virtue thrown, And flaved the age to custom's tyrannie!

The bleffed lights fo lost in darkness be,
Those lights by heaven to guide our minds bestown,
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallowed water or the laurel tree.

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd, on fordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road:
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more;
Ah, gentle spirit, labour on unspent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of God.

The fables old of Cadmus—Cadmus having flain the dragon which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Bootia, fowed the teeth of the monster. A number of armed men immediately sprung up, and surrounded Cadmus, in order to kill him. By the counsel of Minerva, he threw a precious stone among them, in striving for which they slew one another. Only five survived, who afterwards affisted him to build the city of Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. IV.

Fierce rose the brothers from the dragon teeth. And each fell crimfon'd with a brother's death. So fall the bravest of the Christian 8 name. While dogs unclean Meffiah's lore blafpheme, And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb. While to the fword the Christian race they doom. From age to age, from shore to distant shore, By various princes led, their legions pour; United all in one determined aim, From every land to blot the Christian name. Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake, And from the foe the great example take. If empire tempt ye, lo, the east expands, Fair and immense, her summer-garden lands: There boaftful wealth displays her radiant store; Pactol and Hermus' streams o'er golden ore

Roll

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: Cadmus having flain a famous freebooter; who infelted Bootia, a number of his banditti, not improperly called his teeth, attempted to revenge his death, but quarrelling about the presents which Cadmus sent them to distribute among themselves, they fell by the swords of each other.

hase trees of hal & endplications of the desired should be a second and the control of the contr

Terrigena percunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

So fall the bravest of the Christian name, while dogs unclean-Imitated from this fine passage in Lucan:

Quis furor, O cives ! qua tanta licentia ferri, Gentibus invifis Latium prabere cruorem? Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda tropbais Ausonii, umbraque erraret Crassius inulta, Bella geri placuit nullos babitura triumphos? Heu, quantum potuit terra pelagique parari Hoc, quem civiles bauserunt, sanguine, dextra! Roll their long way; but not for you they flow; Their treasures blaze on the stern Soldan's brow: For him Affyria plies the loom of gold, And Afric's fons their deepest mines unfold To build his haughty throne. Ye western powers. To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours, Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire: Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire Against the walls of proud Byzantium roar, Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens, By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens, Their father's feats beyond the Wolgian h lake, The barbarous race of Saracen betake. And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims, The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames, Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn, A dreadful tribute! loud imploring i mourn. Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led, In Hagar's fon's unhallow'd temples bred,

To

^{* —} Beyond the Wolgian lake—The Caspian sea, so called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itself into it.

¹ Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn, a dreadful tribute! By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, known by the name of janizaries and spahis, are thus supported, and the scribes in office called musti, says Sandys, " are the sons of christians (and those the most completely fur" nished by nature) taken in their childhood from their miserable parents,
" by a levy made every five years, or oftner or seldomer, as occasion re" guireth."

To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host, The Christian terror, and the Turkish boast.

Yet fleep, ve powers of Europe, careless fleep, To you in vain your eaftern brethren weep; Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall fue; Though fmall the Lufian realms, her legions few, The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before, The Lufian race shall guard Messiah's lore. When heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe, Heaven gave the Lufian spear to strike the blow. When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were heard, The facred shrines the Lusian heroes * rear'd. Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire. Afia fubdued shall fume with hallowed fire: When the red fun the Lufian shore forfakes. And on the lap of deepest west | awakes, O'er the wild plains, beneath unincenfed skies The fun shall view the Lusian altars rise. And could new worlds by human step be trod. Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian m nod.

And

view

The facred forines the Lusian beroes rear'd.—See the note, BOOK V.

^{1 —} Of deepest west — Alludes to the discovery and conquest of the Brazils by the Portuguese.

m—At the Lusian nod—If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camöens, are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digreffion, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the shore of India, indulges himself with a re-

And now their enfigns blazing o'er the tide On India's shore the Lusian heroes ride.

High

view of the state of the western and eastern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered accessible to the former. The purpose of his poem is also strictly kept in view. The west and the east, he considers as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a false. The professors of the true, disunited and destroying each other; the professors of the false religion, all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the professors of the true religion for their vices. particularly for their difunion, and for deferting the interests of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boafts, have been its defenders and planters. and, without the affiftance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Afia. This, as it is the purpose of his hero, is directly to the subject of the poem, and the honour, which heaven, he fays, vouchfafed to his countrymen, in chusing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine foirit of that religious enthusiasm, which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the most folemn importance to the Gierusalemme of Tasso.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any abfurdity of opinion, where authentic hiftory, and the state of modern nations afford the topic, must to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemish in a solemn poem. There are many, the translator is aware, to whom a serious and warm exhortation to a general crusade, will appear as an absurdity, and a blemish of this kind. "The crusaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true character, des brigands ligues pour venir, &c. were a band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe, in order to desolate a country they had no right to, and massacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince more than sourseore years old, and his whole people, against whom they had no pretence of complaint."

Yet however confidently, Voltaire and others may please to talk, it will be no difficult matter to prove that the crusades were neither so unjustifiable, so impolitical, nor so unhappy in their consequences, as the superficial readers of history are habituated to esteem them.

Were the aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy against the descendants of those Europeans, who massacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were these confederates totally to disposses the present possessor of an empire so unjustly acquired, no man, it is presumed, would pronounce that their combination and hosti-

lities.

High to the fleecy clouds resplendant far Appear the regal towers of Malabar,

Imperial

lities, were against the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may please to assert, this supposition is by no means unapplicable to the consederacy of the cross. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucasus, and whose name signifies wanderers; these, incorporated with other banditti, from the deserts of Scythia, now called Tartary, over-run the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whose inhabitants had given them no offence. They profess that they are commissioned by heaven to establish the religion of Mohammed by violence and the sword. In a sew ages they subdue the finest countries around the Euphrates, and the christian inhabitants, the rightful possessor, are treated with the most brutal policy and all its attendant cruelties. Bound by their creed to make war on the christians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conquests; and already possessor immense territory, their acknowledged purpose and their power threaten destruction to the christian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and profelyted Africa, from the Nile to the straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great design to extirpate christianity, turn their arms against Europe, and are fuccessful: they establish kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the western islands of the Mediterranean, suffer by their excursions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itself, from its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. While such dangers threatened, it is impossible the princes of Europe could have been unconcerned. Nor were present injuries wanting to stimulate them to arms. Cosmas, a writer of the fixth century, mentions the considerable trade which the Franks carried on with Syria through the Levant. He himself travelled to India, and he informs us that in his time, Justinian fent two monks to China. In the ninth century, fays M. de Guignes, an affociation of French merchants went twice a year to Alexandria, from whence they brought to Europe the commodities of India and Arabia. Kalif Haroun made a formal cession of the holy sepulchre to Charlemagne, and allowed the Franks to build houses of hospitality for the reception of pilgrims, in various places of Syria. Nor was devotion the only motive of pilgrimage. The emoluments of commerce were also attended to, and the houses of hospitality possessed by the Franks, Italians, and Venetians in the east, were of the nature of factories. But these were feized and plundered by the Saracens, and the eastern commerce which flowed to Europe through the Levant, was almost totally interrupted. To

thefe

Imperial Calicut, the lordly feat

Of the first monarch of the Indian state.

Right

these considerations let it also be added, that several eastern christians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the affistance of the christian powers to disposses the cruel and unjust usurpers of their lands. At this period the crusades commence. To suppose that the princes of Europe were so insensible to the danger which threatened them, as some modern writers who have touched upon that subject, appear to be, is to ascribe a degree of stupidity to them, by no means applicable to their military character. Though superstition inslamed the multitude, we may be affured however, that feveral princes found it their political interest to fan the flames of that superstition; and accordingly, we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal greatly availed themselves of it. The immense resources which the Turks received from Egypt and the neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the first crufaders, determined their successors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hostilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the croffes, the Spaniards and Portuguese were * enabled, not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the fafety of the Greek empire less necessary to Italy and the eastern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the crusaders, who even seized the throne of Constantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the refentment of the Greeks; and their aversion + to the papal supremacy rendered them so jealous of the crusaders, that the successors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary fupport, after about ninety years possession, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long forefeen, the Venetians, the Austrians, the Poles, and the Russians, became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many desperate wars, attended with various fuccess, have been continued to the present time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the christian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of

^{*} Lifbon itself was taken from the Moors by the affistance of an English fleet of crusaders.

[†] A patriarch of Constantinople declared publicly to the pope's legate,

That he would much rather behold the turban than the triple crown upon

the great altar of Constantinople."

Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,
With joyful shouts a fleet of boats attends;

Joyful

the Austrian territories must have yielded to their yoke. However over-looked, it requires but little political philosophy to perceive the security which would result to Europe, were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the western side of the Turkish empire. The western conquests of that secree warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago, we beheld them trample on the law of nations, send an ambassador to prison, and command the Russian empress to desert her allies. And however the foresight of the narrow politician may dread the rising power of the Russ, it is to be wished that the arms of Muscovy may fix such barriers to the Turkish empire as will for ever prevent their long meditated and often attempted design, to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conquests on the west, conquests which would render them the most dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the crufades, a combination which tended to support the Greek empire, for the security of the eastern part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the southern, whatever the superstition of its promoters and conductors might have been, can by no means deserve to be called a most singular monument of human folly. And however the inutility and absurdity of their professed aim, to rescue the tomb of Christ, may excite the ridicule of the modern philosopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the superstition of the monkish ages; and where it is necessary that an enemy should be restrained, an able politician will avail himself of the most powerful of all incitements to hostility, the superstitious or religious fervour of his army. And by thus resting the war on a religious motive, the English, who were most remote from Mohammedan depredation, were induced to join the consederacy, to which, at various times, they gave the most important affishance.

It is with peculiar propriety therefore, that Camöens upbraids his age for negligently permitting the aggrandizement of the Mohammedan power. Nor is the boast that his countrymen will themselves effect this great purpose, unfounded in truth. As already observed in the introduction, the voyage of Gama saved the liberties of mankind. The superiority of the Asiatic seas in the hands of Europeans, the consequence of that voyage, is the most effectual and most important completion of the crusades.

It will be found, therefore, that Camöens talks of the political reasons of a crusade, with an accuracy in the philosophy of history, as superior to that

of

Joyful their nets they leave, and finny prey,
And crowding round the Lufians, point the way.
A herald now, by Vasco's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand;
The facred staff he bears, in gold he shines,
And tells his office by majestic signs.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,

The

of Voltaire, as the poetical merit of the Lusiad, surpasses that of the Henriade. And the critic in poetry must allow, that, to suppose the discovery of Gama, the completion of all the former endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion, gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, similar to that which Voltaire, on the same supposition, allows to the subject of the Jerusalem of Tasso.

Having entered fo far into the history of the crusades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy consequences which flowed from them. "To these wild expeditions," fays Robertson, " the effect of superstition or " folly, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarity and " ignorance, and introduce any change in government or manners." Constantinople, at that time the seat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the principal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age, speak of the Latins as the most ignorant barbarians; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with aftonishment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Constantinople. The most stupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of comparison, are sensible of the superiority of civilized nations, and, by an acquaintance with them, begin to refemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the croffes introduced commerce and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertson observes, proved destructive to the feudal fystem, which had now degenerated into the most gloomy oppression, and introduced the plans of regular government. " This acquisition of li-" berty," fays the same most ingenious historian, " made such a happy " change in the condition of all the members of communities, as roufed " them from that stupidity and inaction into which they had been funk by "the wretchedness of their former state. The spirit of industry revived, " commerce became an object of attention, and began to flourish. Popu-" lation increased. Independence was established, and wealth slowed into

" cities which had long been the feat of poverty and oppression."

The harvest waves along the yellow dale, So round the herald prefs the wondering throng, Recumbent waving as they pour along; And much his manly port and strange attire, And much his fair and ruddy hue admire: When speeding through the crowd with eager haste, And honest smiles, a son of Afric prest: Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears Castilia's manly tongue falute his a ears. What friendly angel from thy Tago's shore Has led thee thither? cries the joyful Moor. Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoined, O joy beyond the dream of hope to find, To hear a kindred voice, the Lufian cried, Beyond unmeasured gulphs and seas untry'd; Untry'd before our daring keels explored Our fearless way-Oh heaven, what tempests roared, While round the vast of Afric's southmost land Our eastward bowsprits sought the Indian strand! Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood; A path now open'd through the boundlefs flood!

The

Castilia's manly tongue salute bis ears.

This is according to the truth of history. While the messenger, sent ashore by Gama, was borne here and there, and carried off his sect by the throng, who understood not a word of his language, he was accosted in Spanish by a Moorish merchant, a native of Tunis, who, according to Osorius, had been the chief person with whom king John II. had formerly contracted for military stores. He proved himself an honest agent, and of infinite service to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the christian communion. He was named Monzaida.

The hope of ages, and the dread despair, Accomplish'd now, and conquer'd-stiff his hair Rose thrilling, while his labouring thoughts pursued The dreadful course by GAMA's fate subdued. Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads The Lufian guest, and swift the feast succeeds: The purple grape and golden fruitage smile; And each choice viand of the Indian foil Heapt o'er the board, the master's zeal declare; The focial feaft the guest and master share; The facred pledge of eaftern faith o approved, By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved. Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends, With earnest pace the heaven-sent friend attends: Now down the river's fweepy stream they glide, And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide: The Moor, with transport sparkling in his eyes, The well-known make of GAMA's navy spies,

The

* The facred pledge of eastern faith ______ To eat together was in the east looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Persian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmost terror, prostrated himself before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in pursuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the rest to the sugitive, assuring him of safety. As they approached the house, they met a crowd, who carried the murdered corse of the nobleman's beloved son. The incensed populace demanded the murderer, who stood beside him, to be delivered to their sury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten "together, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his son from the sury of his domestics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his escape.

The bending bowsprit, and the mast so tall, The fides black frowning as a castle wall, The high-tower'd ftern, the lordly nodding prore, And the broad standard slowly waving o'er The anchor's moony fangs. The skiff he leaves, Brave GAMA's deck his bounding step receives; And, hail, he cries: in transport GAMA sprung, And round his neck with friendly welcome hung; Enrapt so distant o'er the dreadful main To hear the music of the tongue of Spain. And now beneath a painted shade of state Befide the admiral the stranger fate: Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws, What monarch fways them, what religion awes? Why from the tombs devoted to his fires The fon fo far? the valiant chief enquires. In act to fpeak the stranger waves his hand, The joyful crew in filent wonder stand, Each gently preffing on with greedy ear, As erft the bending forests stoopt to hear In Rhodope, when Orpheus' heavenly strain, Deplored his lost Eurydice in vain;

While

^{*} In Rhodope—The well-known fable of the descent of Orpheus to hell, and the second loss of his wife, is thus explained: Aëdoneus, king of Thesprotia, whose cruelty procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having seized Eurydice, as she sted from his friend Aristaus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his mussic, his wife was restored, on condition that he should not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Thesprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forseited the condition, and irrecoverably lost his spouse.

While with a mien that generous friendship won
From every heart, the stranger thus begun:

Your glorious deeds, ye Lufians, well I know, To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe; Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere; So taught my fires; my birth at proud Tangier, An hostile clime to Lisboa's awful name, I glow enraptured o'er the Lufian fame; Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine, These proudest honours yield, O chief, to thine; Beneath thy dread atchievements low they fall, And India's fhore, discovered, crowns them all. Won by your fame, by fond affection fway'd, A friend I come, and offer friendship's aid, As on my lips Castilia's language glows, So from my tongue the speech of India flows: Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved, For honest deeds, but time shall speak, approved. When India's monarch greets his court again, For now the banquet on the tented 9 plain And fylvan chace his careless hours employ; When India's mighty lord, with wondering joy,

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Shall

Land Charles.

For now the banquet on the tented ptain,

And sylvan chace his careless hours employ—

The Great Mogul and other eastern sovereigns, attended with their courtiers, spend annually some months of the finest season in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amusements.

Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myself shall glad interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a stream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native shore;
On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet
The kindred tongue the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and such, O heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous heaven your glad success secures.
Till now impervious, heaven alone subdued
The various horrors of the trackless flood;
Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,
And heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

Vaft are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Southward sea-girt she forms a demi-isle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caspia's lake th' enormous mountain; spreads,
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads;
Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,

Indus

^{*} ______th' enormous mountain.—Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamissus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamtschatka.

Indus the one, and one the Ganges named, Darkly of old through diftant nations famed: One eastward curving holds his crooked way, One to the west gives his swoln tide to stray: Declining fouthward, many a land they lave, And widely fwelling roll the fea-like wave. Till the twin offspring of the mountain fire Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire. Between these streams, fair smiling to the day, The Indian lands their wide domains display, And many a league, far to the fouth they bend, From the broad region where the rivers end, Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle s oppose, In conic form the Indian regions close. To various laws the various tribes incline, And various are the rites esteemed divine:

P₂

Some

• ---- to Ceylon's ifle---- One captain Knox, who published an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious passage: " This for certain, says he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: It is very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myfelf, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it also, that either just before, or very suddenly after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the veice of the devil, these reasons urge; because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place, and make a noise in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and because the very dogs will tremble when they hear it; and it is so counted by all the people." Knox, Hist. Ceyl. p. 78. We need not have recourse to the devil, however, for this quick transition of found. Birds which live by fuction in marshy grounds, the bittern in particular, often fet up an hideous fcreaming cry by night, and instantly answer one another at the distance of several miles.

Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore, Some the dread monsters of the wild adore: Some bend to wood and stone the prostrate head. And rear unhallowed altars to the dead. By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions tell. Of old the tribes lived healthful by the fmell; No food they knew, fuch fragrant vapours rose Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows: Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan, Stern Decam's fons the fertile valleys till, A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill, Whose trust from every stain of guilt to fave, Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave; If to the stream the breathless corpse be given They deem the spirit wings her way to heaven. Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends, Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends; Unrivall'd smile her fair luxurious vales: And here Cambaya fpreads her palmy w dales; A warlike realm, where still the martial race From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.

Narlinga

[&]quot;—as wild traditions tell.—Pliny, imposed upon by some Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this sable. Vid. Nat. Hist. lib. 12.

^{*} And here Cambaya—Now called Gazarate. The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are faid to be particularly happy in the agreeable romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was fovereign of this country. His memory is still preserved with an eclat, worthy of that valour and generosity which attracted the esteem of the great Alexander. Castera. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedrosia.

Narfinga * here difplays her fpacious line;
Her fon's in native gold and ruby fhine:

closed about ed them bus - theden we Alas,

Narfinga.—The laws of Narfinga oblige " the women to throw themselves into the funeral pile, to be burnt with their deceased huse bands. An infallible secret to prevent the desire of widowhood." Castera from Barres, Dec. 4.

There are many accounts in different travellers of the performance of this most barbarous ceremony. The two following are selected as the

most picturesque of any in the knowledge of the translator.

" At this time (1710) died the Prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-feven wives were burned with his corpfe, was thus: a deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town: in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceased prince in his finest robes. After numberless rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was fet on fire, and immediately the unhappy ladies appeared, sparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. These victims of this diabolical facrifice walked feveral times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a considerable distance. The principal lady then, holding the dagger of her late hulband, thus addressed herself to the prince his fuccessor: here, faid she, is the dagger which the king made use of, to triumph over his enemies: beware never to employ it to other purpose, never to embrue it with the blood of your subjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you shall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world; all that remains for me is to follow him. With these words, she resigned the dagger into the prince's hands, who took it from her without shewing the least sign of grief or compassion. The princess now appeared agitated. One of her domestics, a christian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion. and though the never renounced her idols, had made fome impressions on her mind. Perhaps these impressions now revived. With a most expressive look she exclaimed, alas! what is the end of human happiness! I know I shall plunge myself headlong into hell. On these words, a horror was visible on every countenance; when refuming her courage, she boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herfelf into the midft of the flames. The fecond lady was the lifter of a prince of the blood, who was prefent, and affisted at the detestable facrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels wherewith the was adorned, His passion gave way, he burst into tears, and fell upon her neck in the Alas, how vain! these gaudy sons of fear

Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.

And now behold;—and while he spoke he rose;

Now with extended arm the prospect shews,—

Behold

most tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and with a refolute countenance, fometimes viewed the pile, and fometimes the affiftants. Then loudly exclaiming, Chiva, Chiva, the name of one of her idols, the precipitated herfelf into the flames, as the former had done. The other ladies foon followed after, some decently composed, and some with the most bewildered, down-cast, forrowful looks. One of them, shocked above the rest, ran to a christian foldier, whom she beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck, implored him to fave her. The new convert, stunned with surprize, pushed the unfortunate lady from him; and shrieking aloud she fell into the fiery trench. The foldier, all shivering with terror, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims, discovered at first the utmost intrepidity, yet no sooner did they feel the slames, than they roared out in the most dreadful manner; and, weltering over each other, strove to gain the brim of the pit; but in vain : the affistants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the Bramins gathered the bones, and threw them into the fea, The pit was levelled, a temple built on the fpot, and the deceased prince and his wives were reckoned among the deities. To conclude, this detestable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only specious; it is almost impossible to avoid it. If they do, they must lie under perpetual infamy, and the relations, who esteem themfelves highly difgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princeffes, and concubines of princes, however, are the only perfons from whom this species of suicide is expected. When women of inferior rank fubmit to this abominable custom, they are only urged to it by the impulse of a barbarous pride and vanity of oftentation." Extracted from a letter from father Martin, on the mission of Coromandel, to father de Villette, of the fociety of Jesus, published at Paris, in 1719.

Mr. Holwell, the advocate and warm admirer of the Gentoos, has taken great pains to vindicate the practice of this horrid facrifice, and the principles upon which, he fays, it is established. These we have given in the enquiry at the end of this Lusiad. His narrative is as follows:

Behold these mountain-tops of various fize Blend their tim ridges with the fleecy fkies;

Nature's

L'vature's ru-

"We have been prefent, fays he, at many of these facrifices: in some of the victims we have observed a pitiable dread, tremour and reluctance, that strongly spoke repentance for their declared resolution, but it was now too late to retract or retreat; Bistono was waiting for the spirit. If the felfdoomed victim discovers want of courage and fortitude, she is with gentle force obliged to ascend the pile, where she is held down with long poles, held by men on each fide of the pile, until the flames reach her; her fcreams and cries in the mean time being drowned amidft the deafening noise of loud music, and the acclamations of the multitude.—Others we have seen go through this fiery trial, with most amazing steady, calm resolution, and joyous fortitude. It will not we hope be unacceptable, if we present our readers with an instance of the latter, which happened some years past at the East India company's factory at Coffimbunaar, in the time of Sir Francis Ruffel's chiefship; the author, and feveral other gentlemen of the factory were prefent, fome of whom are now (1765) living.

" At five of the clock on the morning of Feb. 4, 1742-3, died Rhaam Chund Pundit of the Mababrattor tribe, aged twenty-eight years; his widow, (for he had but one wife) aged between seventeen and eighteen, as foon as he expired, disdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the Bramins and witnesses present, her resolution to burn."-Lady Ruffel, fays Mr. H. all the merchants, and the victim's own relations, used every endeavour to diffuade her, but in vain. When urged to live on account of her three infant children, the replied, He that made them would take care of them; and when told the would not be permitted to burn, the affirmed that fbe would flarve berfelf."

"The body of the deceased was carried down to the water-side early the following morning, the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal Bramins, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourse of people. The order of leave of her burning did not arrive until after one, and it was then brought by one of the Soubab's own officers, who had orders to fee that she burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the Bramins, and washing in the Ganges: as foon as it arrived she retired, and stayed for the

On this Mr. H. has the following note: " The Gentoos are not permitted to burn, without an order from the Mabonmedan government, and this permiffion is commonly made a perquifite of."

real a seamed metallic to the time bureau to

Nature's rude wall, against the sierce Canar They guard the sertile lawns of Malabar.

Here

fpace of half an hour in the midft of her female relations, among whom was her mother; she then divested herself of her bracelets and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile; on the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry flicks, boughs and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance; in this the body of the deceased was deposited, his head at the end opposite to the opening. At the corner of the pile to which the had been conducted, the Bramin had made a fmall fire, round which she and the three Bramine sat for some minutes; one of them gave into her hand a leaf of the bale tree (the wood commonly confecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with fundry things on it, which she threw into the fire, one of the others gave her a fecond leaf, which she held over the flame, whilft he dropped three times fome ghec on it, which melted and fell into the fire (these two operations were preparatory symbols of her approaching dissolution by fire and while they were performing this, the third Bramin read to her some portions of the aughterral bhade, and asked her some questions; to which she answered with a steady and ferene countenance; but the noise was so great, we could not understand what she said, although we were within a yard of her: these over, the was led with great folemnity three times round the pile, the Bramins reading before her; when the came the third time to the small fire, the stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments; here the took a folemn, majestic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which, one of the Bramins dipped a large wick of cotton in some ghee, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open fide of the arbour; there all the Bramins fell at her feet-after she had bleffed them they retired weeping. By two steps she ascended the pile, and entered the arbour; on her entrance she made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and advanced and seated herself by his head; the looked, in filent meditation, on his face for the space of a minute, then fet fire to the arbour in three places; observing that she had fet fire to leeward, and that the flames blew from her, instantly seeing her error, she rose and set fire to windward, and resumed her station; ensign Daniel with his cane, separated the grass and leaves on the windward side, by which means we had a distinct view of her as she sat. With what dignity and undaunted a countenance she set fire to the pile the last time, and assumed her feat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a just idea of her.-The pile being

Here from the mountain to the furgy main, in Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain: And lo, the empress of the Indian powers, There lofty Calicut resplendent towers; Hers every fragrance of the spicy shore, Hers every gem of India's countless ftore: Great Samoreem, her lord's imperial ftyle, The mighty lord of India's utmost foil: To him the kings their duteous tribute pay, And at his feet confess their borrowed sway. Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient boaft, beach Of old one fovereign ruled the spacious ? coast. A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore, What time great Perimal the feeptre bore, From bleft Arabia's groves to India came: Life were their words, their eloquence a flame Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful strain The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,

ensemble to be and the market the led or be And,

being of combustible matters, the supporters of the roof were presently confumed, and it tumbled upon her.

The favient von balle king of kings be maken !!

"There have been instances known, when the victim has, by Europeans, been forcibly rescued from the pile; it is currently said and believed (how true we will not aver) that the wife of Mr. Job Charnock was by him snatched from this sacrifice; be this as it may, the outrage is considered by the Gentoos, as an atrocious and wicked violation of their sacred rites and privileges."

⁷ Of old one fovereign ruled the spacious coast.—" Whatever Monzaida relates " of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the histories of India, ac-

[&]quot; cording to Barros, Castaneda, Masseus, and Osorius. Our author, in this,

[&]quot; imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every opportunity to intro-"duce any curious custom or vestige of antiquity." Castera,

And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close it was and His life's mild eve in prayer and fweet repofe. Gifts he prepares to deck the prophet's tomb. The glowing labours of the Indian loom, and and and Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems; Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems. His final care his potent regions claim. Nor his the transport of a father's name: His fervants now the regal purple wear, And high enthroned the golden feetres bear Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chale fways, The fpicy ifle another lord obeys: Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields, And Cranganore to various lords he yields. While these and others thus the monarch graced, A noble youth his care unmindful past: Save Calicut, a city poor and fmall, it was you to Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall: Grieved to behold fuch merit thus repay'd, The fapient youth the king of kings he made, And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem, The lordly titled boaft of power supreme. And now great Perimal refigns his reign, The blifsful bowers of paradife to gain: tors, dr un statelo Before the gale his gaudy navy flies, And India finks for ever from his eyes. And foon to Calicut's commodious port The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, refort:

Wide

Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.
And now her slag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the empress of the eastern world:
Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,
And from thy stream such gifts, O commerce, flow.

From that fage youth, who first reign'd king of kings, He now who fways the tribes of India fprings. Various the tribes, all led by fables vain, Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain. All, fave where nature whispers modest care, Naked they blacken in the fultry air. The haughty nobles and the vulgar race Never must join the conjugal embrace: Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid, Oh loft to joy, by cruel rites betray'd! To spouse of other than their father's art, At love's connubial shrine unite the heart: Nor may their fons, the genius and the view Confined and fetter'd, other art pursue. Vile were the stain, and deep the foul difgrace, Should other tribe touch one of noble race; A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er, Can scarce his tainted purity restore. Poleas the labouring lower clans are named; By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed;

The

The toils of culture, and of art they fcorn, The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn; The fhining faulchion brandish'd in the right, Their left arm wields the target in the fight; Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand Around the king, a stern barbarian band. Whate'er in India holds the facred name Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim: In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost, Brahma their founder as a god they boaft. To crown their meal no meanest life expires, Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires: Alone in lewdness riotous and free, No fpoufal ties withhold, and no degree: Loft to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms The willing husband yields his spouse's charms: In unendear'd embraces free they blend; a voi of hol do Yet but the husband's kindred may afcend The nuptial couch : alas, too bleft, they know No jealoufy's fuspence, nor burning woe; The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow. But should my lips each wondrous scene unfold, Which your glad eyes will foon amazed behold, Oh, long before the various tale could run, Deep in the west would fink you eastern fun. In few, all wealth from China to the Nile, All balfams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile.

While

While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd, Wide o'er the coast the voice of rumour swell'd; As first some upland vapour seems to float Small as the fmoke of lonely shepherd cot, Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads, And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads, The leafless forest and the utmost lea; And wide its black wings hover o'er the fea: The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale, And distant navies rear the mist-wet fail. So fame increasing, loud and louder grew, And to the fylvan camp refounding flew; A lordly band, she cries, of warlike mien, Of face and garb in India never feen, Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before, Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian shore. To hail their chief the Indian lord prepares, And to the fleet he fends his banner'd Nayres: As to the bay the nobles prefs along, The wondering city pours th' unnumber'd throng. And now brave GAMA and his fplendid train, Himfelf adorn'd in all the pride of Spain, In gilded barges flowly bend to shore, While to the lute the gently-falling oar Now breaks the furges of the briny tide, And now the strokes the cold fresh stream divide. Pleased with the splendor of the Lusian band, On every bank the crowded thousands stand.

Begirt

Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood The first great minister of India stood, The Catual his name in India's tongue; To GAMA fwift the lordly regent sprung: His open arms the valiant chief enfold, And now he lands him on the shore of gold: With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet The fearless heroes of the warlike fleet. A couch on shoulders borne, in India's mode, With gold the canopy and purple glow'd, Receives the Lufian captain; equal rides The lordly Catual, and onward guides, While GAMA's train, and thousands of the throng Of India's fons, encircling pour along. To hold discourse in various tongues they try; In vain; the accents unremember'd die Instant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain. GAMA the while, and India's fecond lord, Hold glad responses, as the various word The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate They past, and onward, tower'd in sumptuous state, Before them now the facred temple rofe; The portals wide the sculptured shrines disclose. The chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold The gods of wood, cold stone, and shining gold; Various of figure, and of various face, As the foul Demon will'd the likeness base.

Taught

Taught to behold the rays of godhead shine

Fair imaged in the human face divine,

With facred horror thrill'd, the Lusians viewed

The monster forms, chimera-like, and 2 rude.

Here spreading horns an human visage bore;

So frown'd stern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.

One body here two various faces rear'd;

So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.

An hundred arms another brandish'd wide;

So Titan's son the race of heaven defy'd.

And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd:

Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade

Grinn'd horrible. With vile prostrations low

Before these shrines the blinded Indians dow.

And

The monster forms, chimera-like, and rude. Chimera, a monster slain by Bellerophon.

First, dire chimera's conquest was enjoin'd, A mingled monster of no mortal kind; Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread, A goat's rough body bore a lion's head; Her pitchy nostrils slaky slames expire, Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

POPE's Il. vi.

^{*} So Titan's fon .- Briarcus.

before these strines the blinded Indians bow.—In this instance, Camöens has with great art deviated from the truth of history. As it was the great purpose of his hero to propagate the law of heaven in the east, it would have been highly absurd to have represented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the case. "Gama, who had been told, says Osorius, that there were many christians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the Catual led him, was a christian church. At their entrance they were met by four priess, who seemed to

And now again the fplendid pomp proceeds; do 11 days ? To India's lord the haughty regent leads. To view the glorious leader of the fleet will be the first Increasing thousands swell o'er every street; High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend, The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend, well his work of The windows sparkle with the glowing blaze Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays. And now the train with folemn state and slow, Approach the royal gate, through many a row Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers, Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers. Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur spread, Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head; The citron groves around the windows glow'd, And branching palms their grateful shade bestow'd; The mellow light a pleasing radiance cast; The marble walls Dædalian sculpture graced.

Here

make crosses on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, opposite to the entrance, stood an image which could hardly be discovered; Exat enim locus ita ab omni folis radio seclusus, ut vix aliquis maligna lucis splendor in eum penetraret. The four priests ascending, some entered the chapel by a little brass door, and pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, Mary, Mary. The Catual and his attendants prostrated themselves on the ground, while the Lusians on their bended knees adored the blessed virgin. "Virginemque Dei matrem more nostris ustato venerantur." Thus Osorius. Another writer says, that a Portuguese sailor, having some doubt, exclaimed, If this be the devil's image, I bowever worship God.

Here India's fate, from darkest times of cold, in home The wondrous artist on the stone inroll'd; and and hoa. Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaspes' stream, In fair array the marshall'd legions seem: A youth of gleeful eye the squadrons led, a shared a half Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with pureft red; VOL. II. Around

That the state of the same of the same state of the same to the same of the sa

· Here India's fate-The description of the palace of the Zamorim, situated among aromatic groves, is according to hiltory; the embellishment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's description of the palace of king La-Her valous, and a seguel of the flat cuit has a search

Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis, Urbe fuit summa, &c.

The palace built by Picus, vast and proud, Supported by an hundred pillars stood And round encompass'd with a rising wood. The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the fight, Surprifed at once with reverence and delight. . . . Above the portal, carved in cedar wood, Placed in their ranks their godlike grandfires stood. Old Saturn, with his crooked feythe on high; And Italus, that led the colony: And ancient Janus with his double face, And bunch of keys, the porter of the place. There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines, On a short pruning hook his head reclines: And studiously furveys his generous wines. Then warlike kings who for their country fought, And honourable wounds from battle brought. Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears; And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars; And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars. Above the rest, as chief of all the band Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand; His other waved a long divining wand. Girt in his gabin gown the hero fate-DRYD. EN. VII.

Mary transport or earth may see its process on the size it

Around his fpear the curling vine-leaves waved: And, by a ftreamlet of the river laved. Behind her founder. Nyfa's walls were rear'd: So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd, Had & Semele beheld the fmiling boy. The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy. Unnumber'd here were feen th' Affvrian throng. That drank whole rivers as they march'd along: Each eye feem'd earnest on their warrior queen, High was her port, and furious was her mien: Her valour only equall'd by her luft: Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust, Her fon's wile rival; reeking to the plain Fell the hot fweat-drops as he champt the rein. And here display'd, most glorious to behold, The Grecian banners opening many a fold, Seem'd trembling on the gale; at diffance far The Ganges laved the wide-extended war.

Bebind ber founder Nysa's avalls avere rear'd-

at diftance far The Ganges laved the wide-extended war-

This is in the perspective manner of the beautiful descriptions of the figures on the shield of Achilles. IL. XVIII.

* Had Semele beheld the smiling boy-The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabulifts afcribed the Indian expedition of Sefostris or Osiris king of Egypt.

h Her fon's vile rival-" The infamous passion of Semiramis for a horse.

" has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to fignify the extreme " libidiny of that queen. Her incessuous passion for her son Nynias, how-

" ever, is confirmed by the testimony of the best authors. Shocked at

" fuch an horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death." Caffera.

Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,

Here from the cuirass shoots the golden beam.

A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,

Of the bold veterans led the brown array;

Scornful of mortal birth enshrin'd he rode,

Call'd Jove his father; and affumed the god.

While dauntless GAMA and his train survey'd The sculptured walls, the lofty regent said: For nobler wars than these you wondering see That ample space th' eternal fates decree: Sacred to these th' unpictured wall remains, Unconscious yet of vanquish'd India's chains. Affured we know the awful day shall come, Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom. The fons of Brahma, by the god their fire Taught to illume the dread divining fire, From the drear manfions of the dark abodes Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods; Then round the flame, while glimmering ghaftly blue, Behold the future scene arise to view. The fons of Brahma in the magic hour Beheld the foreign foe tremendous lour; Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire, And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:

Q2

They

¹ Call'd Jove bis father.—The bon mot of Olympias on this pretention of her fon Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, forfooth, cannot be at rest unless he embroil me in a quarrel with "Juno." Quint. Curt.

They saw the chief o'er prostrate India rear

The glittering terrors of his awful spear.

But swift behind these wintery days of woe

A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,

Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd

In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd:

Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,

Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India smiled.

So to the prophets of the Brahmin train

The visions * rose, that never rose in vain.

Military All many the The

* The visions rose-The pretentions to, and belief in divination and magic, are found in the history of every nation and age. The fources from whence those opinions sprung, may be reduced to these: the strong desire which the human mind has to pry into futurity. The consciousness of its own weakness, and the instinctive belief, if it may be so called, in invisible agents. On these foundations it is easy for the artful to take every advantage of the simple and credulous. A knowledge of the virtues of plants, and of some chemical preparations, appeared as altogether supernatural to the great bulk of mankind in former ages. And fuch is the proneness of the ignorant mind, to refolve, what it does not comprehend, into the marvellous, that even the common medicinal virtues of plants were esteemed as magical, and dependent upon the incantation which was muttered over the application of them. But we must not suppose that all the profesfors of magical knowledge were determined cheats, and conscious impostors. So far from such idea of the futility of their pretended art, they themselves were generally the dupes of their own prejudices, of prejudices imbibed in their most early years, and to which the veneration of their oldest age was devoutly paid. Nor were the priests of savage tribes the only professors and students of inchantment. The very greatest names of Pagan antiquity, during the first centuries of the christian æra, firmly believed in divination, and were earnestly devoted to the pursuit of it. If Cicero, once or twice in his life, confulted the flight of birds, or the manner in which chickens picked up their corn; the great philosopher Marcus Aurelius Antoninus carried his veneration for the occult sciences much farther. When he

The regent ceased; and now with folemn pace The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace. The tapftried walls with gold were pictured lo'er, And flowery velvet fpread the marble floor. In all the grandeur of the Indian state, High on a blazing couch the Monarch fate, With starry gems the purple curtains shined, And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined Around the filver pillars: high o'er head The golden canopy its radiance shed: Of cloth of gold the fovereign's mantle shone, And his high turban flamed with precious stone. Sublime and awful was his fapient mien, Lordly his posture, and his brow ferene. An hoary fire fubmiss on bended knee, (Low bow'd his head) in India's luxury, A leaf m, all fragrance to the glowing tafte, Before the king each little while replaced.

The

might have attacked the Quadi and Marcomanni with every profpect of fuccess, he delayed to do it, till the magical facrifice prescribed by Alexander of Pontus, the magician, could be performed. But when this was performed, the barbarians happened to be greatly reinforced, and Antoninus was deseated, with the loss of 20,000 men. Yet his devout observation of such rites never suffered the least abatement. And the enlarged, and philosophical mind of the accomplished Julian, by some called the Apostate, was amid all his other great avocations, most assiduously devoted to the study of magic.

And flowery velvet spread the marble sloor—
According to Osorius.

" A leaf.—The Betel. This is a particular luxury of the east. The Indians powder it with the fruit of Areco, or drunken date tree, and chew it, swallowing

The patriarch Brahmin, foft and flow he rose,
Advancing now to lordly Gama bows,
And leads him to the throne: in filent state
The monarch's nod affigns the captain's seat;
The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:
Silent the monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant Gama broke
The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke:

From where the crimfon fun of evening laves

His blazing chariot in the western waves,

I come, the herald of a mighty king,

And holy vows of lasting friendship bring

To thee, O monarch, for resounding fame

Far to the west has borne thy princely name,

All India's sovereign thou! nor deem I sue,

Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due.

Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,

Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,

From where the north-star gleams o'er seas of frost,

To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,

whate'er

fwallowing the juice. Its virtues, they fay, preserve the teeth, strengthen the stomach, and incite to venery. It is so esteemed in India, that its origin is derived from heaven. Degastri, one of the wives of the celestial spirits, carried Argionem, an Indian, one day to heaven, from whence he stole the beid, and planted it on earth. And for this reason, he who cultures the betd, must, as necessary to its thriving, steal the stock which he plants. The leaf is so like our common ivy, that some Indian ambassadors at Lisbon have used the latter mixed with the Cypress apples instead of the areca, and have said, that in virtue it was much the same with the Indian plant. Our dictionaries call the betel, the bastard pepper.

Whate'er the fea, whate'er the land bestows, In my great monarch's realm unbounded flows. Pleafed thy high grandeur and renown to hear, or IdA My fovereign offers friendship's bands fincere: Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise, and make of l Then every bounty of the finiling skies Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow, Shall joyful commerce on each shore bestow. Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations fell Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell; Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear, Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear. If friendship then thy honest wish explore, That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar. Our banners o'er the crimfon field shall sweep, And our tall navies ride the foamy deep, Till not a foe against thy land shall rear Th' invading bowsprit, or the hostile spear; My king, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join, The glory his, the gainful harvest thine.

Brave Gama spake: the pagan king replies,
From lands which now behold the morning rise,
While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,
Till what your land, and who the king you own,

Our council deeply weigh. Let joy the while, And the glad feaft the fleeting hours beguile. Ah! to the wearied mariner, long toft O'er briny waves, how fweet the long-fought coaft! The night now darkens; on the friendly shore Let fost repose your wearied strength restore, Affured an answer from our lips to bear, Which, not displeased, your sovereign lord shall hear. More n now we add not—from the hall of state Withdrawn, they now approach the regent's gate; The fumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride Heap'd on the board the royal feast supplied. Now o'er the dew-drops of the eaftern lawn Gleamed the pale radiance of the ftar of dawn, The valiant GAMA on his couch reposed, And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid closed; has the bank When the high Catual, watchful to fulfil and a son in the The cautious mandates of his fovereign's will, in wai 'all In fecret converse with the Moor retires, And, earnest, much of Lusus' fons enquires ; Total and What laws, what holy rites, what monarch fway'd The warlike race? When thus the just Mozaide:

The land from whence these warriors, well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe)

From lands which now behold the morning rife,

Iluftrious

I what your land, and who that and from it

More now we add not—The tenor of this first conversation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of history.

Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores Grev-dappled eve the dving twilight pours.-A wondrous prophet gave their holy lore, The godlike feer a virgin-mother bore, Th' eternal fpirit on the human race, So be they taught, bestow'd such awful grace. In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied creft: What o terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaft, When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told; How from the lawns, where crystalline and cold. The Guadiana rolls his murmuring tide; And those where, purple by the Tago's fide, The lengthening vineyards gliften o'er the field; Their warlike fires my routed fires expell'd. Nor paufed their rage; the furious feas they braved; Nor loftieft walls, nor caftled mountains faved; Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode, And their proud armies o'er our armies trod. Nor lefs, let Spain through all her kingdoms own, O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone:

tel formy furiacetof the army de

• What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaft—The enthuliasm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portuguese, may perhaps to some appear unnatural. Camöens seems to be aware of this by giving a reason for that enthuliasm in the first speech of Monzaida to Gama:

and assis autitua Verunderen bak

Heaven sent you bere for some great work divine,

And beaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

That this Moor did conceive a great affection for Gama, whose religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmost service, is according to the truth of history.

Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, secure your care may trust.
The answer of their lips, so nobly just,
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly souls the gilded lie disdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,
And rampired walls lie smoaking on the ground.
Speed to the sleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey.

With keen desire the craftful pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his splendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly nayres,
The shore they cover, now the oar-men sweep
The foamy surface of the azure deep:
And now brave Paulus gives the friendly hand,
And high on Gama's losty deck they stand.
Bright to the day the purple fail-cloads glow,
Wide to the gale the filken ensigns flow;
The pictured flags display the warlike strife;
Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.
Here arm to arm the single combat strains
Here burns the battle on the tented plains

General

General and fierce; the meeting lances thruft, And the black blood feems fmoaking on the duft. With earnest eyes the wondering regent views The pictured warriors, and their history fues. But now the ruddy juice, by Noah a found, In foaming goblets circled swiftly round, And o'er the deck swift rose the festive board; Yet smiling oft, refrains the Indian lord: The facred meal, efteem'd a rite divine. In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear, The battle founds the Lufian trumpets rear ; Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire. Slow round the fails the clouds of fmoke afpire, And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day, The Lufian war, in dreadful pomp, difplay. In deepest thought the careful regent weigh'd The pomp and power at GAMA's nod bewray'd, Yet feem'd alone in wonder to behold and word and link. The glorious heroes and the wars half-told In filent poefy-Swift from the board and and an and and an analysis after High crown'd with wine, uprofe the Indian lord;

both been's borrers lengthening now around.

P—the ruddy juice by Noah found—Gen. ix. 20. And Noah began to be an bulhandman, and be planted a vineyard, and be drank of the wine, &c.

⁴ His faith forbade with other tribe to join

The facred meal, esteem'd a rite divine—

The opinion of the facredness of the table is very ancient in the east. It is plainly to be discovered in the history of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

Both the bold GAMAS, and their generous peer. The brave COELLO, rose, prepared to hear, Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply: Fixt and enquiring was the regent's eye: The warlike image of an hoary fire, Whose name shall live till earth and time expire. His wonder fixt; and more than human glow'd The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode; A bough, his enfign, in his right he waved, A leafy bough—But I, fond man depraved! Where would I speed, as mad'ning in a dream, Without your aid, ye nymphs of Tago's stream! Or yours, ye dryads of Mondego's bowers! Without your aid how vain my wearied powers! Long yet and various lies my arduous way Through louring tempests and a boundless sea. Oh then, propitious, hear your fon implore, de manufacture of And guide my veffel to the happy shore. The amount I Ah! fee how long what per'lous days, what woes to be On many a foreign coast around me rose, and accomo and As dragg'd by fortune's chariot wheels along begunnell al I footh'd my forrows with the warlike fong; Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around, And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;

Yet

artenina.

tugal, almost the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his life.

Yet amid each danger of tumultuous war Your Lufian heroes ever claim'd my care: As Canace of old, ere 'felf-deftroy'd, One hand the pen, and one the fword employ'd. Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd, The guest dependent at the lordling's board: Now bleft with all the wealth fond hope could crave. Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave For ever loft; myfelf escaped alone, On the wild shore, all friendless, hopeless, thrown; My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of 'yore, By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more To end my forrows: woes fucceeding woes Belied my earnest hopes of fweet repose: In place of bays around my brows to shed Their facred honours o'er my destined head Foul calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale, And left me mourning in a dreary " jail.

Such

* As Canace—Daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her inceftuous child to the dogs, fent her a fword, with which she slew herself. In Ovid she writes an epistle to her husband-brother, where she thus describes herself:

Dextra tenet calamum, firicium tenet altera ferrum.

Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave For ever lost—See the life of Camöens.

Degraded now, by powerty abbor'd-

alludes

My life, like Judab's beaven-doom'd king of yore—Hezekiah. See Ifaiah

[&]quot; And left me mourning in a dreary jail-This, and the whole paragraph from

Such was the meed, alas! on me bestow'd,

Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,

By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

Ye gentle nymphs of Tago's roly bowers, Ah, fee what letter'd patron-lords are yours! Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales. To them in vain the injured muse bewails: No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow, Though to the muse their fairest fame they owe. Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim Your fmiles, ye muses of Mondego's shade, Be ftill my dearest joy your happy aid! And hear my vow: Nor king, nor loftiest peer Shall e'er from me the fong of flattery hear; Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns, Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains; His king's worst foe: nor he whose raging ire. And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire; True to the clamours of the blinded crowd. Their changeful Proteus, infolent and loud: Nor he whose honest mien secures applause, Grave though he feem, and father of the laws, Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:

Who

alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumstance relates particularly to the base and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy shipwreck. See his life. Who 'fpurns the muse, nor feels the raptured strain, Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain: For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine; On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:

year he ended exten the distained felicinal

const our help the harmony at the last of the property For

Who fours the muse-Similarity of condition has produced similarity of fentiment in Camoens and Spenfer. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age; and each was cruelly neglected by the men of power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to relift their writings. We have feen feveral of the strictures of Camoens on the barbarous nobility of Portugal. The fimilar complaints of Spenfer will flew that neglect of genius, however, was not confined to the court of

O grief of griefs; O gall of all good hearts! To fee that virtue should despised be Of fuch as first were raised for virtue's parts, And now broad fpreading like an aged tree. Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be. O let not those of whom the muse is scorned, Alive or dead be by the muse adorned.

Ruins of Time.

It is thought Lord Burleigh, who withheld the bounty intended by queen Elizabeth, is here meant. But he is more clearly stigmatized in these remarkable lines, where the mifery of dependence on court-favour, is painted in colours which must recall several strokes of the Lusiad to the mind of the reader.

> Full little knowest thou that hast not tried, What hell it is, in fuing long to bide; To lofe good days, that might be better fpent, To waste long nights in pensive discontent; To fpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow, To feed on hope, to pine with fear and forrow; To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers; To have thy asking, yet wait many years; To fret thy foul with crosses and with cares, To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs; To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run, To fpend, to give, to want, to be undone .- Mother Hubberd's Tale.

These lines exasperated still more the inelegant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr. Hughes, that, even the fight of a miferable man are sometimes resented as an affront by him that is the occasion of them.

He who the path of honour ever trod,

True to his king, his country, and his God,

On his bleft head my hands shall fix the crown.

Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

The arrival of Gama in India-In several parts of the Lusiad, the Portuguese poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine spirit of Homer and Virgil. The feventh Lufiad throughout bears a striking refemblance to the seventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the fame; Aneas lands in Italy, and Gamz in India; but the conduct of Camoens, in his masterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands observation. Had Statius or Ovid described the landing or reception of Rneas, we should undoubtedly have been presented with pictures different from those of the pencil of Virgil. We should have seen much buftle and fire, and perhaps much smoke and false dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyssey, Homer, had he written the Aneid, would have written as the Roman poet wrote, would have presented us with a calm majestic narrative, till every circumstance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camöens followed him, as far as the different nature of his subject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of grass, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jest. He sends ambassadors to Latinus, whose palace is described. The embassy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the affiftance of the fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admonished in a dream, seeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the facrifices in which he was employed, are particularly described. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earnest hurry. These are judiciously reserved for their after and proper place. In the same manner, Camöens lands his hero in India; and though in some circumstances, the resemblance to Virgil is evident; yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conscious of his own strength, and not as a copyist. He has not deserved that shrewd fatire which Mr. Pope, not unjuftly, throws on Virgil himfelf. " Had the galley " of Sergeflus been broken, fays he, if the chariot of Eumelus had not been " demolished? Or Mnestbens been cast from the helm, had not the other " been thrown from his feat?" In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the seventh and eighth Æneid, is judicioully copied, as most proper for the subject; and with the hand of a master characteristically sustained throughout the seventh book of the poem which celebrates the discovery of the eastern world.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

ENQUIRY

INTO THE

RELIGIOUS TENETS AND PHILOSOPHY

OF THE

BRAHMINS.

A N account of the celebrated sect of the Brahmins, and an enquiry into their theology and philosophy, are undoubtedly requisite in the notes of a poem which celebrates the discovery of the eastern world; of a poem where their rites and opinions are necessarily mentioned. To place the subject in the clearest and most just view, as far as his abilities will serve him, is the intention of the translator. If he cannot be so warm in his admiration of the religious philosophy of the Hindoos, as some late writers have been, some circumstances of that philosophy, as delivered by themselves, it is hoped, will very fully exculpate his coolness.

But

But before we endeavour to trace the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins by the lights of antiquity, and the concurrent testimony of the most learned travellers who have visited India since the discovery of that country by the hero of the Lusiad, it will not be improper to pay particular attention to the systematical accounts of the doctrines of the Gentoos, which have lately been given to the public by Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. A particular attention is due to these gentlemen: each of them brands all the received accounts of the Gentoos as most ignorantly fallacious, and each of them claims an opportunity of knowledge enjoyed by no traveller before himself. Each of them has been in Asia, in the East India company's service, and each of them affures us that he has conversed with the most learned of the Brahmins.

Mr. Holwell's fystem, we have endeavoured with the utmost exactness thus to abridge. "It is an allowed truth, (says he, ch. viii. p. 3.) "that there never was yet any system of theology broached to mankind, whose first professors and propagators did not announce its descent from God; and God forbid we should doubt of, or impeach the divine origin of any of them; for such eulogium they possibly all merited in their primitive purity, could they be traced up to that state."

Again in p. 50. "The religions which manifestly carry the divine stamp of God, are, first, that which Bramah was appointed to declare to the ancient Hindoos; secondly, that law which Moses was destined to deliver to the ancient Hebrews; and thirdly, that which Christ was delegated to preach to the latter Jews and Gentiles, or the Pagan world."

The divine occonomy of these different revelations is thus accounted for by our author. " Let us fee how far the similitude of doctrines, (p. 72.) preached first by Bramab, and afterwards Christ, at the diffinct period of above 3000 years, cor-" roborate our conclusions; if they mutually support eachother, " it amounts to proof of the authenticity of both. Bramab or preached the existence of one only, eternal God, his " first created angelic being, BIRMAH, Bistnoo, Sieb, and " Moifafoor; the pure gospel dispensation teaches ONE ONLY " ETERNAL GOD, his first begotten of the father CHRIST; the " angelic beings Gabriel, Michael, and Satan, all these corre-" fponding under different names minutely with each other, in " their respective dignities, functions and characters. Birmah is " made prince and governor of all the angelic bands, and the " occasional vicegerent of the eternal one; Christ is invested with " all power by the Father; Birmah is destined to works of " power and glory, so is Christ; Bistnoo to acts of benevolence, " fo is Gabriel; Sieb to acts of terror and destruction, fo is " Michael-Moifasoor is represented as a prime angel, and the " infligator and leader of the revolt in heaven, fo is the Satan " of the gospel."-After much more in this strain our author adds, " It is no violence to faith (p. 80.) if we believe that " Birmah and Christ is one and the same individual coelestial " being, the first begotten of the Father, who had most pro-" bably appeared at different periods of time, in distant parts of " the earth, under various mortal forms of humanity and deno-" minations."—Having thus feen who Birmah is, we now proceed to our author's account of the scriptures which he delivered to mankind. Christ, he tells us, (p. 80.) styled Birmah R 2

by the Easterns, delivered the great primitive truths to man at his creation: but these truths being effaced by time and the induftrious influence of Satan, a written record became necessary, and Bramah accordingly gave the Shaftah. This we are told, (ch. iv. p. 12.) was at the beginning of the present age (or world) when Bramah having affumed the human form, and the government of Indostan, translated the Chatah Bhade Shaftah from the language of angels, into the Shanferit, a tongue at that time univerfally known in India. " These scriptures, says our author, (ch. viii. p. 71.) contain, to a moral certainty the original doctrines, and terms of restoration, delivered from God himself by the mouth of his first created Birmah to mankind at his first creation in the form of man. And in p. 74. tell us that, " the million of Christ is the strongest confirmation of the authenticity and divine origin of the Chatah Bhade Shaftah of Bramah; the doctrines of both, according to our author, being originally the fame.

We now proceed to give an account of the fystem which Mr. H. has laid before the public as the pure and sublime doctrine of the Brahmins.

God is one; the creator of all that is; he governs by a general providence, the refult of fixed principles: it is vain and criminal to enquire into the nature of his existence, or by what laws he governs. In the fulness of time he resolved to participate his glory and essence with beings capable of feeling and sharing his beatitude, and of administering to his glory. He willed, and they were—he formed them in part of his own essence; capable of perfection, but with the powers (as Mr. Holwell

Holwell terms it) of imperfection, both depending on their voluntary election. God has no prescience of the actions of free agents, but he knows the thought of every being the moment it is conceived. He first created Birmah; then Biston, Sieb and Moifafoor, then all the ranks of angelic beings. He made Birmah his vicegerent and prince of all spirits, whom he put in subjection under him; Biftnoo and Sieb were his coadjutors-Over every angelic band he placed a chief. Moisasoor, chief of the first band, led the song of praise and adoration to the Creator, and the fong of obedience to Birmah, his first created. Joy compaffed the throne of God for millions of years. Envy and jealoufy at last took possession of Moisasoor, and Rhaabon, the angel next to him in dignity. They withheld their obedience from God: denied submission to his vicegerent, and drew a great part of the angelic host into their rebellion. God sent Birmah, Bistnoo and Sieb, to admonish and persuade them to return to their duty, but this mercy only hardened them. The eternal ONE then commanded Sieb to go armed with his omnipotence, to drive them from heaven, and plunge them into intense darkness for ever. Here they groaned 426,000,000 years. (See ch. iv. p. 47. and 119.) Birmah, Bistnoo, Sieb, and the faithful angels never ceased imploring the Eternal One for their pardon and reftoration. By their intercession he at length relented. He declared his gracious intentions, and having given his power to Birmah, he retired into himself and became invisible to all the angelic hoft for the space of 5000 years. At the end of this period he again appeared, and refuming his throne, proposed the creation of the material universe, which was to confift of fifteen regions, or planets. In these the delinquent spirits were to be united to mortal bodies, in which they were to undergo a state

of purgation, probation, and purification, and to fuffer natural evils, according to the degrees of their original guilt. Biftnoo by God's command created the material universe, and united the fallen spirits to mortal bodies. Eighty-nine transmigrations form the term of purgation and trial. Eighty-feven of these are through various animals, according to the original degree of turpitude. The less criminal spirits animate bees, singing birds, and other innocent creatures; while those of deeper guilt become wolves and typers. "And it shall be (fays Mr. H.'s version of that part of the Shaftah) " that when the rebellious Debtah (fpirit) shall have accomplished and passed through the eighty-" feven transmigrations, they shall, from my abundant favour " (it is the Deity who freaks), animate a new form : and thou, " Bistnoo, shalt call it Ghoij (i. e. the Cow.) And it shall be, that when the mortal body of the Ghoij shall by a natural de-" cay become inanimate, the delinquent Debtah shall, from my more abundant favour, animate the form of MHURD (i. e. Man), and in this form I will enlarge their intellectual powers, even as when I first created them free; and in this form "Thall be the chief state of their trial and probation." In the next fentence the cow is ordered to be deemed facred and holy *. never cealed imploying the Eternal Che for their nurden and va-

Of

the metallic transmitted he as leady released, wife do-

[•] Mr. H. tells us that when a Cow suffers death by accident or violence, or through the neglect of the owner, it is esteemed a sign of God's wrath against the spirit of the proprietor, and as a warning that at the dissolution of his human form, he shall be obliged to undergo anew all the eighty-nine transmigrations. "Hence it is," says Mr. H. " that not only mourning and lamentation ensue on the violent death of either cow or cals—"but the proprietor is frequently enjoined, and oftner voluntarily under-"takes, a three years pilgrimage in expiation of his crime. For saking his friends, family and relations, he subsists during his pilgrimage on cha"rity"

Of the fifteen planets made for the reception of the rebel spirits, feven are called lower, and feven higher than the earth. The lower ones are the regions of punishment and purgation; our earth, the principal feat of probation; and the higher ones are the regions of purification, from whence the approved fpirits are again received into the divine presence in the highest heaven. Mr. Holwell's Shaftah fays, that God, " although he could not " foresee the effect of his mercy on the future conduct of the de-" linguents, yet unwilling to relinquish the hopes of their re-" pentance, he declared his will."-The principal terms of acceptance were, that they should do all good offices to, and love one another. Unnatural lust and self-murder are declared as crimes for which no more probation shall be allowed, but the spirit who offends in these is to be plunged into the Onderab, or intense darkness for ever. What pity is it that these crimes, against which "Th' Eternal has fixt his canon," should be mentioned together with the absurdities which follow! Whatever animal destroys the mortal form of another, be it that of gnat, bee, cow, or man, its spirit shall be plunged into the Onderah for a space +, and

[&]quot; rity and alms.—It is worthy remark, that the penitent thus circumstanced ever meets with the deepest commiseration, as his state is deemed

[&]quot;truly pitiable; two inflances have fallen within our own knowledge where

[&]quot; the penitents have devoted themselves to the fervice of God, and a pilgrimage during the term of their life."

^{† &}quot;The obvious construction of the mouth and digestive faculties of man, says Mr. H. mark him destined to seed on fruits, herbage and milk." Anatomists, however, affert the very contrary. And the various allotment of food in various countries implies the approbation of nature. In the warmer climates the most cooling oily fruits, &c. are in the greatest abundance. Where colder regions require the nutritive strength of animal food, beeves and sheep, &c. are in the greatest plenty and perfection; and sea fish, of

and from thence shall begin anew the eighty-nine transmigrations, notwithstanding whatever number it may have formerly completed.

The time which the purgation and trial of the rebel spirits is to continue, is also ascertained. It is divided into four Jogues, or ages, which in reality are now creations of the universe. Three of these are past—The Suttee Jogue, or age of truth, lasted 3,200,000 years. In this period the life of man was 100,000 years. The Tirta Jogue continued 1,600,000 years, in which the life of man consisted of 10,000 years. The Devapaar Jogue was shortened to 800,000, and the human life to 1000 years. The last, the Kolee Jogue, or age of pollution, is, to expire after a period of 400,000 years. In this, human life is reduced to 100 years, and the man is deemed to hasten his exit who dies under that number. In the present A. D. 1777, 4877 years of this age have only elapsed, and therefore 359,123 are yet to come.

When Biston proposed the terms of mercy to the fallen spirits in the Onderab, all, except Moisason, Rhaabon and the other leaders of the rebellion, accepted, with the utmost joy, of the divine favour. Moisason and his party were permitted to range through the earth and the lower regions of punishment, and to continue their temptations *. Biston, and the other

all aliments the sharpest and hottest in their falts, are profusely thrown around the cold shores of the North. The Gentoos who live solely upon rice and vegetables, are of all mankind the secblest, most short-lived, and pusillanimous.

"When we perufe fome portions of Milion's account of the rebellion and expulsion of the angels," fays Mr. H. "we are almost led to imagine,

good angels, petitioned for permission to undergo the 89 transmigrations, and particularly to become men. It is these benevolent spirits,

" on comparison, that Bramab and he were both instructed by the same " fpirit; had not the foaring, ungovernable, inventive genius of the latter, " instigated to him to illustrate his poem with scenes too gross and ludicrous, " as well as manifestly repugnant to, and inconsistent with, fentiments we " ought to entertain of an omnipotent being (as before remarked) in which " we rather fear he was inspired by one of those malignant spirits (alluded " to in the Shastah and elsewhere) who have, from their original defection, " been the declared enemies of God and man. For however we are afto-" nished and admire the sublimity of Milton's genius, we can hardly some-" times avoid concluding his conceits are truly diabolical." - The former remark Mr. H. refers to, is, the supposition that angels opposed God in battle; any other than an instant act of expulsion being unworthy of omnipotence. Milton, however, needs no defence. In the true spirit of poetry he opposes angel to angel; but these strictures of our author lead us to fome obvious observations on his account of the Gentee system. God, he tells us, previous to the creation, fought 5000 years with Modos and Kytos; but this is excused by allegory, and these are only discord and tumult; and an instant act of omnipotence, it feems, was not here necessary. According to Mr. H.'s divine fystem of the Gentoos, God has no prescience of the actions of free agents. To strip the supreme being of prescience gives a severe shock to reason; and most assuredly it is the highest presumption in a finite mind, to deny an attribute effential to omnipotence and omniscience, because its confined ideas cannot t conceive the manner of that attribute's ope-

[†] To reconcile the divine prescience with the liberty of volition, has vainly employed many philosophers. Freedom of choice has been denied, and the groß impiety of statiss has by many been adopted, to avoid the groß absurdity which would limit the powers of the eternal mind. Tet nothing, we prosume, is easier than to satisfy found reason on this subject. Let us remember our intellectual powers are very limited; let us remember we cannot form the saintest idea of the act of creation. God said let there be light, and there was light, is an expression most truly sublime; but it conveys not the least idea of the modus bow his power either acted upon that which afterwards was. Tet, we know we exist, and that we did not create ourselves. In this case we rest satisfied that we cannot comprehend the manner bow the Deity acts. To deny prescience to omnipotent omniscience is suff as reasonable as to deny the creation. As we readily resolve the one, let us also resolve the other, into an attribute peculiar to the existence of the Deity. This solution is not only perfectly easy, but the power of creation samps the highest authority of analogy upon it. Each of the other two solutions, satalism and negation of divine prescience, are founded upon, and end in, the most impious absurdity.

fpirits, say the Gentoos, who at different times, under the various characters of kings, generals, philosophers, lawgivers and prophets, have given shining examples of fortitude, virtue and purity. Many of these incarnations took place in the former Jogues, but in the present one they are very rare +; the good angels, however, are permitted invisibly to assist the penitent, and to afford them support and protection. When the 359,123

years

ration. But the groffest impiety still remains. The restoration of the fallen spirits, according to Mr. Holwell's Gentoo system, slowed not from God. He is not there the fountain of mercy. The compassion of the good angels alone produced this divine favour, after the solicitation of 426 millions of years. In Milton we have no such absurdities, no such impieties, as these suppositions, and affertions contain.

† The devil and his chiefs, according to Mr. H. have often, as well as the good angels, taken the human form, and appeared in the character of tyrants; and corrupters of morals, or philosophers; who, according to Mr. H. are the devil's faithful deputies. The great engines of fatan's temptations, fays Mr. H. (p. 160. ch. viii.) are the use of animal food, and vinous and spirituous potations. "To give the devil his due, says he, it must in " justice be acknowledged that the introduction of these two first rate vices " was a masterpiece of politics in Moisusor or Satan, who alone was capa-" ble of working fo diabolical a change in rational intellectual beings." The fystem by which satan effected this change, says Mr. H. was thus: " He began with the priefibood. He fuggested the religious use of animal facrifices, and of vinous libations. The priests soon began to taste, and the laity followed their example. And these two vices, says he, are the roots from which all moral evils fprang, and continue to flourish in the world." And, indeed, Mr. H. is ferious; nay, he hopes the time is near, when animal food will be totally difused, and very earnestly he advises the butchers to turn bakers; an occupation, which he affures them, will be much more agreeable to their bumanity of disposition. And here we must remark that Mr. H. tells us, " it is more than probable that Mofes himself was the very identical spirit," deputed " in an earlier age" to deliver God's will, " under the stile and title of Bramah." But whence then the bloody facrifices of the Mofaical law? Why, the answer is perfectly easy on Mr. H.'s scheme-As St. Peter by his fanction to kill and eat corrupted the pure doctrine of Christ or Birmah, so Aaron the high-priest by his bloody facrifices corrupted the pure doctrine of Mofes or Bramab.

years yet remaining of the present Jogue are expired, all the obdurate spirits who have not attained the sirst region of purisication, shall be thrown into the Onderab for ever. The eight regions of probation shall be then destroyed. And when the spirits in the seven planets of purisication shall have attained the highest heaven, these regions shall also be no more. A long time after this, says the Shastab, there shall be another creation, but of what kind, or upon what principles the eternal one only knows.

with flavour is the about it bounded

Such are the terms of falvation offered by the Shaftah as given by Mr. Holwell. Almost innumerable are the wild, fanciful accounts of the creation contained in the facred books of India. Some of them are most horridly impure, (See Faria y Sousa, tom. II. p. 4. c. i.) and almost all of them have a whimsical meanness, or grossness of idea. The account given by Mr. H. as that of the genuine, inspired Shastah is thus: "When the "eternal one first began his intended new creation of the uni"verse, he was opposed by two mighty Offcors (i. e. giants)
"which proceeded from the wan of Brum's (i. e. Birmah's
"ear); and their names were Modoo, and Kytoo. And the
"eternal one, contended and fought with Modoo and Kytoo
"five thousand years; and he smote them on his thigh, and
"they were lost and assimilated with Murto (earth).

Birmab is then appointed to create, Bifmoo to preferve, and Sieb to change or destroy—Mr. H. thus proceeds, "And when "Brum (Birmah) heard the command, which the mouth of "the eternal one had uttered, he straightways formed a leaf of beetle, and he stoated on the beetle leaf over the surface of the waters, and the children of Modoo and Kytoo sled from be-

"fore him, and vanished from his presence: and when the agi"tation of the waters had subsided by the powers of the spirit
"of Brum, Bistono straightways transformed himself into a mighty
"boar, and descending into the abys of waters, brought up the
"Murto on his tusks. Then spontaneously issued from him a
"mighty tortoise and a mighty snake. And Bistono put the snake
"erect upon the back of the tortoise, and placed Murto upon
"the bead of the snake. And all things were created and
"formed by Birmah."—Mr. Holwell informs us, that all this
is sublime allegory; that Modoo and Kytoo signify discord and
consusion; that the boar is the Gentoor symbol of strength; the
tortoise, of stability; and the serpent, of wisdom. And thus
the strength of God placed wisdom on stability, and the earth
upon wisdom. But what the beetle leaf, and the wax of Brum's
ear signifying, Mr. H. has not told us.

As an account of the doctrines of the Brahmins is a necessary illustration of the seventh Lusiad, some observations on their opinions are also requisite. Mr. Holwell talks in the highest terms of these philosophers; he calls them "a people, who, "from the earliest times, have been an ornament to the creation." At the same time he confesses, "that, unless we dive into the mysteries of their theology, they seem below the level of the brute creation." Our first remarks shall therefore be confined to that system which is given by Mr. H. as the pure and primary revelation which God gave to the rebellious spirits by Christ, at that time named Birmab.

[&]quot;The creation and propagation of the human form, according to the scriptures of Bramab, says Mr. H. are clogged with

" no difficulties, no ludicrous unintelligible circumstances, or inconfisen-"cies. God previously conftructs mortal bodies of both fexes " for the reception of the angelic spirits-these were all "doomed to pass through many successive transmigrations in the " mortal prisons, as a state of punishment and purgation, before "they received the grace of animating the human form, which " is their chief flate of probation and trial." This, however, without hesitation, (the reader, we fear, will smile at the pains we take,) we will venture to call highly unphilosophical. Nature has made almost the whole creation of fishes to feed upon each other. Their purgation therefore is only a mock trial; for, according to Mr. H. whatever being deftroys a mortal body must begin its transmigrations anew; and thus the spirits of the fishes would be just where they were, though millions of the four Jogues were repeated. Mr. H. is at great pains to folve the reason why the fishes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other species of animals suffered death. The only reason for it, he says, is that they were more savoured of God, as more innocent. Why then are thefe less guilty spirits united to bodies whose natural inftinct precludes them the very possibility of falvation. There is not a bird perhaps but eats occasionally infects and reptiles. Even the Indian philosopher himself, who lets vermin overrun him, who carefully sweeps his path ere he tread upon it, left he should dislodge the foul of an infect, and who covers his mouth with a cloth, left he should fuck in a gnat with his breath; even he, in every fallad which he eats, and in every cup of water which he drinks, causes the death of innumerable living creatures.—His falvation, therefore, according to Mr. H.'s Gentoo fystem, is as impossible as that of the fishes.

Nor need we scruple to pronounce the purgation of spirits, by passing through brutal forms, as ludicrously unintelligible. The young of every animal has most innocence. An old vicious ram has made a strange retrograde purgation, when we consider that he was once a lamb, the mildest and most innocent of creatures.

The attentive reader, no doubt, has ere now been apt to enquire, how is the person and revelation of Christ and of Birmah one and the same. Mr. H. thus solves the difficulty: the doctrine of Christ, as it is delivered to us, is totally corrupted. Age after age has disfigured it. Even the most ancient record of its history, the N. T. is grossly corrupted. St. Paul by bis reveries, as Mr. H. says, and St. Peter by his sanction to kill and eat, began this woeful declension, and perversion of the doctrines of Christ.

A traveller, fays Mr. H. who describes the religious tenets of any nation, but does not dive into the mysteries of their theology, "dishonestly imposes his own reveries on the world, and "does the greatest injury and violence to letters and the cause of "humanity." And here it must be again repeated, that Mr. H. affures us, that he received his instructions from some of the most learned Brahmins, an opportunity which he deems superior to whatever had been enjoyed by any former enquirer.

A few years after Mr. Holwell's treatifes were given to the public, Mr. Dow, who had also been in India, published also his account of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins. The superior

superior opportunities of knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Dow are thus mentioned by himself.

Talking of the whole body of modern travellers, he fays, "They have prejudiced Europe against the Brahmins, and by a " very unfair account, have thrown difgrace upon a system of re-"ligion and philosophy which they did by no means investigate." After this he' tells us, (Differt. p. xxii.) " that converfing by " accident one day with a noble and learned Brahmin, he per-" ceived the error of Europeans; and having refolved to acquire " fome knowledge of the Shanscrita language, the grand reposi-" tory of the religion, philosophy, and hiftory of the Hindoos, " his noble friend the Brahmin procured him a pundit (or teacher) " from the university of Benaris, well versed in the Shanscrita, " and mafter of all the knowledge of that learned body."____ Mr. Dow however, confesses, that he had not time to acquire the Shanscrita; but his pundit, he says, procured some of the principal Shafters, and "explained to him as many paffages of those curious books, as served to give him a general idea of the doctrine which they contain."

Such an opportunity of fuperior knowledge as this, is certainly fingular. But though it is thus confessedly partial, and entirely dependent on the truth of his pundit, the claims of authenticity alleged by other travellers (p. xxxvii.) are thus reprobated——
"They affirm, that they derived their information from the "Hindoos themselves. This may be the case, but they tertainly "conversed upon that subject only with the inferior tribes, or "with the unlearned part of the Brahmins: and it would be as "ridiculous to hope for a true state of the religion and philoso-

"phy of the Hindoos from those illiterate casts, as it would be in a Mahommedan in London, to rely upon the accounts of a parish beadle, concerning the most abstructe points of the christian faith; or, to form his opinion of the principles of the Newtonian philosophy, from a conversation with an English "carman."

Having thus established his own authority, our author proceeds to a view of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins. But here it is proper to observe, that having mentioned Mr. Holwell, Mr. Dow informs his reader, that he "finds himself" obliged to differ almost in every particular, concerning the religion of the Hindoos, from that gentleman."

The Bedang or facred book of the Brahmins, fays Mr. Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, one philosophical, the others allegorical. The philosophical one is contained in a dialogue between Brimba and his fon Narud. God is here thus defined, "Being immaterial, he is above all conception; being "invisible he can have no form; but from what we behold in his "works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, knowing all things, and present every where." This, Mr. Dow informs us in a note, is literally translated, and, "whether we, says he, who profess Christianity, and call the Hindoos by the demetatable names of pagans and idolaters, have higher ideas of the fupreme divinity, we shall leave to the unprejudiced reader to determine." Yet surely God is not above all conception. Nor is his invisibility to his creatures a philosophical proof that he can have no form.

Narud's enquiries into the nature of the soul or intellect, are thus answered:—It is a portion of the GREAT SOUL, breathed into all creatures to animate them for a certain time; after death it either animates other bodies, or is absorbed into the divine effence. The wicked are not at death disengaged from the elements, but cloathed with bodies of sire, air, &c. and for a time are punished in hell; and the good are absorbed " in a participation of the divine nature, where all passions are utterly unwhom, and where consciousness is lost in bliss." Mr. Dow confesses that a state of unconsciousness is in fact the same with annihilation; and indeed it is, though he says that the Shaster "seems here to imply a kind of delirium of joy." By this unintelligible sublimity we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shastesbury or a Malebranche, and that wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

Narud then enquires into the continuance and diffolution of the world. And here we have a legend much the same with Mr. Holwell's four jogues or ages; after which the world shall be destroyed by fire, matter be annihilated, and God exist alone. Our year, according to the Brahmins, says Mr. Dow, makes one planetary day. The first jug, or age of truth contained four, the second three, the third two, and the present jug, or age of pollution, is to contain one thousand of these planetary years. According to Mr. Dow, at the end of these periods, there is not only a disfolution of all things, but between the dissolutions and renovations of the world, a period of 3,720,000 of our years. In the note on the Ptolemaic system in Lusiad X. we trust we have investigated the source of these various ages of the Brahmins, and traced the origin of that idea into a natural planetary appearance.

In Mr. Dow's, or rather his Pundit's translation of the facred Shafter, we have the following account of the creation. It is contained in what our author, p. xlvi. calls the philosophical catechilin. Narud enquires. How did God create the world? and is answered: " Affection dwelt with God, from all eternity. It " was of three different kinds, the creative, the preferving, and " the defirmative. The first is represented by Brimba, the second " by Bilben, and the third by Shibah. You, O Narud, are taught " to worthin all the three, in various shapes and likenesses, as the " creator, the preferver, and the destroyer. The affection of God then produced power, and power, at a proper conjunction of time and fate, embraced goodness, and produced matter. "The three qualities then acting upon matter, produced the uniet verfe in the following manner: From the opposite actions of "the creative and destructive quality in matter, felf-motion first arose. Self-motion was of three kinds; the first inclining to " plasticity, the second to discord, and the third to rest. The " discordant actions then produced the akash, which invisible " element possessed the quality of conveying found; it produced " air, a palpable element; fire, a visible element; water, a fluid " element; and earth, a folid element."

Such is the philosophical cosmogony, placed by Mr. Dow, but for what reason we cannot discover, in opposition to the allegorical accounts which the Brahmins give of the creation.

The Shafters, according to Mr. Dow, are divided into four bedas, (i. e. the bhades of Mr. H.) The first, he says, treats principally of the science of divination; the second, of religious and moral duties; the third, of the rites of religion, sacrifices, penances.

penances, &c. and the fourth, of the knowledge of the good being, and contains the whole science of theology and metaphysical philosophy.

And thus the Brahmins avow, and their facred books contain, that most despicable of all pretensions to learning, judicial astrology; that mother of superstition in every country, that engine of villany, by which the philosophers of India, and the gypsies of England, impose on the credulous and ignorant. "When a "child is born, says Mr. Dow, p. xxxiii. some of the Brahmins are called; they pretend, from the horoscope of his nativity, to foretell his suture fortune, by means of some astrological tables of which they are possessed." They then tie a string, called the zinar, round his neck, which all the Hindoos wear, says our author, by way of charm or amulet.

That the Gentoos are divided into two great sects is confessed, though differently accounted for, by both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. By the latter they are distinguished as the followers of the Bedang, the most ancient; and the Neadirsen, a later Shaster. This, which by its followers is held as sacred, is said to have been written, says our author, by a "philosopher, called Goutam, near "400 years ago." As a specimen of this most abstruse metaphysician, take the following:—Five things must of necessity be eternal, first, the pirrum attima, or the great soul, which is immaterial, omniscient, &c. the second, the jive attima, or the vital soul; the third, time or duration; the sourch, space or extension; the sifth, the akash, or heavenly element, "which fills up the vacuum "or space, and is compounded of purmans or quantities infinitely

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"fmall, indivisible, and perpetual. God, fays he, can neither make nor annihilate these atoms, on account of the love which he bears to them, and the necessity of their existence; but they are in other respects totally subservient to his pleasure."

Not to be tedious, we shall only look into this metaphysical labyrinth. Goutam supposes the vital soul is material, says Mr. D. by giving it the following properties, number, quantity, motion, contraction, extension, divisibility, perception, pleasure, pain, defire, aversion, accident and power. How Mr. D. discovers that Goutam supposes perception, desire, &c. as the characteristics of matter, we know not; neither can we conceive the number, quantity, or divisibility of a living soul. The akash, or atoms, which God can neither make nor destroy, were formed by him into the feeds of all productions, when jive attima, or the vital foul affociating with them, animals and plants were produced. And thus the greatest act of creation is ascribed to jive attima, a principle or quality which God did not produce. " The fame vital foul, favs Goutam, which before affociated with the atom of an animal, may afterwards affociate with the atom of a man;" the fuperiority of man confifting only in his finer organization. " The follow-" ers of the Bedang," fays Mr. Dow, " affirm, that there is no " foul in the universe but God; the sect of Neadirsen strenuously " hold that there is, as they cannot conceive that God can be " fubject to fuch affections and passions as they feel in their own " minds, or that he can possibly have a propensity to evil." That is, in plain words, fome do, and fome do not, think themselves to be God. Wherefore, according to Goutam, the author of the humbler fect, the vital foul is the fource of evil, and is of necessity, coeternal

nity of the vital foul, is as unphilosophical, we apprehend, as the much-fuperior agency ascribed to it by Goutam, in the work of creation, is blasphemous and absurd. Yet Mr. D. has told us, p. Jxxvi. that the Hindoo doctrine, while it teaches the purest morals, is systematically formed on philosophical opinions.

Goutam, says Mr. Dow, admits a particular providence. But, "though he cannot deny the possibility of its existence," says our author, "without divesting God of his omnipotence, he supposes "that the Deity never exerts that power, but that he remains in "eternal rest, taking no concern, neither in human affairs, nor in the course of the operations of nature."

This may be called philosophy, but surely this article in the creed of Goutam, is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philosophical definition of which is certainly thus: A filial dependence on the Creator, similar to that of a child who sincerely wishes to render himself acceptable to his father.

"The learned Brahmins, fays Dow, with one voice, deny the existence of inferior divinities. Their polytheism is only a fymbolical worship of the divine attributes, and it is much to be doubted, whether the want of revelation and philosophy, those necessary purifiers of religion, ever involved any nation in gross idolatry, as many ignorant zealots have pretended."

. . . "Under the name of Brimha, they worship the wisdom and creative power of God; under the appellation of Bishen, his providential and preserving quality; and under that of Shibah, that attribute which tends to destroy."

" Shibah,

"Shibah, says the same author, among many others, is known by the names of Mahoissur, the Great Dæmon; Bamdebo, the Frightful Spirit; and Mohilla, the Destroyer."

The same authority also informs us, that they erect temples to Granesh, or Policy, whom they worship at the commencement of any delign, represented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth: That they have many figurative images of Brahma, one of which represents him riding on a goose, the emblem of fimplicity among the Hindoos: That they worship Kartic, or Fame; Cobere, or Wealth; Soorage, or the Sun; Chunder, or the Moon; the deities of water, fire, &c. besides an innumerable herd of local divinities. In another place, our author confesses that there are two religious sects in India: "The one, " fays he, look up to the divinity through the medium of reason " and philosophy; while the others receive as an article of their " belief, every holy legend and allegory which have been tranf-" mitted down from antiquity." He confesses also, the grofiness of the vulgar of all countries, who cannot comprehend abstract fubjects. Nay, he says, it cannot be denied, p. xlix. but that the more ignorant Hindoos do believe in the existence of their inferior divinities, " in the fame manner that Christians do in angels." Yet, along with all this, Mr. D. is feveral times offended with the charge of idolatry brought against the Brahmins. however, of the name of ignorant zealot, we will not scruple to affert, that the refined opinions of a very few, ought by no means to fix the characteristic of the religion of any country. To call the obvious idolatry of India only a symbolical worship of the Divine attributes, is only to prefent to us a specious shadow which

will disperse and evanish, as soon as the light of just examination shines upon it.

of the country, and an artistica the facility sensitives are the co-

That the polytheism of Egypt, the worship of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes, has been often said, and with equal justice. For our part we can distinguish no difference between the worship of Janus with two saces, or of Brahma with sour. The philosophers of Rome were as able to allegorise as those of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Brahmins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, salls nothing short of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century, wrote a treatise to prove that there never was such a thing as idolatry in the world; for, every man, he said, intended to worship some attribute of the divinity, which he believed to reside in his idol.

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Nor is a sentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this: "Let us "rest assured, says he, that whatever the external ceremonies of resiligion may be, the self-same infinite Being is the object of universal adoration." Yet whatever the metaphysician may think of this ingenious resinement, the moral philosopher will be little pleased with it, when he considers that the vulgar, that is, ninetynine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of practising their idolatry, according to this philosophical definition. That the learned Brahmins with one voice affert there is but one supreme God, has been acknowledged by almost all modern travellers. Xavier himself consesses this. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Brahmins, in public, worship and teach the worship of idols. To give an account both of the popular, and what is called

called the philosophical religion of India, is the purpose of this effay. To abstract our view, therefore, from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the spirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is just the same as if a traveller should tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine miffion of Mohammed is denied at Constantinople; because at the one place he conversed with a deiftical bishop, or at the other with a philosophical mufti. However pleased, therefore, the metaphylician may be with ingenious refinement, the moralift will consider, that the question is not, how the philosopher may refine upon any fystem, but how the people will, of confequence, practife under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehensible or commendable. That the religion of the Brahmins is highly reprehensible, every moralist must allow, when he considers, that the most unworthy ideas of the divinity, ideas deftructive of morality, naturally arise from idol worship; and the vulgar, it is every where confessed, cannot avoid the abuse. What can he think of the piety of a poor superstitious Indian, when he worships the great dæmon, the destroyer, and frightful spirit? Does he love what he worships? And can piety exist where the object of adoration is hated? Nor can we ftop here: The futility of our refined apology for idolatry will still appear in a stronger light. What will the definition avail in the balance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other scale? Palestine, Tyre, and Carthage, made their children " pass " through the fire unto Moloch;" and human facrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. The human facrifices of Mexico, (of which, fee the introduction) afford the noft

most dreadful example of human depravity. Yet the Mexicans in this most detestable, most criminal superstition, in their own way, worshipped God. No philosophers ever entertained fublimer ideas of the divinity, and of the human foul, than the ancient druids. Yet what shall we think of the Wicker Man! A gigantic figure; the body, each leg and arm was a maft, to which an hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors or prifoners of war, the innocent helpless were seized, that the horrid facrifice might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the fublime druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the most acceptable insurance of the divine protection *. In the most polished ages of ancient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, basely impure. To mention any particular would be an infult to the scholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift make one deteft the Tahoo species, are a part of the religious externals of many barbarous tribes. A citatation from Baumgarten's Travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itself. " Insuper sanctum illum, quem eo loco [in " Egypt] vidimus, publicitus apprimé commendari, eum effe

^{*} Had the great author of the Paradife Lost, continued the visions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book, what a dreadful display of the consequences of his disobedience might the angel have given to Adam, had he presented him with a view of the horrid facrifices of Mexico, or the Wicker Man? What horror must the parent of mankind have felt, had Michael shewed him his adversary, Satan, seated on a neighbouring mountain, delighted with the yells and the steam of these terrible hecatombs. But what even deeper horror must Adam to the fet, had the devil conjured up a philosopher to desire him to "rest assured that subatever the external ceremonies of religion may be, the self-same infinite being is the object of universal adversarion."

"hominem fanctum, divinum à integritate præcipuum; eo quod,
"nec fæminarum unquam effet, nec puerorum, sed tantummodo
falellarum concubitor atque mularum." Decency will allow
no translation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practised,
whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Brahma,
the consequences are felt, and a remedy is wanted: the vulgar
are gross idolaters; the wifer part see the cheat, and, as the
human mind has a woeful propensity to overstep the golden mean,
they become almost indifferent to every tie of religion.

Though Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow most essentially disagree in their systems of Indian philosophy, yet they most cordially coincide in their opinion of the high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of the Gentoo philosophy and religion, an antiquity and sameness to which they ascribe about 4000 years. Conscious that the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given of the Brachmanes, most effectually resute this sameness, Mr. H. denies the authority of these authors, though he acknowledges the invasion of Alexander. His reasons are these:

"The Greek and Latin construction and termination of the names and places, of the princes and kingdoms of Indostan, said by Alexander's historians to be conquered by him, bear not the least analogy or idiom of the Gentoo language, either ancient or modern." Vid. c. iv. p. 3.

But if this will prove what Mr. H. intends, the Greeks and Romans were unacquainted with the opinions of every nation they visited, for they always gave their own idiomatic construction ftruction and termination to the proper names of every place where they came.

we from the credible will end a too distinguished, from the self-

Mr. H. denies that Porus ever existed. The Gentoo annals, he says, make not the least mention of him. Camoens, however, who lived many years in the east, and was no duped enquirer, assured us (Lus. VII.) that the warlike kingdom of Cambaya claimed Porus. And Ferishta's History of Hindostan, as translated by Mr. Dow, tells us that Foor, the father of Porus, was overthrown and killed in battle, by Alexander.

of men with tails in India.

Mr. H.'s third and last argument, is the shortness of time employed in Alexander's expedition, and the vast difficulty of acquiring the Gentoo tongue. "Can it be possibly believed, "fays he, that any of Alexander's followers could in this short space acquire such perfection in the Gentoo language, as could enable them justly to transmit down the religious system of a nation with whom they can scarcely be said to have had any communication."

But Mr. H. ought to have known, that the Greeks were well acquainted with the Persic, and the Persians with the Indian language; and that Alexander found many thousands in the east who talked Greek, who were the descendants of those bands of invalids who had been left by Xenophon. And that, thus Alexander's followers had, from these various and numerous interpreters, the best opportunity, perhaps, which ever existed, of acquainting themselves with the Indian philosophy.

Having thus proved that some credit is due to the ancients, we proceed to the various accounts they have given, in which we hope the credible will easily be distinguished, from the misapprehended and fabulous. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs heads; others with only one leg, yet Achilleses for swiftness of soot; of a nation of pigmies; of some who lived by the smell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground.

Ctesias, as cited by Photius, talks in the same stile, of sountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India. Even in Horace's time it appears, that the faith of Indian travellers was proverbial;

____ Que loca fabulosus Lambit Hydaspes.

Yet we ought to remember, that Fernando Alarchon, a Spanish voyager of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of California; and that several others have seen men with dogs heads. But let not a certain living author rejoice in Alarchon's authority, as a proof of the truth of his opinion, that the human form had originally the appendix of a posterior tail; for Alarchon tells us, that the tails which he saw, were discovered to be sistitious. And we are also assured, that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards, The Indian sountains of gold will also be found a very easy, though ignorant error. We need only to suppose, that the Indian legends of worlds made of silver and gold, with sountains of milk and oil, were mistaken for the natural history of India.

If these wild tales of Pliny and others, the misapprehensions of weak and ignorant travellers, have discredited the authority of the ancients; other circumstances will prove their better intimacy with the Indian opinions and manners.

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All the ancients * concur in their accounts of the dreadful penances of the Brachmanes; these they say, consist of sitting naked in all changes of weather, of most painful postures, of fixing the eye all day unalterably on the sun or some other object; with several other circumstances, which are all most literally confirmed by every modern traveller who has written of these philosophers.

The metempfychosis of the Indians was also well known to the ancients. All the Gentoo legends mentioned by the ancients, are in the same wild spirit, and some even the same in circumstances, with those acknowledged by Holwell and Dow. Calanus, celebrated by the historians of Alexander, told One-sicritus the philosopher, says Strabo, that there had been a world of gold, where the sountains streamed with milk, honey, wine and oil; and where the wheat was as plentiful as dust. But that God, in punishment of human wickedness, had altered it, and had imposed a life of labour and misery on men. Onesicritus was desirous to hear more; but a Brahmin penance was imposed by Calanus as the condition, and the Greek philosopher was contented with what he had heard.

Here

^{*} See Cic. Tusc. Quest. l. 5. and all Alexander's historians. Plin. l. vii. c. 2. Also Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. l. 3. Jerome, and other fathers also, often mentions these penances.

Here we have indubitable proof that the ancients were well acquainted with the Indian philosophers. Jerome, (Adv. Jovian. I. I.) mentions not only the burning of widows, but their ardent desire of giving this testimony of affection. This custom still continues as a rite performed upon principle, but the self-murder of the Brahmin philosophers is not now, as formerly, by sire; or at all common: yet we have the concurrent testimony of the ancients, that on the approach of disease, the infirmities of age, and even in the mere dread of calamity, the Indian upon principle, made his exit in the slames. Cicero, Tusc. Quest. I. 5. And Lucan, I. 3. mention this custom as universally known.

Several ambassadors were sent by a king of India, a king of fix hundred kings, to Augustus Cæsar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of these, a Brahmin philosopher, burned himself at Athens. His life had been extremely prosperous, and he took this method, he faid, to prevent a reverse of fortune. Amid a great concourfe of people, he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he defired might be infcribed on his tomb, was, "Here refts Xarmanochagas, the Indian of Bargosa, who, according to the custom of his country, made himfelf immortal." And it was on the advances of a diftemper, that Calanus amused Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philosophy. And from hence we have certain proof that the customs of the Brahmins have underwent most considerable alterations. This will farther appear by the testimony which antiquity gives of the simplicity of their worship. The Indians who had any idols, are mentioned by the ancients

ancients as few in number and groß barbarians. The Brachmanes on the contrary, are commended for the simplicity of their worship. The laborious philosopher Porphyry, though possessed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempsychosis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Brahma or his brothers. On the contrary, he represents their worship as extremely pure and simple. Strabo's account of them is similar. And Eusebius has assured us they worshipped no images †.

With these weighty evidences of the principled self-murder, and simplicity of the worship of the Brachmanes, antiquity closes her account of these philosophers. Eusebius lived in the fourth century; Gama at the end of the fifteenth, and those who followed him in the beginning of the fixteenth, found their innumerable temples filled with innumerable idols of the most horrid figures. The adoration of these was so complex and various, and their religious rites fo multiplied, that, as Mr. Holwell confesses, a priest became necessary in every family. The wild absurdities of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, fall infinitely short of those of the innumerable mythological legends of India; and human depravity, in no quarter of the globe, ever produced fuch deteftable fictions of impurity, as are contained in the legendary histories of the deities of the Brahmins. rollot spiritages supporties tollor

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^{† —} χιλιάδες πολλάι τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, διτινες κατὰ παραδοσόν τῶν προγόνων και νόμων ἐτε φονεύσσιν, ΟΥΤΕ ΕΟΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ——
Euseb. Prep. Evan. lib. 6. c. 10. p. 275. Ed. Parif. 1628.

Camöens, whose depth of observation rendered him greatly superior to the imposition of the most specious Brahmin, and who was long in the east, gives us, in the preceding book, a very unfavourable idea of the religious worship and manners of India. The state in which the first discoverers of the east found the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins, deserves very particular attention: and Faria y Souza has been careful to give us a full and comprehensive view of the opinions which prevailed when his countrymen landed in India.

According to Faria, their fystem of the universe is thus: The heaven refts on the earth: the fun and moon move like fishes in the water, from east to west by day, and by night run northward along the edge of the horizon, to the place of their rifing. And the earth is supported by the snake Ananta. They hold an eternal fuccession of worlds. Every thing at the end of these periods is destroyed, except Ixoreta or the Deity, which is then reduced to the fize of a dew drop; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine substance in itself produces the five elements, (for what they call the heavenly matter they efteem the fifth) and then dividing itself, the heavens and the earth are formed. In terra, simulac formata est, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conspiciuntur 7à àidosa, quæ verum Ixoreta sive Numen appellant, et causam causarum. These, which are worshipped in their temples, first produce Ixora, Bramab, and Vistnu, the three primary deities. Some most ludicrous impurities follow in Faria. A female named Chati is produced by magical words from Ixora's back, and these two burning themselves into different animals, beget the different kinds of all living creatures,

men, beafts, devils, and the heavenly spirits. The amours of Brahma, Vistnu, and Ixora are innumerable. Their offspring have the heads of elephants, goats, monkeys, &c. and they are always killing each other and fpringing up in fome new chimeraform, but the greater deity is always outwitted *. Brabma, Vistau and Ixora pass through many transmigrations, and are born as the filthieft of animals, monkeys, hogs, fnakes, &c. Vistnu being spawned a fish, recovers the law or Shastah from the bottom of the sea, whither it had been carried by Breniacxem, who stole it from the heavenly + spirits. While Vistnu's mother Axoda was big with him, the diviners told his father that the child would kill him. Hence his youth refembles the labours of Hercules. At feven years of age he deflowers all his mother's maids, is whipped for it, and is revenged by a repetition of his offence. Viftnu's exploits are innumerable. But what is efteemed his greatest action in all his transmigrations, is one day's labour of the fame kind of that for which he was whipvol. II. a set ; inch said d'T destad adreses bas d' ped ;

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This is exactly in the spirit of the Talmudical legends. In these the prophet or Rabbi invariably outwits his god, and the devil the prophet. E. g. David having performed an action agreeable to heaven, Nathan is sent to order him to make what request he pleased. He desires to die on a Sabbath evening at sun-set. Again Nathan comes on a like occasion, and he desires he may never die while he is reading the law. From this time David was always sure to be reading the law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flourished, and the devil was piqued. The love of some pears that grew under his window was now David's ruling passion. Just at sun-set, one Sabbath eve, the devil shakes the pear-tree and cries thieves, thieves. David starts up from the book of the law, sees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David with the sword of Goliah thinks to pursue them from the window, but the ladder was an illusion, and David sell down and broke his neck. One would think a Brahmin had been the inventor of this legend.

[†] For this same legend see Dow.

ped; but which extended to fixteen thousand one hundred and Vistau is sometimes represented as the greatest god. In this character he lies sleeping on his back in a fea of milk; yet in this condition he governs the whole world. He lies on the fnake Ananta. At other times Ixora is the greatest god.

If some of these legends outrage the bounds of allegory, part of the following is obvious. Brahma and Vistnu envying Ixora's greatness, he promised, that if they could find his beginning or end, they should become his superiors. Vistau turned himself into a hog, and with his fnout dug up the earth in fearch of Ixora's feet, till he was deterred by a fnake. Brahmin went in fearch of his head, but at last was disfuaded to defift by roses. These, however, he bribed to testify that he had seen Ixora's head. Ixora conscious of the fraud, strikes off one of Brahma's five heads; and in penance for this crime, Ixora travels as a pilgrim. He meets with men who throw wild beafts at him; some he fleas, and cloaths himself with their skins; he is at last overcome. Vifinu in the shape of a beautiful virgin relieves him. Ixora gets her with child, and Vistan bears a fon. They quarrel who shall have the infant, but are reconciled by a heavenly spirit who takes it to himself and breeds it an expert archer, on purpose to guard him against the giant with 500 heads, and 1000 hands who fprung from the head of Brahma when cut off by Ixora.

In Faria we find the fevere penances, the feas of milk and oil, and the fanciful legends mentioned by the ancients. These, and what mythological reveries he gives us, are in the part the

fame,

fame, and all in the true spirit of what is told us by our two late writers. As Vistau lies in the sea of milk, a rose springs from his navel. Through the hollow stalk of this rose Branah descends into Vistau's belly. Here he sees the ideas of all things, and from looking on these, he creates the world.

In Faria we find Brahma the creator of the world; Ixora the prefecter, and Viftuu the governor of all things. We find these deities also, with different numbers of heads and hands ‡. Ixora holds in his sixteen hands, a deer, a chair, a fiddle, a bell, a bason, a trident, a rope, a hook, an ax, sire, a drum, beads, a staff, a wheel, a snake, and a horned moon towards his forehead. All this is exactly similar to the accounts of Holwell and Dow.

By the concurrent testimony of all the travellers on the 16th and 17th centuries, that vilest of beasts, the monkey, is held in high veneration. Various are the legends which relate the reason of this. Faria says that Ixora and Chati, having turned themselves

[‡] Patracali, Ixora's daughter, has eight faces and fixteen arms, has boars teeth, her hair of peacocks tails, is cloathed with fnakes, and carries two elephants in her ears for pendents. Ixora has a fon with an elephant's head, has four arms, is of enormous bulk, and rides upon a moufe. We are told, however, that these sistings of one of the even ridicule even in India. The writers who have treated of the mission of Xavier, relate, that there are extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each consisting of eight verses, in ridicule of the worship of the Brahmins, whom he treats with great asperity and contempt. This poet is named Paleanar by Faria. Would any of our diligent enquirers after oriental learning savour the public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a singular favour on the republic of letters.

themselves into apes produced one named Anuman on whom they bestowed great power. Near the city of Preseti was a wood full of apes, efteemed of a divine race, and of the houfhold of Perimal, in whom some thousands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram, fays Linschoten, was a flately temple erected to one of these apes, named HANIMANT: (probably Anuman. Such variations are common in Indian mythology.) Being threatened with some danger, Hanimant put himself at the head of many thousands of his brother gods, and led them to the fea fide; where finding no ship, he took a leap into the ocean, and an island immediately rose under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all fafe to the island of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a facred relick, and many pilgrimages were made to visit it. In 1554, the Portuguese made a descent on that-island, and among other things feized the holy tooth. The Indian princes offered 700,000 ducats in ranfom, but by the perfuasion of the archbishop, Don Constantine de Braganza, the Portuguese viceroy, burned it in the presence of the Indian ambassadors. A BANIAN, however, had the art to persuade his countrymen that he was invisibly prefent when the Portuguese burnt the tooth, that he had secreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His flory was believed, fays our author, and the king of Bisnagar gave him a great sum for a tooth which he produced as the facred relick. The ftriking refemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles,

crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even in cloacis, is worthy of ob-

According to Joannes Oranus, the Brahmins of Agra fay, that the world shall last four ages or worlds, three whereof are past. The first continued one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years. Men in that world lived ten thousand years,

* Both Camöens and Faria affert that feveral of the Indian idols refemble those of the Grecian fable:

Here spreading horns an human vifage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandish'd wide;
So Titan's son the race of heaven defy'd.
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis hallowed shade
Grinn'd horrible——

In the temple of the Elephant, fays Faria, is the Giant Briareus with his hundred hands; Pasiphae and the Bull, and an angel turning a male and a female out of a delicious grove. This he esteems the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradife. In the same temple, says he, is an idol called Mahamuret; with one body and three faces; on his head a triple marble crown of admirable workmanship, exactly refembling the papal mitre. According to the same authority Vistnu having metamorphosed himself into his younger brother Siri Christna, overcame the serpent Caliga, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This, and the origin of Chati, afford fome obvious hints to the investigators of mythology. Tavernier's travels into India ought also here to be cited: Bistnoo, he was told, had been nine times incarnate; had been a lion, a fwine, a tortoife, &c. In the eighth time he was a man, born of a virgin at midnight. At his birth the angels fung, and the sky showered flowers. In his manhood he fought and killed a great giant who flew in the air, and darkened the fun. In this conflict he was wounded in the fide, and fell; but by his fall overcame, and afcended into heaven.

years, were of enormous flature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God visibly appear upon the earth. First in the form of a fish, that he might recover the book of Brahma, which one Caufacar had thrown into the fea. The fecond time in the form of a fnail, (See Dow's account of the symbolical repre-[entations of Brahma] that he might make the earth dry and fo-The other time like a hog, to destroy one who called himfelf God, or as others fay, to recover the earth from the fea, which had fwallowed it. The fecond world lafted one million ninety-two thousand and fix years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thousand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monftrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repress the wickedness of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Brahmin, to punish the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeness of a man called Parcaram, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And lastly in the likeness of one Ram, who flew Parcaram. The third world continued eight hundred and four thousand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world shall endure four hundred thoufand years, whereof only four thousand fix hundred and ninetytwo are elapsed. In this period God is to appear once, and fome hold that he has already appeared in the person of the emperor Echebar.

The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, and their whole mythology, are inconceivably various. According to father Bobours, in his life of Xavier, the Brahmins hold, that the great God having a desire to become visible, became man. In this

his state he produced three sons, Mayso, Vistnu, and Brahma; the first, born of his mouth, the second of his breast, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his invisibility, he assigned various departments to his three sons. To Brahma he gave the third heaven, with the superintendence of the rites of religion. Brahma having a desire for children, begot the Brahmins, who are the priests of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of heaven running in their veins. Other accounts say, that Brahma produced the priests from his head, the more ignorant tribes from his breast, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Brahmins, the fole and supreme god Vistnou, formed the secondary god Brahma, out of a flower that floated on the surface of the great deep before the creation. And afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Brahma, gave him power to create the universe.

According to the Danish missionaries *, the first Being, say the Brahmins, begat eternity, eternity begat Tschinen, Tschinen begat Tschaddy, Tschaddy begat Putady, or the elementary world, Putady begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god Tschatatschinen, from whom Brahma was the fourth in a like descent. Brahma produced the soul, the soul produced the visible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth. What Mr. Dow

^{*} See Phillips's collection of their letters published at London in 1717.

calls the philosophical catechism seems only a refinement of this legend.

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This genealogical nonfense, however, is not confined to India. Hefiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the fchools of Plato, is of the fame class. The Jewish fables, foolish questions and genealogies, reproved by Saint Paul, (epist. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then fprung up. Binah, or understanding, said the cabalifts, begat Cochma, or wisdom, &c. till at last comes Milcach, the kingdom, who begat Skekinah, the divine prefence. In the fame manner the christian Gnostics, of the sect of Valentinus, held their Πλήρωμα, and their thirty ages. Ampfiu and Auraan, they tell us, i. e. profundity and filence, begat Bacua and Tharthuu, mind and truth; these begat Ubucua and Thardeadie, word and life, and these Merena and Atarbarba, man and church. The other conjunctions of their thirty Hones are of similar ingenuity. The prevalence of the same spirit of mythological allegory in fuch different nations, affords the philosopher a worthy field of speculation.

Faria y Soufa, as if conscious that he had tired his reader with Indian legends, adds that, a concise view of this monstrous medley ought to be given by a writer who treats of Indian manners.

The Gentoo religion has a principal peculiar to itself; it admits of no profelytes.

God, they fay, has appointed different religions for different tribes and countries, is with the Brahmin in the temple, with the christian in the church, and with the Jew in the synagogue.

They have many feafts and fasts which they celebrate with many extravagant rites. In commemoration of the death of a martyr, says Mr. Dow, "Some of the vulgar on the fast of "Opposs, suspend themselves on iron hooks, by the stesh of the shoulder blade, to the end of a beam. This beam runs round with great velocity, upon a pivot, on the head of a high pole. "The enthusiast not only seems insensible of pain, but very often blows a trumpet as he is whirled round above, and at certain "intervals sings a song to the gaping multitude below, who very much admire his fortitude and devotion."

The Gentoos have a particular veneration, fays Mr. Holwell, for the numbers one and three. But of this fee a note in Lufiad X.

The Brahmin idea of a future state of retribution is strangely ambiguous. Of the human soul they say, that after various transmigrations and purisications, it shall be absorbed in the deity and consciousness lost in bliss. By this unintelligible sublimity, we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

The dreadful penances of the Brahmins still continue. These they esteem as the certain means of purification from sin. Many rituals

rituals are also believed to confer holiness. Of these, immersion in the river Ganges, and sprinklings of cow dung, are venerated as peculiarly efficacious. Yet alteration of heart, repentance, or abhorrence of moral turpitude, appear to be no conditions of this purification. However a few individuals, whose ideas have been improved by conversation with Europeans, may gloss and refine; that gross ignorance of moral philosophy, which has no idea of moral turpitude, is the just character of Brahmin piety. Nor has their boafted philosophy been able to perceive the immorality of their penances, and of committing felf-murder as the certain passport to heaven. What can the true moralift think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himself in the Ganges, or throws himself under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be crushed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to fociety in general, the author of nature has imposed upon us by an indispensable canon. Yet these duties by the pious suicide are refused on the principles of the weakest superstition. Nor can the moralist view the dreadful aufterities to which the Brahmin philosophers fubmit themselves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his nofe till he can fee in no other direction; he who clenches his fift till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twifts his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow) and he who drowns himself at once, equally incapacitate themselves for the duties of fociety.

And not only the millions who thus do idle penance, but numerous fects of pilgrims also, are mere burdens upon the industrious.

trious. The Fakiers are very numerous. These, according to Mr. Dow, are a set of sturdy beggars, who admit any rustian of good parts, to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thousand men. The country people sly before them, leaving their goods and their wives, (who esteem it a holiness to be embraced by a Fakier) to the mercy and lust of these villians. The prayers of a Fakier are highly esteemed, and often implored, in cases of sterility. The wise and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a signal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a sound drubbing is the reward should the husband dare to interrupt their devotions *.

The city of Benaris is the great feminary of the Brahmin learning. Modern travellers have called it an university. Here the Gentoos study divination, and such kind of philosophy, as Messrs. H. and D. have laid before us.

Postellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Brahmins are descended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, quasi Abrahmanes.

Every

^{*}When the Portuguese admiral, Pedro de Cabral, discovered the Brazils, he found a sest of religionists called Pages, who were venerated in the same manner as the Fakiers of India. "Hi quocunque veniunt, says Osonius, summo omnium plausur recipiuntur, &c." Wherever these come, they are received with the loudest acclamatious, the ways are crowded, verses sung to the music of the country, and dances are performed before them. The most beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are submitted to their embraces. Opinantur enim miseri, si illos placatos babuerint, omnia sibi seliciter eventura; for these wretched ignorants believe, that if they can please these men, every thing will happen well to them." Such is the vast similarity which obtains among all barbarous nations.

Every traveller who has vifited the east, Messrs. Holwell and Dow not excepted, represent the great multitude of the Indians as the most superstitious, and most abandoned of people. The most striking particulars may be thus summed up: the innumerable superstitions performed on the banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakness of humanity. As mentioned by Camöens, (Lusiad VII. and X.) not only dead corpses are conveyed from distant regions to be thrown into the sacred water, but the sick are brought to the river side, where

On beds and litters o'er the margin laid,
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave:
Thus heaven, they deem, tho' vilest guilt they hare
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.

And hence it is no uncommon scene for the English ships to be surrounded with the corpses which come floating down this hallowed stream.

In consequence of their belief in the transmigration of souls, many of the Brahmins abstain from all animal food. Yet however austere in other respects, they freely abandon themselves to every species of letchery, some of them esteeming the most unnatural abominations as the privilege of their sanctity.

The Gentoo mythology provides every deity with a spouse. A god without a wife, being, according to them, as preposterous and unaccomplished as a fire without heat, or a bird without wings.

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Every devil or infernal spirit has also his wife. Like the ancient Jews, the Brahmins ascribe every disease to a devil. The gout, says Faria, they attribute to she-devils in the shape of swine.

A species of the ancient manicheism of Persia is mixed with their religion, and the destroyer, or the frightful demon, as already observed, is worshipped by the authority of their facred books. The first thing they meet in the morning, be it ass, hog, or dog, they worship during the course of the day. Scarcely more stupid were the Pelusians: Crepitus ventris instati, says Hierome, Pelusiaca religio est.

The horrid facrifice of the widows burnt along with the corple of the deceafed husband, is peculiar to India. The opinion that it was instituted to prevent them from poisoning their husbands, must be false, for the facrifice must be voluntary. "The Brah-" mins, fays Mr. H. take unwearied pains to encourage, pro-" mote, and confirm in the minds of the Gentoo wives, this " fpirit of burning." And the origin of it, according to our author, is thus. At the demise of Bramah's mortal part, his wives (so it seems our angel kept a seraglio) inconsolable for his lofs, offered themselves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. All the good wives of the Rajahs and the Gentoos, unwilling to be thought deficient in affection, followed the heroic example, and the Brahmins gave it the stamp of religion, and pronounced, " that the delinquent spirits of these beroines, immediately ceased from "their transmigrations, and entered the first boboon of purification." The Brahmins, fays our author, strained some obscure passages of Bramah's Shaftah, to countenance this their declared fense; inflituted stituted the ceremonials that were to accompany the facrifice, and foifted it into the Chatab and Aughtorrah Bhades.

Mr. Dow gives a very different account of this facrifice. His words are these, "The extraordinary custom of the women burning themselves with their deceased husbands, has, for the most part, fallen into disuetude in India; nor was it ever reckoned a religious duty, as has been very erroneously supposed in the west." Whence then this late alteration? The beginning of an assimilation to European ideas can only account for it. For surely it did not proceed from any text of their sacred scriptures. Nay, a text of the sacred Shaster, as cited by Mr. D. plainly encourages the horrid practice. "The woman who dies with her husband, shall enjoy life eternal with him in heaven." Feeble minds, says he, misinterpreted this into a precept. To those, however, who are unskilled in glossing casuistry, no admonition can be more obvious.

And nothing can be more evident than that this facrifice is a prieftly inftitution; the priefts and their scriptures, encourage, direct and attend it: it is therefore a religious ceremony.

Yet amid all this gross superstition, it cannot be supposed but that some virtues, however * obliquely, are occasionally taught. They

^{*} A very pretty allegory from Faria's account of the Brahmin legends, will be here in place. "Darmaputrem being favoured with a view of hell, faw a man encompassed with immense treasure, yet miserably perishing with hunger. He enquired the reason, and was answered, that upon earth the sufferer had enjoyed these treasures, but had never given any alms; only that

They particularly inculcate the comprehensive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that divine beings often assume the habit of mendicants, in order to distinguish the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have several traditions of the virtuous on these happy trials, being translated into heaven; the best designed incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Besides the Brahmins, the principal sect of that vast region called India, there are several others, who are divided and subdivided, according to innumerable variations, in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a sect who strictly abstain from all animal food, are numerous.

From their religion and philosophy, these pilots of human manners, we now proceed to the peculiar characteristics of the Gentoos.

As the Gentoo tribes never intermarry, India may properly be faid to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the same vessel. The Brahmins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themselves: If they trespass in these or in many other similar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a despised crew, called the Hallachores, who are the lowest of the community, the rabble of India.

This

that one time by pointing with his finger, he had directed a poor man to the house where the rice given away in charity was kept. Darmaputrem bade him put the finger with which he pointed into his mouth. The sufferer did so, and immediately was refreshed by the taste of the most excellent viands. Darmaputrem on his return to the earth gave great alms, and afterward for his charity was received into paradise.

This prohibition of intermarriage gives us a very mean idea of Indian policy. The bent of genius and affection, as Camoens observes, are thus barbarously facrificed. If a nobleman, says our poet, should touch or be touched by one of another tribe,

A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,

Can scarce his tainted purity restore.

Nothing, fays Oforius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the fame author, that Indian nobility (and in Europe it is too much the fame) cannot be forfeited, or even tarnished, by the basest and greatest of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the most illustrious actions. But what above all may be called the characteristic of the Indian, is his total insensibility to the passion of love:

I faid to contain four different assions. They will activer est the

Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms

The willing husband yields his spouse's charms.

In unendear'd embraces free they blend;

Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend

The nuptial couch———

Sentiment, or the least delicacy of affection, have no share in the intercourse of the sexes in India. This grossness of their ideas is indisputably proved by the very spirit of their laws, which suppose that semale chastity cannot exist. Conjugal sidelity is neither enjoined, nor hoped for; and the right of succesfion by law devolves to the fifter's children, it being efteemed impossible for any man to know which is his own fon; whereas the affinity of the female line is by nature certain. To some perhaps, the feebleness of the constitutions of the Gentoos may account for this wretched apathy; and to feveral circumstances may their feebleness be attributed. The men marry before fourteen, and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nourishment, and they are extremely averse to any manly exercise. It is better to sit than to walk. they fay, to lie down than to fit, to fleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparalleled pufillanimity with which they have long submitted to the oppressions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan mafters, likewife shews their deadnefs to every manly refentment: 100 millions enflaved by 10 millions, (the number according to Mr. Orme, of the Gentoos and their Mohammedan mafters) is a deep difgrace to human nature. Yet, notwithstanding all this dormancy of the nobler passions, though incapable of love, they prove the position, (for which phylicians can eafily account) that debility and the very fever of the vilest letchery go hand in hand *. Many of the Brahmins VOL. II.

^{*} Montesquieu, in enumerating his reasons why christianity will never prevail in the east, advances as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and necessary in these climates. Tristram Shandy tells us, that his father was a most excellent system-builder, was sure to make his theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at such an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Montesquieu, his philosophy here, is exactly contrary to experience. In every country, the births of males and semales are nearly proportioned to each other. If in any country, polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the best claim. But the warlike independent spirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their

Brahmins are merchants; and by every authority they are deferibed as the most artful, most hypocritical, and most fraudulent of traders. To sum up their character, let it be added, that the freedom with which their friends ascend the nuptial bed, is, in matters of love, perhaps, the least of their unsentimental indelicacy. The best Portuguese authors assure us, that the women of every tribe, the wives of princes not excepted, were free to the embraces of the fanctished Brahmins; and the Fakiers, at this day, under the sanction of privilege, spread pollution when they please, over every virgin or marriage bed among the Gentoos.

And furely the warmest admirer of Indian philosophy and manners, cannot dispute the picture we have drawn, when he is referred to Messis. Holwell and Dow, for the fullest virtual confirmation of the truth of every seature. At the entrance upon his work, Mr. H. calls the Brahmins, "a people, who from the "earliest times have been an ornament to the creation, if so "much can with propriety be said of any known people upon "earth." But at the end of his VIIth chapter, after having necessarily

princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thousand of the finest women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand, the slavish Asiatics, who viewed their rajabs as beings of a superior rank, submitted to the lust of these masters, whose debility prompted the desire of unbounded variety. This history of polygamy will be found to be just. Polygamy is not the child of nature, it is the offspring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the most absolute tyranny subsists. Neither to the genial vigour of passion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philosopher and physician will attribute the unblushing prevalence of some crimes,—crimes which disgrace human nature, and which particularly characterise the depraved manners of the ensembled east.

necessarily confessed many circumstances which speak loudly against them, he thus characterises the Gentoos: " In general, " fays he, they are as degenerate, crafty, fuperstitious, litigious, " and wicked a people, as any race of beings in the known world, "if not eminently more fo, especially the common run of the " Brahmins; and we can truly aver, that during almost five " years that we prefided in the judicial Cutcherry Court of "Calcutta, never any murder or atrocious crime, came before "us, but it was proved in the end, a Brahmin was at the "bottom of it:" But then, adds our author, "the remnant " of Brahmins (whom we have before excepted) who feclude "themselves from the communications of the busy world, in a " philosophic and religious retirement, and strictly pursue the te-" nets and true spirit of Chartah Bhade of Bramah, we may " with equal truth and justice pronounce, are the purest models of " genuine piety that now exist, or can be found on the face of the " earth." have alreedy feen that every firstian f

This latter fentence founds very high; but every liberal mind, who has converfed with the world, is convinced that worthy men are to be found in every fect, that of the Indian Fakier, perhaps alone excepted; men whose natural fagacity and strong native goodness of heart, are preservatives against the full influence of the most pernicious tenets. And thus Mr. Holwell, if we make a little allowance for his most evident partiality, ends his fuperlative encomiums on the Brahmins, in a compliment by no means peculiar, in a mere nothing.

The most important question relative to the Gentoos, the very diftant and fuperior antiquity of their scriptures, remains yet unconfidered. Meffrs. Holwell and Dow, however opposite in their accounts of the Shaftah and its doctrines, most perfectly agree in afcribing to that work, an antiquity more remote than that of any known writings. But the testimony of other travellers, ere we proceed farther, requires an impartial examination. "The Bedang or Shafter, the facred book of the Brah-" mins, fays Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, " one philosophical, the others allegorical. These latter, says he, " have afforded ample field for the invention of the Brahmins. "From the many allegorical systems of creation contained in " the Shafters, many different accounts of the cosmogony of the " Hindoos, have been promulgated in Europe, some travellers " adopting one fystem, some another." By this confession, the jarring accounts of other travellers are accounted for, and we have already seen that every striking feature of the pictures they have given, is most effectually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. And thus, the accounts of the superstition and idolatry of the Brahmins, which, till lately, were unquestioned, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparalleled circumstance, were the concurrent testimony of the most authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, to deferve no credit. Many of these were men of profound, of fuperior learning, and of unblemished candour; and for a superior number of years than either Mr. H. or D. conversed with the most learned, and we have no reason to doubt, with the most honest of the Brahmins.

One of these, Abraham Roger, lived fifteen years among the Brahmins, and was in intimate friendship with one of them, named Padmanaba. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he published his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent enquirer. Of his good fense, let one pasfage bear testimony: " Can we believe, says he, that there is a " generous spirit residing in a people who for two or three thou-" fand years, have placed the greatest degree of sanctity and " prudence in half-starving themselves, and in depriving them-" felves of the lawful conveniences of life? Yet fuch aufterities " were the chief employments of the ancient Brachmane, and " are now of the modern Brahmins." The fentiment here contained, in value of just observation, true philosophy, true piety, and good common fense, is worth all that our late travellers, for these thirty years past, have written on the philosophy and religion of India.

Mr. Holwell candidly owns that Baldeus resided thirty years among the Brahmins; that his translation of the Viedam (the Malabar word for Shastab) is literal, and that it is a monster (ch. iv. p. 33.) that shocks reason and probability; and this happened, he says, by his not attending to the allegory. The errors of other travellers, he owns, did not proceed from misinformation, but from not drawing the veil, from not penetrating by the help of allegory, into the true doctrines of India. But this we presume, in plain English, will run thus: Former travellers gave us a true picture of the popular religion of India, but they did not attend to the gloss and refinement of the recluse remnant of the Brahmins.

And for this very reason, we judge them just so much the more worthy of credit. No man needs to take a voyage to India, or to study the sacred Shanscrita, on purpose to discover how the few either gloss or philosophize. He is an idle traveller who gives us the refinements of a learned jesuit as the religion of Rome. He who displays the true character of it, will tell us what superstition possesses the general mind; will tell us, that superstition for the authority of the pope and holy church, is the only religious principle which has any fixed hold on the belief or practice of the multitude.

And according to the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, who did not allegorise, the date of the first appearance of the Brahmin Shasters, is involved in the utmost uncertainty. Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow, are the two great champions of the opinion, that the sacred books of India, are of higher antiquity than the writings of any other nation, and that the Jewish Scriptures are founded upon, and borrowed from them. As each of these writers decries, with no small contempt, the testimony of every traveller except himself, the accounts which these gentlemen have given of the origin of the Shasters requires our attention.

Mr. Holwell well knew that the books held facred in India, contain many of the groffest impieties. He therefore owns, that the Shastab had underwent two remarkable innovations; and that the Brahmins "in process of time lost fight of their divine ori"ginal, and in its place substituted new and strange doctrines."

—"The stedfast faith of the Gentoos touching the antiquity of their

"their scriptures," he tells us (ch. iv. p. 22.) is thus,—"they date the birth of the tenets and doctrines of the Shastah, "from the expulsion of the angelic beings from the heavenly regions." That 4877 years ago, these tenets were reduced into a written body of laws by Bramah, and published to the people of Indostan. That one thousand years after, they underwent a remarkable innovation in the publication of the Chatah Bhade Shaslah; and that 3377 years ago, (computing from the present year 1777) these original scriptures again suffered "a second and last change or innovation in the publication of the Aughtorrah Bhade Shaslah; which occasioned the first and only schism amongst the Gentoos, that subsists to this day, namely between the followers of the Aughtorrah Bhade Shaslah and the followers of the Viedam."

These changes of their Scriptures, our author ascribes to the craft of the priests, who by these means enslaved the people to their own authority. The sirst innovation was a paraphrase on the Shastah, in which the original was retained. At this time the Brahmins appropriated the Sanscrit character to themselves, and introduced that which is now the common one of Hindostan. In the second innovation, says our author, "the original text was in a manner, sunk or alluded to only." In these commentaries mythology was first introduced; the history of their princes, numberless ceremonies, and new divinities were added, and "the whole enveloped in impenetrable obscurity by fable and allegory, beyond the comprehension even of the common tribe of Brahmins themselves." Again, says our author, "the Brahmins having tasted the sweets "of priestly power by the first of their innovations, determined

" to enlarge and establish it by the promulgation of the last .-"In this the exterior modes of worship were so multiplied, and " fuch a numerous train of new divinities created—the daily " obligations of religious duties, which were by these new in-" ftitutes imposed on every Gentoo, from the highest to the lowest " rank of the people, were of fo intricate and alarming a nature, " as to require a Brahmin to be at hand, to explain and officiate " in the performance of them .- From this period, superfittion, " the fure support of priestcraft, took fast possession of the " people—every head of a family was obliged to have a house-" hold Brahmin,-and in fact they became mere machines, ac-" tuated and moved, as either the good or evil intentions of their " houshold tyrant dictated."

The schism produced by the last innovation of the Shaftah is thus mentioned by our author. " The Brahmins of Corman-" dell and Mallabar, finding their brethren upon the course of " the Ganges, had taken this bold step to inslave the laity, set up " for themselves, and formed a scripture of their own, founded, "as they faid, upon the Chatah Bhade of Bramah; this "they called the Viedam"-or the divine words of the mighty Spirit.

Thus, the Gentoo scriptures were translated from the language of angels, and first reduced to writing by Brahma, 4877 years ago; that is, when Methuselah was a boy. They underwent a great change 1000 years after, which was near 200 years before Abraham was born; and a still greater change 500 years after, which was before Jacob went into Egypt. Since which

time

time they have continued unchanged, and efteemed by their dif-

Mr. Dow on the other hand, assures us, (Dissert. p. XXVII.) "The Brahmins maintain that the Bedas (Mr. H's. Bhades) are "the divine laws, which Brimba, at the creation of the world, "delivered for the instruction of mankind. But they affirm "that their meaning was perverted in the first age, by the igno- rance and wickedness of some princes, whom they represent as evil spirits who then haunted the earth. They call those evil genii, Dewtas, and tell many strange allegorical legends concerning them; such as, that the Bedas being lost, were afterwards recovered by Bishen, in the form of a fish, who brought them up from the bottom of the ocean, into which they were thrown by a deo or dæmon." Here we are told that the Brahmins maintain that Brimba was the author of their scriptures. Yet in the next page, Mr. D. tells us, the Brahmins deny that any such person as Brimba ever existed.

"The first credible account we have of the Bedas (fays Mr. D.) is, that about the commencement of the Cal Jug, of which æra the present year (1768) is the 4886th year, they were written, or rather collected by a great philosopher and reputed prophet called Beass Muni, or Beass the inspired. The Brahmins do not give to Beass Muni the merit of being the author of the Bedas. They however acknowledge that he reduced them into the present form, dividing them into four distinct books, after having collected the detached pieces of which

"which they are composed from every part of India. It is, upon the whole, probable, that they are not the work of one man, on account of their immense bulk." And for the same reason it is also probable that all the British acts of parliament are not the work of one man.

Thefe four Bedas Mr. D. diftinguishes by the name of the Bedang Shafter. Of Goutam the author of the Neadirsen Shafter we have already given a fufficient account. By what we have already cited Mr. Dow's most cordial acquiescence in the high antiquity of the Shafters is evident. In the following it is brought to a point, "Whether the Hindoos (fays he, pref. p. vii.) " possess any true history of greater antiquity than other nations, " must altogether rest upon the authority of the Brahmins, till we shall "become better acquainted with their records. They give a " very particular account of the origin of the Jewish religion in " records of undoubted antiquity. Raja Tura, fay they, who is " placed in the first ages of the Cal Jug, had a fon who aposta-" tized from the Hindoo faith, for which he was banished by his " father to the west. The apostate fixed his residence in a coun-" try called Mohgod, and propagated the Jewish religion, which "the impostor Mahommed further corrupted. The Cal Jug " commenced about 4885 years ago, and whether the whole "ftory may not relate to Terah and his fon Abraham, is a " point, which (after our undoubted bints bave decided, Mr. D. " might have faid,) we leave others to determine.

[&]quot;There is one circumstance, he continues, which goes far to prove that there is some connection between the Brahmin Bedas

- * Bedas and the doctrines contained in the Old Testament. Ever
- " fince the promulgation of the religion of Mahommed, which is
- " founded upon Moses and the prophets, the Brahmins have totally
- " rejected their fourth Beda, called the Obatar Bah, as the
- " schism of Mahommed, according to them, has been founded
- " upon that book. However extraordinary this reason is for
- " rejecting the fourth part of their religious records, it can fcarcely
- " be doubted, as it is in the mouth of every Brahmin."

Having now afcertained Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's opinion of the fuperior antiquity of the Brahmin records, we shall proceed to examine the merits of this claim. But we shall by no means, altogether rest upon the authority of the Brahmins. This, we presume, would be as unworthy of a man of common sense, as it would be weak in an historian to rest altogether with implicit belief on the characters of men and events, which an exiled tyrant may have been pleased to give, when for his own consolation he wrote the memoirs of his own merited fall. Nor will we suffered our opinion of the Brahmin records, till we shall become better acquainted with them. For we have already most ample matter even from Mess. Holwell and Dow themselves, from which, by every criterion of analogy and of collateral and internal evidence, we may be fully enabled to form our judgment.

We shall begin with the two last sentences from Mr. Dow. And surely it cannot escape the slightest attention, that he sets out with begging a point, (a point never to be granted) and that immediately upon such begged authority, he slips upon us, what he calls an undoubted authority. Mr. Dow strenuously insists that

all the learned Brahmins affert the unity of the Deity. And nothing is more certain than that this, and not the great body of the rituals of the Jewish religion, was the principal doctrine which the Iews received from Abraham. And furely the following reasoning will never bear the touch. The imposture of Mohammed is founded upon Moses and the prophets; that imposture is also so certainly founded upon the fourth Beda, that the Gentoos for that reason have rejected that part of their scripture: therefore this goes far to prove that Moses and the prophets are connected with, or (as the hint implies) derived from the Bedas. This is the fair analysis of our author's reasoning: but unhappily for his whole argument, Mahommedism is not founded on Moses and the prophets. Let him again peruse his Koran, and he will find that it indeed contains a strange perversion of Moses and the New Testament. But furely Mr. D. will not pretend that the historical passages of the O. and N. T. which thus fill the Koran, are founded upon the Obatar Bab. The duty of prayer, and the worship of one God were borrowed by Mahommed, who was bred a pagan, from Moses and the prophets. But surely Mr. Dow will not perfift to infinuate, that thefe, the doctrines of the apostate Abraham, were borrowed from those who banished him for apostacy; or that a sameness in these doctrines will prove the Superior antiquity of the Obatar Bab. Yet to these circumstances, for no other can be supposed, must his observations be reduced. But who has ever read this * Obatar Bah? Why truly Mr. D. tells us, p. xxix. that " the language of the Obatar

It is curious to observe that the Obster Bab, so ancient according to Mr. D. that hardly any body can read it, is nevertheless execrated by Mr. H. as the most modern, and most corrupted of all the Gentoo scriptures. Mr. D. himsels mentions this disagreement.

" Bab is now become obfolete, fo that very few Brahmins pretend " to read it with propriety." And this in our opinion goes far to prove that the Brahmins know little or nothing about the contents of it. In discussing an argument repetition is often necessary: both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow assure us that they received their information from some of the most learned of the Brahmins. And an equal credit is certainly due to each of these gentlemen. But this affords us a clear demonstration that the Brahmins contradict each other in the most essential circumstances, in matters of no less importance, than in the question, who were the authors, and what are the contents of their facred scriptures.

Nothing can be more evident than that both Meff. Holwell and Dow have endeavoured to give fanction to their favourite fystems. by the authority of their admired Gentoos. Mr. Holwell's fyftem is a species of christianity. And Mr. Dow surely cannot be offended, if we call his, radically the reverse of every fuch species. And whatever deference we willingly pay to the veracity of both these gentlemen, yet we must observe that, one of their learned Brahmins must have been amazingly erroneous. And one of these gentlemen has perhaps given a deeper attention to his subject than the other. If we can determine whether Mr. Holwell or Mr. Dow are most authentic, some light will from thence be thrown on the fabrication of the Gentoo scriptures. Nor will we hesitate one moment to pronounce, that, in our opinion, Mr. Holwell's account, upon the whole, is the most authentic. Our reasons are these: Mr. Dow confesses that he had neither time nor leifure to acquire the Shanscrita language, the

tongue in which the facred books of India are written, but that he trusted entirely to his Pundit or interpreter. Mr. Holwell tells us that he read and understood the Sanscrit. Mr. Dow tells us, "the Mahommedans know nothing of the Hindoo learn-"ing," and that it is utterly inaccessible to any but those of their own caft. His words are these, "The Bedas are, by the " Brahmins, held fo facred that they permit no other feet to read "them they would deem it an unpardonable fin to fatisfy " their curiofity in that respect, were it even within the compass " of their power. The Brahmins themselves are bound by such " ftrong ties of religion, to confine those writings to their own er tribe, that were any of them known to read them to others, he " would be immediately excommunicated. This punishment is " worse than even death itself among the Hindoos. The of-" fender is not only thrown down from the nobleft order to the " most polluted cast, but his posterity are rendered for ever inca-" pable of being received into his former dignity." (See Differt. p. xxiv.) And Mr. D. adds, " Not all the authority of Akbar " could prevail with the Brahmins to reveal the principles of their " faith +." p. xxv. And all this does very well when brought as an argument against the accounts which every other writer has given

† So strict in this are they, says Mr. Dow, that only one Mussulman was ever instructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahummud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mohammedan, studied several religions. In the christian he was instructed by a Portuguese. But finding that of the Hindoos inaccessible, he had recourse to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Brahmin, put under the care of one of the most eminent of these philosophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being discovered, he was laid under the restraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

given of the Brahmins. But furely Mr. Dow ought to have paid fome respect to his reader's power of memory, ought to have told him by what means it happened that he was the only man who ever overleapt the dreadful fences which guard the Gentoo faith in impenetrable darkness. Excommunication, that punishment worfe than death itself, was, it seems, difregarded on his account; and, what the great emperor Akbar could never obtain, the principles of the Brahmin faith were laid open to him. In the very page preceding the above quotation of the impossibility of getting a Brahmin to read his scriptures to one of another cast, Mr. Dow, without the least hint how the dread difficulty was overcome, fimply tells us that he " prevailed upon his noble friend " the Brahmin, to procure for him a pundit from the university of "Benaris, well versed in the Shanscrita, and master of all the " knowledge of that learned body." And this pundit or interpreter, thus openly procured from an university, read to Mr. Dow, as he affures us, the facred books of the Brahmins, and explained to him the principles of their faith.

On this we shall make no farther remark; but proceed to some other reasons why we prefer the authority of Mr. Holwell. Mr. D. has in some instances discovered rather a partial acquaintance with his subject; and even a desire to suppress what he did not like. He undertakes to give us an account of the religious rites and principles of the Brahmins: he laments that the classics have given us such imperfect accounts of the Druids; and hints that his account of the Brahmins, will leave posterity no room to complain of a like desect. Yet how unkind to future ages has he been! He says not one word of the holiness of the Gentoo

cows. He fays not one word of the remission of sin, and subsequent holiness which they ascribe to the sprinkling of cow-piss and cow-dung; though no fact can be better ascertained than the supreme veneration which the Brahmins pay to the cow and to her facred excrements; for no doctrine was ever more generally received in any country than this in India. His total omission therefore of the most popular religious ceremony of the Gentoes is quite unpardonable.

"It is an allowed truth, fays Mr. Holwell, that there never was yet any fystem of theology broached to mankind, whose first professors and propagators, did not announce its descent from God." Yet though this observation be universally and incontestably just, and though no people lay bolder claims to various revelations than the Gentoos, though such is the very spirit of every legend, yet all this will be quite unknown to suture ages; for Mr. Dow passes over all these pretensions in the slightest manner. The existence of Brimba, he says, is not believed. Beass Muni, the author of the Bedang, was a reputed prophet; and Goutam the sounder of the other sect was only a philosopher. And thus the Gentoo pretension to divine revelations, a fact as notorious as the Gentoo veneration of cow dung, is also very handsomely suppressed.

Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, has also his foibles. His fystem, and all the arguments he has brought in support of it, are pretty well spiced with infanity. Yet whenever he was so happy as to lose sight of his favourite system, Mr. Holwell's accounts of Gentoo opinions and manners bear every mark of authenticity, and are fully confirmed by the most intelligent of former

former travellers. Mr. Holwell's account therefore, of the origin of the Gentoo scriptures, deserves some regard.

According to Mr. Dow, beäss muni, or the inspired, the collector of the Bedang, lived about 4000 years ago, and some ages after him his Bedang was revised by one Sirider Swami. "Since which," he says, "it has been reckoned sacred, and "not subject to any further alterations." And Goutam, the author of the other sect, lived near 4000 years ago. Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, affirms that there were two great corruptions of the Brahmin doctrine. And his manner of accounting for it, That the priests of one half of India, and those of the other half, vied with each other in inventing wild and monstrous legends, on purpose to raise their power by means of the deepest superstition; is infinitely more credible, than that these huge volumes of absurd metaphysics, and numberless contradictory fables, the Bedang and Neadirsin Shasters, were collected and compiled by two or three prosound philosophers.

Both Mr. H. and Mr. D. agree, that fince the innovations and compilings which they mention, the Shafters have remained unaltered, and have been held by their followers as facred. That there should be such a number of commentators upon the scriptures of Bramah, about 4000 years ago, and none since that time, appears to us highly incredible: that the priests of that period, found it their interest to invent new legends, but that the priests of succeeding ages added nothing, appears to us as the weakest of suppositions. By a succession of commentators, other countries trace the antiquity of their books of reli-

gion and philosophy to certain periods. Nothing is more natural than that this kind of proof should arise. Yet nothing of this kind is offered to ascertain the high antiquity of the books of Hindostan.

The consequence therefore is, that like the legends of the Romish saints, these Shasters are the accumulated superstition of many ages, some of which were very distant from each other, and some of them not very distant from our own times. Not to mention the authority * of Ferishta, the Persian historian of Hindostan, who denies the high antiquity of the Gentoo writings; certain it is, from internal evidence, that the doctrines of the pure Shastah of Mr. Holwell, were unknown or unregarded by the Brahmins who lived about 2000 years ago. When a religious

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^{*} Ferishta afferts that the Hindoos have no history of better authority than the Mahaberit, which is a legendary poems esteemed by the present Brahmins of a much later date than the Shafters. Mr. Dow, however, fets this authority aside. "The Mohammedans, he says, know nothing of the Hindoo " learning" And Ferishta collected his accounts from Persian authors, being " altogether unacquainted with the Shanscrita, or learned language of the " Brahmins, in which the internal history of India is comprehended." In invalidating the authority of the History which he gave to the Public, Mr. Dow might have added one circumstance which most effectually would have ferved his purpose; a circumstance which makes the whole of Ferishta's history oppear as a meer fabrication. This Historian, though he treats of that particular period, has not one word of the arrival, or of the wars of the Portuguese in India. Though they reigned lords of all the Asiatic seas; though this native country Persia, and every prince of India, were, at different times, for almost a whole century, harassed by their wars; though the politics of every court of Hindoltan were influenced by the conquests and neighbourhood of these warlike and powerful strangers, honest Ferishta, in his history of that very period as translated by Mr. Dow, appears never to have heard one word about the matter. What pity is it that Mr. Dow, who shews such good will to condemn his author's authority, should have omitted this conclusive and most extraordinary circumstance.

rite is in direct opposition to a cardinal injunction, we must give up the antiquity of the one or the other. Mr. Holwell tells us that the pure Shaftah of Brahma prohibits self-murder under the dreadful penalty of eternal damnation; that the foul which commits it shall never have another state of probation in a mortal body. Yet no fact in ancient history is more certain than that the Indian philosophers about 2000, and 1500 years ago, usually and oftentatiously in public, committed felf-murder, in the belief that it would convey them immediately to heaven. Did these philosophers know or believe what the pure Shaftah of Brahma fays of suicide? Or did Brahma's wives, and the priests who instituted the rites of the horrid self-murder of widows, did they know of this dreadful prohibition?

Mr. Holwell affures us (ch. viii. p. 15.) that the angelic fall, and its confequent metempfychofis, the one the crime, the other the punishment of these unhappy free agents, form the fine + qua non of the Gentoos, but Mr. Dow fays not one word of the angelic fall; fo far from it, his Brahmin fystem excludes such supposition. From hence, and from numberless other irrefragable proofs, certain it is that the Brahmins are irreconcileably divided among themselves upon what are the doctrines of the Shastah. Different sects of all religions give different interpretations to their

> X 2 records

[†] Yet in ch. vii. p. 151. he tells us that the Gentoos have lost fight of their original fin, or defection, " (i. e. the angelic fall) and that the whole " conduct of the drama of the Chatab and Aughtorrab Bhades-has not the " smallest retrospect to their first transgression, or the means of atoning for

[&]quot;it.—This, adds he, is the fituation of the bulk of the people of Indoftan,

[&]quot; as well as of the modern Brabmins; amongst the latter, if we except one

[&]quot; in a thousand, (i. e. who can allegorife) we give them over-measure."

records held facred. But it is peculiar to the religious of India to contradict each other in the most essential historical circumstances.

This disagreement, peculiar to the learned Brahmins, is easily accounted for. They have a great multiplicity of Shafters ‡; as many perhaps as there were fanatic sermons in the days of Cromwell. And to this let it be added, they are written in a dead language, in a tongue and character different from those of common use in India; and their contents are concealed with the most jealous care. The Brahmins are the sole masters of them; and to read and explain them to the man of another cast incurs the most dreadful of all the Gentoo punishments. On account of this secrecy some may venerate the wisdom and sacredness of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to suspect that there is something extremely absurd, frivolous, and childish, in what is thus religiously enveloped in the veil of darkness.

In the course of this enquiry, we have seen some most striking alterations in the Brahmin tenets and character. These philosophers do not now upon principle die by sire. Sixteen hundred years ago they had no idols. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, all the superstition of ancient Egypt,

[†] Mr. Dow fays, (p. xxxviii. in a note) "There are many Shasters "among the Hindoos, so that those writers who assirmed, that there was "but one Shaster in India, which, like the bible of the christians, or Koran "of the followers of Mahommed, contained the first principles of the Brahmin faith, have deceived themselves and the public."

Egypt, in the adoration of animals and vegetables, seemed more than revived by the Brahmins. Two hundred years ago, the Gentoo princes offered immense sums for the sacred tooth of the monkey, Hanimant. We are assured by gentlemen of observation who have been long in India, that there is not now a Gentoo of fortune who would give a farthing for it. And both Mr. H. and D. found such able philosophers and allegorisers among the Brahmins, as never any former traveller conversed with in India.

"Sieb, fays Mr. H. literally fignifies a destroyer, an avenger, a punisher, and is the object of great dismay and terror to the Gentoos; but modern expounders of Bramah's Shastab, have fostened the rigour of his character, by giving him names and attributes of a very different nature from that of Sieb. They call him Moisoor, (a contraction of Mahabsoor, the most mighty destroyer of evil) and under this soothing title he is worshipped, not as Sieb the destroyer, but as the destroyer of evil. The other epithet they have given to him is Moidéb, (a contraction of Mahahdebtah, the most mighty angel) in this sense he is worshipped as the averter of evil, and under this characte. The he has the most altars erected to him."

After this most egregious instance of modernising, nothing need be added in proof that the present are very different from the ancient doctrines of India. In a word, the rabbinical pretensions that Adam, Seth, and Enoch wrote great part of the Talmud, and that Abraham taught astronomy and mathematics in the plains of Mamre, are not more absurdly ridiculous than

the Gentoo pretentions to a fimilar antiquity of their facred books. Every one, who is acquainted with the hiftory of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that most bigotted people the Jews, was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and stupid, after their return from Affyria, they began to philosophize. The supersition and idolatry of the modern Brahmins have certainly, in the fame manner, received great improvement of features from the conversation of Europeans, whose example, however otherwife vicious, could not fail to convince them of the abfurdity of fuch mental weakness. Nor can we pass unobserved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its subject, the knowledge of the good being, it feems to be the most valuable of the whole, except the fecond, which treats of the religious and moral duties. Yet the Brahmins, fays Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, because the Mohammedan religion, they fay, is borrowed from it. On the supposition, which they pretend, that their sacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable, as the reason for rejecting the fourth Beda, is submissive and ridiculous. The rejection of a part of their facred fcriptures thus openly confessed, and yet the whole most carefully concealed from the eyes of every enquirer; the alterations of their tenets and character; the propenfity the human mind has to improve when under long and favourable opportunities, all concur in demonstrating that not only the systems of Mess. H. and D. are widely different from those of the ancient Gentoos, but that whatever in future may be given by the most learned Brahmins, as their genuine and ancient tenets, ought by no means to be DEPENDED UPON AS SUCH. While the Brahmins

Brahmins continue a fect, those leading principles of human nature, zeal for what is esteemed facred, and partiality to national honour, will ever influence them, when they lay their philosophy before the eyes of ftrangers, particularly where the boafted fecrecy of near 4000 years, promifes the impossibility of detection. Shall we believe that the glosses and refinements of the modern learned Brahmins, contain the genuine ideas and principles of the ancient Hindoos? We may as well believe that the popish priests on the Indian mission, will give the Brahmins a faithful hiftory of the deteftable tyranny and abominable wickedness of the popes and their holy church, during the monkish ages. Who that considers these striking facts, and their certain consequences, can withhold his contempt, when he is told of the religious care with which the Brahmins have these four thousand years preserved their facred rites? An absurdity only equal to that of those who tell us, that God instructed Adam in the mysteries of free masonry, and that Noah every new moon held a mason's lodge in the ark.

And yet all this is nothing to the ridicule of what follows: Where does the pure Shaftah of Brahma exist? Mr. D.'s learned pundit seems never to have heard a word about it. Why truly, the original text of Brahma is preserved, says Mr. H. ch. iv. p. 13. in the Chatah Bhade, or six scriptures of the mighty spirit. This work, he says, is a paraphrase on the pure Shastah, which consisted only of sour scriptures; therefore, the original text must be only interspersed. And this paraphrase Mr. H. reprobates as the infamous work of priestcrast, and the original cause of the polytheism of the Gentoos. And this pure text is not

only to be picked *, at discretion and pleasure, out of this mother of idolatry, but the ability so to do is confined to a very few families. "The original, plain, pure, and simple tenets, "(fays Mr. H. p. 15.) of the Chatab Bhade of Bramab (1500 "years after its first promulgation) became by degrees utterly "lost; except to three or four Goseyn families, who at this day "are only capable of reading and expounding it, from the "Sanscrit character; to these may be added a few others of the "tribe of Batteezaaz Brahmins, who can read, and expound "from the Chatab Bhade which still preserved the text of the "original, as before remarked."

Can pretentions to the most remote antiquity be more completely ridiculous! By these three or four families who only can discover, read, and expound the pure Shashab of Brahma, we must understand those Brahmins with whom Mr. H. conversed, and whom, in the utmost probability he taught to say as he said; and then (like those who have been to the cunning man, on enquiry after stolen goods or a sweetheart) came home highly satisfied with having his own hints repeated to him in other words.

And thus, from the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, most virtually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. we have displayed the wild, capricious, and gross spirit of the Gentoo theology; the endless confusion of their legends; the impiety and puerility of their metaphysics; their ignorance of natural philosophy;

The abfurdity of this arbitrary selection of the pure Shastah, is demonstrated, undesignedly, by Mr. H. himself. He says the pure Shastah of Brahma contained no mythology; and yet what he has selected as the pure Shastah, as the quotations already given, evince, is mythological.

philosophy; the immorality of their penances and idolatry; the general turpitude and baseness of the Hindoo character; the alteration of their principles and manners in various ages; the utter uncertainty of the various dates of their writings held facred; and, above all, the absurdity of those who have maintained that these writings have remained unaltered almost these 4000 years, and are of superior antiquity to the records of any other nation.

It is an observation founded on experience, that the zealot of any sect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumstance the best gloss, and strain every seature, as much as possible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend †. And from the contradictory accounts of Mr. H. and Mr. D. let suture travellers beware how they obtrude upon Europe, the opinions of two or three Brahmins, as the only genuine doctrines of the Gentoos. The irreconcileable contradictions of these philosophers

† In this manner Josephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his history of the Jews. He has altered, suppressed, glossed, and falsisied, on purpose to adapt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as possible, to the taste of the Greek and Roman philosophers. In the same manner, we believe, it may be asserted, that every Jesuit behaves, when he defends popery in conversation with an intelligent dissenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a sensible papiss, who either from ignorance of the history of his own religion, or from prejudice in its savour, will very considently deny the horrid cruelties, superstitions, and villanous arts of holy church; those intrigues and transactions which form the principal part of the history of Europe during six or seven monkish centuries. Yet what wise man will upon such evidence reject the testimony of ages? The allusion is apt, and the inference is the same.

phers have been demonstrated. And these contradictions evidently appear to have thus arisen: The philosophy and mythology of the Gentoos, form fuch a boundless chaos of confusion and contradictions, that no two of these philosophers, unacquainted with each other, can possibly give the same or a confiftent account of their tenets: And whenever one of superior ingenuity vamps up a fine philosophical theory out of the original mass, another, perhaps equally ingenious, comes and puts one in mind of the fable of the bee and the spider in Swift's battle of the books. The spider had with great pains just finished his web to catch flies, when the bee blundered that way, and demolished it. " A plague split you, (quoth the spider) for a giddy whoreson, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter and do you think I have nothing else to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a-----?"

And verily, verily, in this strain may the most learned of the modern Brahmins exclaim to each other.

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LUSIAD

to Sealth Fee bottom had his raft abade,

Is made far lawns, the bleft Elyfum being a

BOOK VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the filent CATUAL view'd
The pictured fire with feeming life endued;
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,
Smooth flowed his fweepy beard of gloffy white;
When thus, as fwift the Moor unfolds the word,
The valiant Paulus to the Indian lord:

Bold though these figures frown, yet bolder far These godlike heroes shined in ancient war. In that hoar sire, of mien serene, august, Lusus behold, no robber-chief unjust; His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus a bore, He waves, the emblem of his care of yore; The friend of savage man, to Bacchus dear, The son of Bacchus, or the bold compeer, What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd, The youthful god subdued the savage world, Bade vineyards glisten o'er the dreary waste, And humanized the nations as he past. Lusus, the loved companion of the god, In Spain's fair bosom sixt his last abode, Our kingdom founded, and illustrious reign'd.

Where

The thyrfus however, was a javelin twifted with ivy-leaves, used in the facrifices of Bacchus.

^{*} His cluster'd bough, the fame which Bacchus bore—Camöens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the enlign of Lufus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrfus of Bacchus,

O verde tyrfo foi de Bacco ufado.

b In those fair lawns the blest Elysum feign'd—In this affertion, our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation sufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting several Spanish writers, particularly Barbosa, who seriously affirm that Homer drew the sine description of Elysum, in his fourth Odyssey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where, in one of his voyages, it is said he arrived. Egypt, however, seems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpse over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceased, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refused the honours of sepulture. The place of the catacombs, according to Diodorus Siculus, was surrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderness of groves. And it is universally known that the greatest part of the Grecian

Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.
Here with his bones he left his deathless fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroidered silk displays,
Tost o'er the deep whole years of weary days,
On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid:
To wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born maid,
Who sired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed shrine:

Ulyffes

fables were fabricated from the customs and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have also claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the bleffed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, fays an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician sailors. That these navigators traded to the coasts of Britain is certain. In the middle of fummer, the feason when the ancients performed their voyages, for about fix weeks there is no night over the Orkney islands; the disk of the fun during that time scarcely sinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which usually prevails at that season, and the beautiful verdure of the islands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that these islands were inhabited by the spirits of the just. This, fays our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his islands of the Happy, at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and feveral others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, feems probable; and on this supposition the insulæ fortunatæ, and purpurariæ, now the Canary and Madeira islands, also claim the honour of giving colours to the description of Elysium. The truth however appears to be this: That a place of happiness is reserved for the spirits of the good, is the natural fuggestion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breast. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their heaven in beautiful islands at an immense distance over the ocean. The idea is universal, and is natural to every nation in the state of barbarous simplicity.

Ulyffes he, though fated to destroy

On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of c Troy,

On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,

He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa d rise.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,

Who ftrews the smoaking field with heaps of slain?

What numerous legions sly in dire dismay,

Whose standards wide the eagle's wings display?

The pagan asks; the brother chief replies,

Unconquer'd deem'd proud Rome's dread standard slies.

His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,

The hero-shepherd, Viriatus rose;

His country saved proclaim'd his warlike same,

And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.

That

For fome account of this tradition, fee the note, BOOK III. p. 26. Ancient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not scrupled to insert one, which required an apology.

Spenfer has given us the history of Brute and his descendants at full length in the Faerie Queen; and Milton, it is known, was so fond of that absurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the subject; and by this fondness was induced to mention it as a truth in his introduction to the history of England.

The beaven-built towers of Troy-Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

d On Europe's strand more grateful to the skies, He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa rise-

⁻Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.

[.] The brother chief -- Paulus de Gama.

That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus f bore, To him they shew'd not; for they fear'd him more. Not on the field o'ercome by manly force; Peaceful he flept, and now a murdered corfe By treason flain he lay. How stern, behold, That other hero, firm, erect, and bold: The power by which he boafted he divined. Beside him pictur'd stands, the milk-white hind: Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled To Tago's shore, and Lusus' offspring led; Their worth he knew; in fcatter'd flight he drove The standards painted with the birds of Jove. And lo, the flag whose shining colours own The glorious founder of the Lufian throne! Some deem the warrior of Hungarian & race, Some from Lorraine the godlike hero trace. From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd, Galicia's fons, and Leon's warriors quell'd, To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads, His warlike bands the holy Henry leads, By holy war to fanctify his crown, And to his latest race auspicious wast it down.

And

That generous pride volich Rome to Pyrrbus bore—When Pyrrhus, king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his physician offered to poison him. The senate rejected the proposal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the designed treason. Florus remarks on the infamous aliassination of Viriatus, that the Roman senate did him great honour; ut videretur aliter vinci non potuisse; it was a confession that they could not otherwise conquer him. Vid. Flor. 1.17. For a fuller account of this great man, see the note, BOOK 1. p. 14.

^{*} Some deem the avarrior of Hungarian race—See the note, BOOK III. p. II.

And who this awful chief? aloud exclaims The wondering regent, o'er the field he flames In dazzling fleel, where'er he bends his course The battle finks beneath his headlong force; Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes In vain their spears and towery walls oppose. With fmoaking blood his armour fprinkled o'er, High to the knees his courfer paws in gore; O'er crowns and blood-frain'd enfigns fcatter'd round He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound. In that great chief, the second GAMA cries. The first h Alonzo strikes thy wondering eyes. From Lufus' realm the pagan Moors he drove; Heaven, whom he loved, bestow'd on him such love, Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound, The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground. Nor Ammon's fon, nor greater Julius dared With troops fo few, with hofts fo numerous warr'd: Nor less shall fame the subject heroes own: Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown! On his young pupil's flight his burning 'eyes He darts, and, turn thy flying hoft, he cries,

Back

h The first Alonzo-King of Portugal. See the note, BOOK III. p. 22.

i On his young pupil's flight—— "Some, indeed, most writers say, that the queen (of whom, see Book III. p. 17.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a second time and gained a complete victory. Univ. Hist.

Back to the field—The veteran and the boy Back to the field exult with furious joy: Their ranks mow'd down, their boattful foe recedes, The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor bleeds. Again that mirror of unshaken faith, Egaz behold, a chief felf-doom'd to b death. Beneath Castilia's fword his monarch lay; Homage he vow'd his helpless king should pay; His haughty king relieved, the treaty fourns, With conscious pride the noble Egaz burns; His comely spouse and infant race he leads, Himself the same, in sentenced felon's weeds; Around their necks the knotted halters bound, With naked feet they tread the flinty ground; And proftrate now before Caftilia's throne Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone. Ah Rome! no more thy generous conful 1 boaft, Whose lorn submission saved his ruin'd host: No father's woes affail'd his stedfast mind; The dearest ties the Lusian chief resign'd.

There, by the stream, a town besieged, behold, The Moorish tents the shatter'd walls infold.

VOL. II.

Y

which now the waven beyond the borning zone,

Fierce

E Egaz behold, a chief felf-doom'd to death—See the same story, BOOK III.
p. 19.

¹ Ab Rome! no more thy generous conful boast—Sp. Posthumus, who, over-powered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

Fierce as the lion from the covert fprings, When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings; From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours, And whelms in fudden rout th' aftonish'd Moors. The Moorish king in captive chains he = fends; And low at Lifboa's throne the royal captive bends. Fuaz again the artift's skill displays: Far o'er the ocean shine his ensign's rays: In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly, And the red blaze afcends the blushing sky: O'er Avila's high steep the slames aspire, And wrap the forests in a sheet of fire: There feem the waves beneath the prows to boil; And distant far around for many a mile The glaffy deep reflects the ruddy blaze; Far on the edge the yellow light decays, And blends with hovering blackness. Great and dread Thus shone the day when first the combat bled, The first our heroes battled on the main, The glorious prelude of our naval reign, Which now the waves beyond the burning zone, And northern Greenland's frost-bound billows own.

. blobai ellew L'estred sell some Alizon Again

The Moorish king——The Alcaydes, or tributary governors under the Miramolin or emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spanish and Portuguese writers stiled kings. He who was surprised and taken prisoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho, was named Gama. Fuaz, after having gained the first naval victory of the Portuguese, also experienced their first deseat. With one and twenty sail, he attacked fifty-four large gallies of the Moors. The sea, says Brandan, which had lately furnished him with trophies, now supplied him with a tomb.

Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight! O'erpower'd he finks beneath the Moorish might; Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies, and who added at And lo! his foul triumphant mounts the fkies, Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd, A foreign navy brings the pious " aid. Lo, marching from the decks the fquadrons fpread, Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread. The holy crofs their enfigns bold difplay, To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way; Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore They dye their maiden fwords in Pagan gore. Proud stood the Moor on Lisboa's warlike towers; From Lifboa's walls they drive the Moorish powers: Amid the thickest of the glorious fight, Lo! Henry falls, a gallant German knight, A martyr falls; that holy tomb behold, There waves the bloffom'd palm the boughs of gold: O'er Henry's grave the facred plant arofe, And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant flows.

Y 2

Aloft,

n A foreign navy brings the pious aid—A navy of crusaders, mostly English. See BOOK III. p. 26.

[•] And from the leaver—This legend is mentioned by fome ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camöens has done, of a tradition so enthusiastical, and characteristic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologn. His tomb, says Castera, is still to be seen in the monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries; Instant new wars on new-spread enfigns rife. In robes of white behold a priest P advance! His fword in splinters smites the Moorish lance: Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall: sayada quinol Re And lo! on fair Savilia's batter'd wall, How boldly calm amid the crashing spears, That hero-form the Lufian standard rears. There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain; Lo, rushing through the Moors o'er hills of flain The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim The fon of Egas s, and his worth the fame. Pierced by his dart the ftandard-bearer dies; Beneath his feet the Moorish standard lies: High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze! The victor-youth the Lufian flag difplays. Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides, From the high wall adown his fpear-ftaff glides The dauntless Gerald: in his left her bears Two watchmen's heads, his right the faulchion rears:

The

In robes of white behold a priest advance—" Theotonius, prior of the Re"gulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra. Some ancient chronicles relate
"this circumstance as mentioned by Camöens. Modern writers affert,
"that he never quitted his breviary." Castera.

A The fon of Egas—He was named Mem Moniz, and was fon of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the furrender of himself and family to the king of Castile, as already mentioned.

^{*} The dauntless Gerald—" He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid
the legal punishment to which several crimes rendered him obnoxious, put
himself

The gate he opens; fwift from ambush rife His ready bands, the city falls his prize: Evora still the grateful honour pays, Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays: There frowns the hero; in his left he bears The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears. Wrong'd by his king, and burning for s revenge, Behold his arms that proud Castilian change; The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears, And leads the fiercest of the Pagan spears. Abrantes falls beneath his raging force, And now to Tago bends his furious course. Another fate he met on Tago's shore, Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore; His bleeding army strew'd the thirsty ground, And captive chains the rageful leader bound, Resplendent far that holy chief behold! Aside he throws the sacred staff of gold,

And

himself at the head of a party of freebooters. Tiring however, of that life, he resolved to reconcile himself to his sovereign by some noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who soon became masters of the place. This exploit had its desired effect. The king pardoned Gerald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a sword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city." Castera.

* Wrong'd by his king—Don Pedro Fernando de Castro, injured by the family of Lara, and denied redress by the king of Castile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms against his native country. At the head of a Moorish army he committed several outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

And wields the spear of steel. How bold advance The numerous Moors, and with the refted lance Hem round the trembling Lufians! Calm and bold Still towers the prieft, and lo! the fkies unfold; Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day The Lufians trample down the dread array Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain Low with their flaves four haughty kings lie flain. In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls, Before his rushing host Alcazar falls. There, by his altar, now the hero shines, And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines. That chief behold: though proud Castilia's host He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast: As a pent flood burfts headlong o'er the ftrand, So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land: Nor rampired town, nor caftled rock afford The refuge of defence from Payo's fword. By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prev. And Tavila's high walls at middle day

Fearless

and lo! the skies unfold—"According to some ancient Portuguese histories, Don Matthew, bishop of Lisbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Aleazar, then in possession of the Moors. His troops being suddenly surrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the bishop, a venerable old man, cloathed in white, with a red cross on his breast, appeared in the air. The miracle dispelled the sears of the Portuguese; the Moors were descated, and the conquest of Aleazar crowned the victory." Castera.

Fearless he scales: her streets in blood deplore
The seven brave hunters murdered by the "Moor.
These three bold knights how dread! thro'Spain and "France
At just and tournay with the titled lance
Victors they rode: Castilia's court beheld
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour swell'd:
The bravest of the three their swords surround;
Brave Ribeir strews them vanquish'd o'er the ground.
Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on sire,
That darling son of warlike same admire!
Prostrate at proud Castilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo! the nobles meet:
Softly they seem to breathe, and forward bend
The servile neck; each eye distrusts his friend;

Fearful

u ___ ber freets in blood deplore

The seven brave bunters murder'd by the Moor.

^{- &}quot; During a truce with the Moors, fix cavaliers of the order of St.

[&]quot; James were, while on a hunting party, furrounded and killed by a nume-

[&]quot; rous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen fold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced

[&]quot; to pass that way, came generously to their assistance, and lost his life

[&]quot; along with them. The poet, in giving all feven the fame title, shews us that virtue constitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, grand

[&]quot; master of the order of St. James, revenged the death of these brave un-

[&]quot;fortunates, by the fack of Tavila, where his just rage put the garrison to the sword." Castera.

^{*} These bold knights bow dread!—Nothing can give us a stronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of these champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true spirit of knighterrantry, went about from court to court in quest of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Santarene; and Vasco Anez, soster-brother to Mary, queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

Fearful each tongue to speak; each bosom cold: When colour'd with stern rage, erect and bold The hero rifes; here no foreign throne Shall fix its base; my native king alone Shall reign—Then rushing to the fight he leads; Low vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds. Where proudest hope might deem it vain to dare, God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war. Though fierce as numerous are the hofts that dwell By Betis' stream, these hosts before him fell. The fight behold: while absent from his bands, Prest on the step of slight his army stands, To call the chief an herald speeds away: Low on his knees the gallant chief furvey! He pours his foul, with lifted hands implores, And heaven's affifting arm, inspired, adores. Panting and pale the herald urges speed: With holy trust of victory decreed, Careless he answers, nothing urgent calls: And foon the bleeding foe before him falls. To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled; The hostile fquadron's o'er the kingdom fpread, They cry; unmoved the holy king replies, And I, behold, am offering w facrifice!

Earnest

* And I, behold am offering facrifice—This line, the simplicity of which, I think, contains great dignity, is adopted from Fanshaw,

And I, ye see, am offering sacrifice.-

Earnest I see thy wondering eyes enquire,
Who this illustrious chief, his country's sire?
The Lusian Scipio well might speak his x same,
But nobler Nunio shines a greater name:
On earth's green bosom, or on ocean grey,
A greater never shall the sun survey.

Known by the filver cross and fable y shield,
Two knights of Malta there command the field;
From Tago's banks they drive the sleecy prey,
And the tired ox lows on his weary way:
When, as the falcon through the forest glade
Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood shade,

Darts

who has here catched the spirit of the original:

A quem lbe a dura nova estava dando, Pois eu, responde, estou sacrificando.

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful tidings. "And I, he replies, "am facrificing." The piety of Numa was crowned with victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

* The Lusian Scipio well might speak his fame, But nobler Nunio shines a greater name—

Castera justly observes the happiness with which Camoens introduces the name of this truly great man. Il va, says he, le nommer tout à l'heure, avec une adresse et une magnificence digne d'un si beau sujet.

Two knights of Malta—These knights where first named knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Messina, ere Malta was assigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the holy sepulchre from the profanation of insidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleness of monkish luxury. Their original habit was black with a white cross; their arms gules, a cross, argent.

Darts Roderick on their rear; in scatter'd flight
They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.

Again, behold, in gore he bathes his sword;
His captive friend, to liberty restored,
Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,
The cause, his loyalty as taintless snow.

Here, treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,
Low groveling in the dust the traitor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: again, behold,
Chariot and steed in purple slaughter roll'd:
Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the noblest blood of Spain.

Here

^{*} His captive friend—Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vasco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having discovered that he was in the interest of the king of Castile, drove him from his town and fortress. On the establishment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no sooner was he re-instated in the garrison, than he delivered it up to the Castilians; and plundered the house of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty. Castera.

^{*} Here treason's well-carn'd meed allures thine eyes—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, some holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Castile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the interest of his native prince, and a conference, with the usual assurances of safety, was agreed to. Marin, at his meeting, seized upon Elvas, and sent him prisoner to his castle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traiterous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas. Partly from Costera.

Here, Lisboa's spacious harbour meets the view;
How vast the foe's, the Lusian fleet how sew!
Castile proud war-ships, circling round, enclose
The Lusian gallies; through their thundering rows,
Fierce pressing on, Pereira fearless rides,
His hooked irons grasp the Ammiral's sides;
Confusion maddens; on the dreadless knight
Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might:
Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,
And safe the Lusian gallies speed away.

Lo! where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool shadows o'er the crystal rill;
There twice two hundred sierce Castilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:
Forlorn they seem; but taintless slow'd their blood
From those three hundred who of old withstood,
Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the shepherd bore
The leader's staff of Lusus: equal d flame
Inspired these few, their victory the same.

Though

b And safe the Lusian gallies speed away.—A numerous fleet of the Castilians being on their way to lay siege to Lisbon, Ruy Pereyra, the Portuguese commander, seeing no possibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spanish admiral. The sury of his onset put the Castilians in disorder, and allowed the Portuguese gallies a safe escape. In this brave piece of service the gallant Pereyra lost his life. Costera.

[·] ___the fbepberd-Viriatus.

d __equal flame inspired these few __ The Castilians having laid siege to Almada, a fortress on a mountain near Lisbon, the garrison, in the utmost

Though twenty lances brave each fingle fpear, Never the foes fuperior might to fear Is our inheritance, our native right, Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntless earl behold; on Libva's coast, Far from the fuccour of the Lufian e hoft, Twice hard befieged he holds the Ceutan towers Against the banded might of Afric's powers. That f other earl; -behold the port he bore; So trod ftern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.

What groves of spears Alcazar's gates furround! There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground. A thousand enfigns glittering to the day The waining moon's flant filver horns difplay.

In

distress for water, were obliged at times to make fallies to the bottom of the hill in quest of it. Seventeen Portuguese thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortress. Castera.

· Far from the succour of the Lusian bost-When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes, was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortrefs; which, on account of the uncertainty of fuccour from Portugal, and the earnest desire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his post in two fevere fieges.

-He was the natural fon of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and some others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchased the safe re-

treat of their fovereign.

In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeless conflict lost his king appears;
Amid the thickest of the Moorish spears
Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious strife
He dies, and dying saves his sovereign's life.

Illustrious, lo! two brother-heroes shine,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe f known,
In every court the gallant Pedro shone.
The glorious & Henry—kindling at his name
Behold my failors eyes all sparkle slame!
Henry the chief, who first, by heaven inspired,
To deeds unknown before, the failor sired;
The conscious sailor less the sight of shore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.

The

two brother-beroes shine—The fons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulysses of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He visited almost every court of Europe, but he principally distinguished himself in Germany, where, under the standards of the emperor Sigissmond, he signalized his valour in the war against the Turks. Castera.

^{*} The glorious Henry—In pursuance of the reasons assigned in the preface, the translator has here taken the liberty to make a transposition in the order of his author. In Camöens, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his son De Vian, conclude the description of the pictured ensigns. Don Henry, the greatest man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the best title to close this procession of the Lusian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to sum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even some critical propriety. It remains now to make a few observations on this seeming episode

The various wealth of every distant land He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.

The

of Camoens. The shield of Achilles has had many imitators, some in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Ariosto, in the xxxIII. canto of his Orlando Furiofo, is most fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portuguese poet had his eye. Pharamond, king of France, having resolved to conquer Italy, desires the friendship of Arthur, king of Britain. Arthur fends Merlin the magician to affift him with advice. Merlin, by his fupernatural art, raises a sumptuous hall, on the sides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invalions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greatest masters. A defcription of these pictures, an episode much longer than this of Camöens, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the castle of Sir Triffram, where the inchanted hall was placed. But though the poetry be pleasing, the whole fiction, unless to amuse the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of design, however, is neither claimed by Ariosto, in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore, of the conduct of Homer and Viroil, will be more applicable to Camoens. To give a landscape of the face of the country which is the scene of action, or to describe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful description of Eden, and the admirable painting of the shield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a fuit of cloaths, a part of the fubject, and injure not the gracefulness of the make; or in other words, destroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be observed, that admirable as they are, the pictures on the shield of Achilles, considered by themselves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If fix of the apartments may be faid to rouse the hero to war, the other six may with equal justice be called an obvious admonition, or a charge to turn husbandman. In that part of the Æneid, where Virgil greatly improves upon his master, in the visions of his future race which Anchifes gives to Æneas in Elysium, the business of the poem is admirably fustained, and the hero is inspired to encounter every danger on the view of so great a reward. The description of the shield of Æneas, however, is less connected with the conduct of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended that his poem should contain all the honours of his country, and has therefore charged the shield of his hero, with what parts of the Roman history were omitted in the vision of Elysium. But so foreign are these pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himself tells us Æneas was ignorant of the history which they contained.

The ocean's great discoverer he shines;

Nor less his honours in the martial lines:

The

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

These observations, which the translator believes have escaped the critics, were suggested to him by the conduct of Camöens, whose design, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the shield of Æneas supplies what could not be introduced in the vision of Elysium, so the ensigns of Gama complete the purpose of the third and fourth Lusiads. The use of that long episode, the conversation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the subject, have been already observed. The seeming episode of the pictures, while it sulfils the promise,

And all my country's avars the fong adorn-

is also admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally desire to be informed of the country, the history, and power of their foreign visitors, and Paulus sets it before their eyes. In every progression of the scenery, the business of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are struck with the warlike grandeur and power of the strangers, and to accept of their friendship, or to prevent the forerunners of so martial a nation from carrying home the tidings of the discovery of India, becomes the great object of their consideration. And from the passions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great catastrophe of the Lusiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to some perhaps the expressions,

And the tired ox lows on his weary way——————loud shouts assound the car——

And the abrupt speech of an enraged warrior, ascribed to a picture;

——Here no foreign throne Shall fix its bafe, my native king alone Shall reign—

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be affured, is the language of the genuine spirit of poetry, when the productions of the sister muse are the object of description. Let one very bold instance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the youths and maidens on the shield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope:

Now

The painted flag the cloud-wrapt fiege displays;
There Ceuta's rocking wall its trust betrays.

Black yawns the breach; the point of many a spear
Gleams through the smoke; loud shouts astound the ear.

Whose step first trod the dreadful pass? whose sword
Hew'd its dark way, first with the soe begored?

Twas thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare
The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war.

Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore
The boastful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though these, more numerous warriors shine Th' illustrious glory of the Lusian line.

But

Now all at once they rife, at once descend,
With well-taught seet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for light they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the slying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.——1L. XVIII.

Sometimes when describing a picture, poetry will say, the figures feem to move, to tremble, or to sing. Homer has once or twice, on the shield of his hero, given this hint how to understand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite opposite to the bold and free spirit of poesy, which desights in personification, and in giving life and passion to every thing it describes. It is owing to the superior force of this spirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landscape-views, that the shield of Achilles, in poetical merit, so greatly excels the buckler of Aneas, though the divine workman of the latter, had the former as a pattern before him.

But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous h pride! Friendless the master of the pencil died; Immortal fame his deathless labours gave; Poor man, he funk neglected to the grave!

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd. Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired, The wondering regent of the wars enquired; Still wondering heard the various pleafing tale, Till o'er the decks cold fighed the evening gale: The falling darkness dimm'd the eastern shore, And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar Far to the west, when with his noble band The thoughtful regent fought his native strand.

VOL. II.

A first voiced howling frem

No of tallacu Zoo de son leathb il O'er

But ab, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride-In the original,

Mas faltamibes pincel, faltamibes cores, Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

" But the pencil was wanting, colours were wanting, honour, reward, fa-" vour, the nourishers of the arts." This seemed to the translator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpose of the whole speech of Paulus, which was to give the Catual, a high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary painter, the Lusian poet gives us the picture of his own, and resentment wrung this impropriety from him. The spirit of the complaint, however, is preserved in the translation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathless labours gave: Poor man, he funk neglected to the grave!

is not in the original. It is the figh of indignation over the unworthy fate of the unhappy Camöens.

O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs Aflant the new moon's flender horns arofe; Near her pale chariot shone a twinkling star, And, fave the murmuring of the wave afar, Deep-brooding filence reign'd; each labour closed. In fleep's foft arms the fons of toil reposed. And now no more the moon her glimpfes fhed, A fudden black-wing'd cloud the fky o'erfpread, A fullen murmur through the woodland groan'd, In woe-fwoln fighs the hollow winds bemoan'd: Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering shower. Increased the horrors of the evil hour. Thus when the god of earthquakes rocks the ground. He gives the prefude in a dreary found; O'er nature's face a horrid gloom he throws, With difmal note the cock unufual crows, A shrill voiced howling trembles thro' the air, As paffing ghosts were weeping in despair; In difmal yells the dogs confess their fear, And shivering own some dreadful presence near. So lower'd the night, the fullen howl the fame, And mid the black-wing'd gloom ftern Bacchus came; The form and garb of Hagar's fon he took, The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening i look,

Then

The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look.—Mohammed, by all historians, is described as of a pale livid complexion, and trux aspectus et was terribilis, of a fierce threatening aspect, voice, and demeanour.

Then o'er the pillow of a furious prieft, Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profest, Revealed he flood conspicuous in a dream, His femblance shining as the moon's pale gleam: And, Guard, he cries, my fon, O timely guard, Timely defeat the dreadful fnare prepared: And canst thou careless, unaffected sleep, While thefe ftern lawless rovers of the deep Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne. Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan! He fpoke; cold horror shook the Moorish priest; He wakes, but foon reclines in wonted rest: An airy phantom of the flumbering brain He deem'd the vision; when the fiend again, With sterner mien and siercer accent spoke: Oh faithless! worthy of the foreign voke! And knowest thou not thy prophet sent by heaven, By whom the Koran's facred lore was given, God's chiefest gift to men: And must I leave The bowers of Paradife, for you to grieve, For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe Ye fleep, the careless victims of the foe; The foe, whose rage will foon with cruel joy, If unopposed, my facred shrines destroy. Then while kind heaven th' aufpicious hour bestows, Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.

Z 2

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The same of the same of the same of the same of

When

When foftly ushered by the milky * dawn The fun first rises o'er the daisied lawn,

His

When foftly usher'd by the milky dawn
The sun first rises—

"I deceive myself greatly, (says Castera) if this simile is not the most noble and the most natural that can be found in any poem. It has been imitated by the Spanish comedian, the illustrious Lopez de Vega, in his comedy of Orpheus and Eurydice, act I. scene I.

Como mirar puede ser

El sol al amanecer,

I quando se enciende, no."

Castera adds a very loose translation of these Spanish lines in French verse. The literal English is, As the sun may be beheld at his rising, but when illustriously kindled, cannot. Naked, however, as this is, the imitation of Camöens is evident. As Castera is so very bold in his encomium of this sine simile of the sun, it is but justice to add his translation of it, together with the original Portuguese, and the translation of Fanshaw. Thus the French translator:

Les yeux peuvent soûtenir la clarté du soleil naissant, mais lorsqu'il s'est avancé dans sa carriere lumineuse, & que ses rayons râpandent les ardeurs du midi, on techeroit en vain de l'envisager; un prompt aveuglement seroit le prix de cette audace.

Thus elegantly in the original:

Em quanto he fraca a força desta gente, Ordena como em tudo se resista, 'Porque quando o sol sae, facilmente Se pòde nelle por a aguda vista: Porem depois que sobe claro, & ardente, Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquista Tao cega sica, quondo sicareis, Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanshaw:

Now whilst this people's strength is not yet knit, Think how ye may resist them by all ways, For when the fun is in his nonage yit,
Upon his morning beauty men may gaze;
But let him once up to his zenith git,
He strikes them blind with his meridian rays
So blind will ye be, if ye look not too't,
If ye permit these cedars to take root.

His filver lustre, as the shining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide slaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkness strikes the conquered sight
That dares in all his glow the lord of light.
Such, if on India's soil the tender shoot
Of these proud cedars fix the stubborn root,
Such shall your power before them sink decay'd,
And India's strength shall wither in their shade.

He spoke; and instant from his vot'ry's bed
Together with repose, the dæmon sled;
Again cold horror shook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Messiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace sped the dæmon's slight.
Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought;
His conscious fraud a thousand terrors brought:
As gloomy as the hour, around him stand
With haggard looks the hoary Magi 1 band;

To

Or the Brahmins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23. fays, that the Persian Magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arrianus, l. 7. expressy gives the Brahmins the name of Magi. The Magi of India, says he, told Alexander, on his pretensions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took less rest, and did more mischief. The Brahmins are never among modern writers called Magi.

We

¹ _____Around bim fland
With baggard looks the boary magi band____

To trace what fates on India's wide domain Attend the rovers from unheard of Spain,

Prepared

We have already observed that the wonderful virtues peculiar to some plants very naturally contributed to establish the belief in magic. And certain it is that many of the unlettered natives of Asia and South-America, have a knowledge of feveral drugs most powerful in their effects, either as posson, antidotes of poison, or as disturbers of the imagination. Their ignorance makes them esteem these virtues as magical, and their revenge against all Europeans prompts them to the most religious concealment. In the voyage of James Neccius, a Dutchman, in 1602, we have the account of a strange delirium which seized all those of his crew, who, near the kingdom of Siam, had eaten of a certain fruit like a plum. Some imagined the ship was overpowered by enemies, and boldly defended their cabins; others danced and fung, and thought themselves on shore at a drunken banquet with their friends. And while fome chanted ballelujabs, and believed they faw God and his angels, others lay howling on the decks, and imagined themselves among the damned in hell. (Vide Navig. Jacobi Neccii.) This delirium appears to take possession of whatever temperament of mind happens at the time to be predominant; but happily it is cured by a found sleep. It is a fact well attested, that the Brahmin pretenders to magic have a method of affecting the phantalies of those who apply to them. This is done by fome intoxicating potion, administered with the folemnities of witchcraft: While it begins to operate, the magician's conversation fixes the imagination on the objects he wishes to raise; and after a recovering fleep, these objects are remembered as the clearest visions. In the approaches of natural madness, the imagination is intenfely fixed upon some particular object or affection. This indicates a particular alliance between this species of intoxication, and that most dreadful disease. The Portuguese authors mention other kinds of natural magic, as known to the Indians. When Albuquerque was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a large ship, but just as his men were going to board her, she suddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portuguese to bear off. Three days afterward the same vessel sent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, fays Oforius, were only artificial, and did not the least damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral foon after fent his long boats to attack a ship commanded by one Nehoada Beeguea. The enemy made an obstinate relistance. Nehoada himfelf was pierced with feveral mortal wounds, but lost not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood gushed out, and he expired. According to Osorius,

Prepared in dark futurity to prove

The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove:

Muttering their charms and spells of dreary sound,

With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;

Blue gleams the altar's slame along the walls,

With dismal hollow groans the victim falls;

With earnest eyes the priestly band explore

The entrails throbbing in the living gore.

And so! permitted by the power divine,

The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful m sign.

Here

this was faid to be occasioned by the virtue of a stone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called Cabrisia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effusion of blood from the most grievous wounds. It was natural for the Portuguese soldiers to magnify any appearance of a styptic, which they did not understand. And certain it is that many barbarous tribes are possessed from an atural secrets which the learned of Europe do not yet know. It is not long since an eminent disciple of Newton esteemed the discovery of electricity as the dream of a distempered brain. Barbosa relates that one Machamut, who expelled the king of Guzarat and seized the throne, had so accustomed himself to possons, that he could kill whoever offended him by spitting at them. His concubines never survived a second evening. This perhaps may be thought to confirm what is said of Mithridates, but both stories are undoubtedly somewhat exaggerated.

m The bovering damon gives the dreadful sign.—This has an allusion to the truth of history. Barros relates, that an augur being brought before the Zamorim, "Em bum vaso de agua l'he mostrara bunas naos, que vin ham de muy longe para a India, e que a gente d'ellas seria total destruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes. In a vessel of water he shewed him some ships which from a great distance came to India, the people of which would essect the uter subversion of the Moors." Camoens has certainly chosen a more poetical method of describing this divination, a method in the spirit of Virgil; nor in this is he inserior to his great master. The supernatural slame which seizes on Lavinia, while assisting at the facrissice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunean forest, whither he went to consult his ancestor the god Faunus, in dignity and poetical colouring cannot come in comparison with the divination of the Magi, and the appearance of the damon in the dream of the Moorish priest.

Here furious war her gleamy faulchion draws;

Here lean-ribb'd famine writhes her falling jaws;

Dire as the fiery pestilential star

Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car

Stern tyranny sweeps wide o'er India's ground,

On vulture wings fierce rapine hovers round;

Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,

Th' eternal yoke—loud shrieking at the n fight

The starting wizards from the altar fly,

And silent horror glares in every eye:

Pale stands the monarch, lost in cold dismay,

And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aspect rose the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears slow'd slowly o'er the lawn;
The Moorish priest with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred sought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In secret council met, his tale they hear;

As

Beneath their fway majestic, wife, and mild, Proud of her victor's laws thrice happier India smiled.

This picture, it may perhaps be faid, is but a bad compliment to the heroes of the Lusiad, and the fruits of their discovery. A little consideration however will vindicate Camoens. It is the dæmon and the enemies of the Portuguese who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpose to determine the Zamorim to destroy the sleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conquest of India, (when the Catual describes the sculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to ascribe the happiest effects to the discovery of his heroes:

As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate Of various means they ponder and debate, Against the Lusian train what arts employ, By force to flaughter, or by fraud destroy; Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear, As boiling rage prevails or boding fear; Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll, Nor one foft gleam befpeaks the generous foul: Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath, While their dark fraud decrees the works of death: Nor unrefolved the power of gold to try Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie-Ah, what the wisdom, what the sleepless care Efficient to avoid the traitor's fnare! What human power can give a king to know The fmiling aspect of the lurking foe! So let the tyrant oplead—the patriot king Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues fpring; From inward worth, from confcience firm and bold, Not from the man whose honest name is fold, He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight Stands fixt, unveering with the storms of state.

Lured

Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,

So let the tyrant plead.—In this short declamation, a seeming excrescence, the business of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorim, and his prime minister, the Catual, are artfully characterised in it; and the affertion

is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,
And now agreed their fraudful course to hold,
Swift to the king the regent's steps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in facred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful service of the r state;

For

The Moors—their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful fervice of the state—

An explanation of the word Moor is here necessary. When the east afforded no more field for the fword of the conqueror, the Saracens, affifted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the finest countries in Europe in blood and desolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of Moors to all the professors of the Mohammedan religion. In the same manner the eastern nations blended all the armies of the crusaders under one appellation, and the Franks, of whom the army of Godfrey was mostly composed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the west. The appellation even reached China. When the Portuguese first arrived in that empire, the Chinese softening the rinto l, called both them and their cannon, by the name of Falanks, a name which is still retained at Canton, and other parts of the Chinese dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already observed, all the traffic of the east, from the Ethiopian side of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with the Pagan natives, had their colonies established in every country commodious for commerce. These the Portuguese called Moors; and at prefent the Mohammedans of India, are called the Moors of Hindostan by the latest of our English writers. The intelligence which these Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama, the general terror with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whose rivalship they dreaded as the destruction of their power; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe; and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the Zamorim; are all according to the truth of history. The speeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are also founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphrases of the speeches ascribed by Osorius, to the Indian sovereign and the Portuguese admiral. Where the subject was so happily adapted to the epic muse, to neglect it would have been reprehensible: and Camoens, not unjustly,

For ages long, from shore to distant shore For thee our ready keels the traffic bore: For thee we dared each horror of the wave: Whate'er thy treasures boast our labours gave. And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due. Confer thy favour on a lawless crew? The race they boaft, as tygers of the wold Bear their proud fway by justice uncontroll'd. Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home. These, o'er the deep rapacious plunderers roam. Their deeds we know; round Afric's shores they came, And spread, where'er they past, devouring flame; Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in sheets of fire, Blazed to the fky, her own funereal pyre. Imperial Calicut shall feel the same, And these proud state-rooms feed the funeral stame; While many a league far round, their joyful eyes Shall mark old ocean reddening to the skies. Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend, Yet with thy fall our fate shall never blend: Ere o'er the east arise the second dawn Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,

In

unjustly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his discourse with the king of Melinda, sinishes the description of his voyage, he makes a spirited apostrophe to Homer and Virgil; and asserts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their sables. Camoens also, in other parts of the poem, avails himself of the same affertion.

In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port: yet may the threat be vain!
If wifer thou with us thy powers employ
Soon shall our powers the robber-crew destroy,
By their own arts and secret deeds o'ercome
Here shall they meet the sate escaped at home.

While thus the priest detain'd the monarch's ear, His cheeks confest the quivering pulse of sear. Unconscious of the worth that fires the brave, In state a monarch, but in heart a slave, He view'd brave Vasco and his generous train, As his own passions stamp'd the conscious stain: Nor less his rage the fraudful regent fired; And valiant Gama's sate was now conspired.

Ambaffadors from India GAMA fought,
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendship brought;
The glorious tale, 'twas all he wish'd, to tell;
So Ilion's fate was seal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the Indian throne,
The monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,
Then shall my bounteous grace thy pardon seal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'st to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'st no king.

Thy

Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know, A lawlefs robber, every man thy foe. And think'ft thou credit to thy tale to gain? Mad were the fovereign, and the hope were vain, Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore, To bid his fleets the utmost east explore. Great is thy monarch, fo thy words declare; But fumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear: Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur shew; Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow. If not, what credence will the wife afford? What monarch trust the wandering seaman's word? No fumptuous gift thou s bring'ft-Yet, though some crime Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clime, (Such oft of old the hero's fate has been) Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unfeen: Each land the brave man nobly calls his home: Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,

Skill'd

[&]quot;No fumptuous gift thou bring's—" As the Portuguese did not expect to find any people but savages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them some preserves and consections, with trinkets of coral, of glass, and other trisles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilized nations, where the arts flourished; who wanted nothing; who were possessed all the resinements and delicacies on which we value ourselves. The king of Melinda had the generosity to be contented with the present which Gama made; but the Zamorim, with a dissainful eye, beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The present was thus; four mantles of scarlet, six hats adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turkey carpets, seven drinking cups of brass, a chest of sugar, two barrels of oil, and two of honey." Castera.

I mough ways andmown, from atmost weltern thores.

Skill'd the dread from to brave, O welcome here!

Fearless of death or shame confess fincere:

My name shall then thy dread protestion be,

My captain thou, unrivall'd on the sea.

Oh now, ye muses, sing what goddess fired GAMA's proud bosom, and his lips inspired. Fair ACIDALIA, love's celestial queen, The graceful goddess of the fearless mien, Her graceful freedom on his look bestow'd, And all collected in his bosom glow'd. Sovereign, he cries, oft witness'd, well I know The rageful falthood of the Moorish foe; Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed, Thine ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived. What light, what shade the courtier's mirror gives, That light, that shade the guarded king receives. Me haft thou view'd in colours not mine own, Yet bold I promise shall my truth be known. If o'er the feas a lawless pest I roam, A blood-stain'd exile from my native home, How many a fertile shore and beauteous isle, Where nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded fmile, Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone, And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown,

That

^{*} Fair Acidalia, love's celefial queen—Castera derives Acidalia from andic, which, he says, implies to act without fear or restraint. Acidalia, is one of the names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain sacred to her in Bootia.

That roar beneath the axle of the world, Where ne'er before was daring fail unfurl'd! And have I left these beauteous shores behind, And have I dared the rage of every wind, That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with frost, Lured by the plunder of an unknown coast? Not thus the robber leaves his/certain prey For the gay promife of a nameless day. Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd man Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan, To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rife: Ah! Lifboa's kings behold with other eyes. Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way No dangers move them, and no toils difmay. Long have the kings of Lufus' daring race Refolved the limits of the deep to trace, Beneath the morn to ride the farthest waves, And pierce the farthest shore old ocean laves: Sprung from the u prince, before whose matchless power The strength of Afric wither'd as a flower Never to bloom again, great Henry shone, Each gift of nature and of art his own; Bold as his fire, by toils on toils untired, To find the Indian shore his pride aspired. Beneath the stars that round the Hydra shine, And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly fign,

Where

Where thirst and fever burn on every gale The dauntless Henry rear'd the Lusian sail. Embolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils. Beyond the wide-foread shores and numerous isles. Where both the tropics pour the burning day. Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way: That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car, That barbarous race beneath the fouthern star, Their eyes beheld-Dread roar'd the blast-the wave Boils to the fky, the meeting whirlwinds rave O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-struck ear Great Nature feem'd to call, Approach not here-At Lifboa's court they told their dread escape, And from her raging tempests, named the 'Cape. "Thou fouthmost point," the joyful king exclaim'd, " Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named! "Onward my fleets shall dare the dreadful way, " And find the regions of the infant day." In vain the dark and ever-howling blaft Proclaimed, This ocean never shall be past— Through that dread ocean, and the tempests' roar, My king commanded, and my course I bore. The pillar thus of deathless w fame, begun By other chiefs, beneath the rifing fun

In

Till I now ending what those did begin,

The furthest pillar in thy realm advance;

Breaking the element of molten tin,

Through horrid storms I lead to thee the dance.

Fanshaw.

And from ber raging tempests named the Cape—See the preface.
 The pillar thus of deathless fame, begun
 By other chiefs, &c.

In thy great realm now to the skies I raise,

The deathless pillar of my nation's praise.

Through these wild seas no costly gift I brought;

Thy shore alone and friendly peace I sought.

And yet to thee the noblest gift I bring

The world can boast, the friendship of my king.

And mark the word, his greatness shall appear

When next my course to India's strand I steer,

Such proofs I'll bring as never man before

In deeds of strife or peaceful friendship bore.

Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,

For truth shall ever boast, at last, resistless might.

Boldly the hero spake with brow severe,

Of fraud alike unconscious as of sear:

His noble considence with truth imprest

Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the monarch's breast;

Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain

Appear'd the commerce of illustrious Spain.

Yet as the sick man loaths the bitter draught,

Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;

His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,

Now hastes to quast the drug, and now delays;

Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,

The Indian Lord the dauntless Gama heard:

The Moorish threats yet sounding in his ear,

He acts with caution, and is led by fear.

Why wandering wild with trembling fleps forlorn !

VOL. II.

Aa

With

With folemn pomp he bids his lords prepare

The friendly banquet, to the regent's care

Commends brave Gama, and with pomp retires:

The regent's hearths awake the focial fires;

Wide o'er the board the royal feaft is fpread,

And fair embroidered thines De Gama's bed.

The regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay

Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay-

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, shew; The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn, Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn The Dæmon's rage you faw, and markt his flight To the dark mansions of eternal night: You faw how howling through the shades beneath He waked new horrors in the realms of death. What trembling tempefts shook the thrones of hell, And groan'd along her caves, ye muses, tell. The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire; From every eye the tawny lightnings glare, And hell, illumined by the ghaftly flare, (A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horror shews Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon rofe Hagar's stern fon, pale was his earthy hue, And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue;

Through house Expanse land to the the derive. Linear and

Convulled

Convulsed with rage the dreadful shade demands
The last affistance of the infernal bands.
As when the whirlwinds, sudden bursting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air;
So rose the legions of th' infernal state,
Dark Fraud, base art, sierce rage, and burning hate:
Wing'd by the furies to the Indian strand
They bend; the dæmon leads the dreadful band,
And in the bosoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living strength he pours.
One breast alone against his rage was steel'd,
Secure in spotless truth's celestial shield.

One evening past, another evening closed,
The regent still brave Gama's suit opposed;
The Lusian chief his guarded guest detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendship seign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep disguise,
Shone bright to Gama's manner-piercing eyes.
As in the sun's bright i beam the gamesome boy
Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,

Aaa

Swift

i As in the fun's bright beam-Imitated from Virgil, who, by the same simile, describes the sluctuation of the thoughts of Æneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

Laomedontius heros
Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.
Sient aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis

Sole

Swift and irregular, by fudden starts, The living ray with viewless motion darts,

Swift

Sole repercussium, aut radiantis imagine Lunz, Omnia pervolitat late loca: jamque sub auras Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti. This way and that he turns his anxious mind, Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd; Explores himself in vain, in every part, And gives no rest to his distracted heart: So when the sun by day or moon by night Strike on the positiv'd brass their trembling light, The glitt'ring species here and there divide, And cast their dubious beams from side to side; Now on the walls, now on the pavement play, And to the cieling slash the glaring day.

Ariosto has also adopted this simile in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioso:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percossa, o da' notturni rai,
Per gli ampli tetti và con lungo salto
A destra, ed a sinistra, e basso, ed alto.
So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the silver ray of night,
Along the spacious rooms with splendor plays,
Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.

HOOLE.

But the happiest circumstance belongs to Camoens. The velocity and various shiftings of the sun-beam, respected from a piece of cyrstal or polished steel in the hand of a boy, give a much stronger idea of the violent agitation and sudden shiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the sun or moon respected from a vessel of water. The brazen vessel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor must another inaccuracy pass unobserved. That the respection of the moon staffed the glaring day is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of these, will infer any disrespect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different inference is intended: If so great a master as Dryden has erred, let the reader remember, that other translators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies

Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns The fun-beam dances, and the radiance burns. In quick fucceffion thus a thousand views The sapient Lusian's lively thought pursues; Quick as the lightning every view revolves, And, weighing all, fixt are his dread resolves. O'er India's shore the sable night descends, And GAMA, now, secluded from his friends, Detain'd a captive in the room of state, Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate; For just Mozaide no generous care delays, And Vasco's trust with friendly toils repays.

accuracies ought, by no means, to be produced as the specimens of any composition.

We have already feen the warm encomium paid by Tasso to his cotemporary, Camöens. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has also testified his approbation by several imitations of the Lusiad. Virgil, in no instance, has more closely copied Homer, than Tasso has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil dæmon, in the dream of the Moorish priest. The enchanter Ismeno thus appears to the sleeping Solyman.

Soliman' Solimano, i tuoi filenti Riposi à miglior tempo homai riserva: Che sotto il giogo de straniere genti La patria, ove regnasti, ancor' e serva. In questa terra dormi, e non rammenti, Ch' insepolte de tuoi l'ossa conserva? Ove si gran' vestigio e del tuo scorno, Tu neghittoso aspetti il novo giorno?

Thus elegantly translated by Mr. Hoole.

Oh! Solyman, regardless chief, awake! In happier hours thy grateful slumber take:

Beneath

2 C'er, India's 13

Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,

And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend.

Here dost thou sleep? here close thy careless eyes,

While uninterr'd each lov'd affociate lies?

Here where thy same has felt the hostile scorn,

Canst thou, unthinking, wait the rising morn?

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

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L U S I A D.

BOOK IX.

RED rose the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,
The scattering clouds of tawny purple sly.
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,
The Indian monarch sought the regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Asian state
High on a gem-starr'd couch the monarch sate;
Then on th' illustrious captive bending down
His eyes, stern darken'd with a threatening frown:
Thy truthless tale, he cries, thy art appears,
Confest inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet still if friendshp, honest, thou implore,
Yet now command thy vessels to the shore:

Generous

Generous as to thy friends thy fails refign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withftands,
Thy fails, and rudders too, my will a demands:
Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,
Each other test depised, I fixt deny.
And has my regent sued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud chief, ourself shall sue
From thee the honour to my friendship due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to resign,
Freely to trust our friendship, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he spake his changeful look declared, In his proud breast what starting passions warr'd. No feature mov'd on Gama's face was seen, Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien: In me my sovereign represented see, His state is wounded, and he speaks in me; Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroll'd, The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold. No more thy justice holds the righteous scale, The arts of falshood and the Moors prevail;

I fee

[•] Thy fails, and rudders too, my will demands—According to history. See the preface.

I fee the doom my favour'd foes decree, Yet, though in chains I stand, my fleet is free. The bitter taunts of scorn the brave disdain; Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain. My fovereign's fleet I yield not to your b fway; Safe shall my fleet to Lisboa's strand convey The glorious tale of all the toils I bore, Afric furrounded, and the Indian shore Discovered—These I pledged my life to gain; These to my country shall my life maintain. One wish alone my earnest heart desires, The fole impaffion'd hope my breaft respires; My finish'd labours may my sovereign hear! Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear. And lo, the victim of your rage I stand, And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain, My threats, the monarch cries, were never vain; Swift give the sign—Swift as he spake, appear'd The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd;

Infant

My fovereign's fleet I yield not to your fway—The circumstance of Gama's refusing to put his fleet into the power of the Zamorim, is thus rendered by Fanshaw:

The Malabar protests that he shall rot In prison, if he send not for the sbips. He constant, (and with noble anger hot) His haughty menace weighs not at two chips.

Instant another ensign distant rose, Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws A ridge enormous, and on either fide Defends the harbours from the furious tide. Proud on his couch th' indignant monarch fate, And awful filence fill'd the room of state. With fecret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd, And bent their eyes where GAMA's navy rode; Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore The wood-crown'd upland of the bending shore. Soon o'er the palms a mast's tall pendant flows, Bright to the fun the purple radiance glows; In martial pomp, far-streaming to the skies, Vanes after vanes in swift succession rise, And through the opening forest-boughs of green The fails' white luftre moving on is feen; When fudden rushing by the point of land The bowsprits nod, and wide the fails expand; Full pouring on the fight, in warlike pride, Extending still the rising squadrons ride: O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays, Like melted gold the brazen spear-points blaze; Each prore furrounded with an hundred oars, Old ocean boils around the crowded prores: And five times now in number GAMA's might, Proudly their boaftful shouts provoke the fight; Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds, Behind the hill an answering shout resounds:

Still by the point new-spreading fails appear, Till feven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear. Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay; Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array, Their fleet's wide horns the Lufian ships inclasp, Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp. Shouts echo shouts-with stern disdainful eyes The Indian king to manly GAMA cries, Not one of thine on Lisboa's shore shall tell The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell. With alter'd vifage, for his eyes flash'd fire, God fent me here, and God's avengeful ire Shall fmite thy perfidy, great Vasco cried, And humble in the dust thy withered pride. A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast; Indignant smiles the monarch's fcorn confest. Again deep filence fills the room of state. And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait: And now inclasping GAMA's in a ring, Their fleet fweeps on-loud whizzing from the ftring The black-wing'd arrows float along the fky, And rifing clouds the falling clouds fupply. The lofty crowding spears that briftling stood Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood, Bend fudden, levell'd for the clofing fight; The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light. Elate with joy the king his afpect rears, And valiant GAMA, thrill'd with transport, hears

His drums bold rattling raife the battle found; Echo deep-toned hoarfe vibrates far around; The shivering trumpets tear the shrill-voiced air. Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare, The fmoke rolls wide, and fudden burfts the roar, The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze In flashing arms; louder the thunders raise Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended skies The burst incessant; awe-struck echo dies Faultering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats, Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats, Curling their fulph'rous folds of fiery blue, Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue, And roll wide o'er the fky; wide as the fight Can measure heaven, flow rolls the cloudy white: Beneath the fmoky blackness spreads afar Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war Deep in its horrid breaft; the fierce red glare · Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air, Each moment loft and kindled, while around, The mingling thunders fwell the lengthen'd found. When piercing fudden through the dreadful roar The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore. Prefaging horror through the monarch's breaft Crept cold; and gloomy o'er the distant east,

Through

Through Gata's hills the whirling tempest d figh'd,
And westward sweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it past,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight cast;
Then, furious rushing to the darken'd e bay,
Resistless swept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathless fide

Some traveller strays, unfriended of a guide;

If o'er the hills the sable night descend,

And gathering tempest with the darkness blend,

Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghast

He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast;

Above resounds the crash, and down the steep

Some rolling weight groans on with soundering sweep;

Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,

And all his soul implores the friendly light:

It comes; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,

The yawning depth beneath his listed step betrays;

Instant unmann'd, aghast in horrid pain,

His knees no more their sickly weight sustain;

Powerless

d Through Gata's bills——The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eastern side of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.—Lusian vii.

[•] Then furious rushing to the darken'd bay—For the circumstances of the battle, and the tempest which then happened, see the preface.

Powerless he finks, no more his heart-blood flows: So funk the monarch, and his heart-blood froze; So funk he down, when o'er the clouded bay The rushing whirlwind pour'd the fudden day: Difaster's giant arm in one wide sweep Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep; The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide. And the torn hulks roll'd tumbling on the fide: Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow tost, And by the hand of heaven dash'd on the coast Groan'd prores ingulph'd, the lashing surges rave O'er the black keels upturn'd, the fwelling wave Kiffes the lofty maft's reclining head; And far at fea some few torn galleys fled. Amid the dreadful fcene triumphant rode The Lufian war-ships, and their aid bestow'd: Their speedy boats far round affisting ply'd, Where plunging, ftruggling, in the rolling tide, Grasping the shatter'd wrecks, the vanquished foes Rear'd o'er the dashing waves their haggard brows. No word of fcorn the lofty GAMA fpoke, Nor India's king the dreadful filence broke. Slow past the hour, when to the trembling shore In awful pomp the victor-navy bore: Terrific, nodding on, the bowsprits bend, And the red streamers other war portend: Soon bursts the roar; the bombs tremendous rife, And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the fkies;

O'er

O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a fulph'rous shower.
'Tis o'er———In threatening silence rides the sleet:
Wild rage and horror yell in every street;
Ten thousands pouring round the palace sate,
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with listed hands they kneel'd,
Give justice, justice to the strangers yield——
Our friends, our husbands, sons, and fathers slain!
Happier, alas, than these that yet remain——
Curst be the counsels, and the arts unjust——
Our friends in chains——our city in the dust—
Yet, yet prevent——

The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe
That shook the Moors, that shook the regent's knees
And sunk the monarch down—By swift degrees
The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,
Around the king the trembling council stand;
While wildly glaring on each other's eyes
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,
Earnest each look enquires, What hope is left!
In all the rage of shame and grief aghast,
The monarch, faultering, takes the word at last:

By

Ten thousands pouring round the palace gate,
In clamorous uproar—See the history in the preface.

By whom, great chief, are these proud war-ships sway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great chief, let gifts of price restrain
Thy just revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!—
Oh spare my people and their doom'd abodes—
Prayers, vows, and gifts appease the injured gods:
Shall man deny——Swift are the brave to spare:
The weak, the innocent, confess their care—
Helpless as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold these thousands bend the suppliant knee—
Thy navy's thundering sides black to the land
Display their terrors—yet mayst thou command——

O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene
Great Vasco rose, then pointing to the scene
Where bled the war: Thy sleet, proud king, behold
O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd!
So shall this palace smoking in the dust,
And you proud city weep thy arts unjust.
The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,
I lest my fixt command my navy's 8 guard:
Whate'er from shore my name or seal convey'd
Of other weight, that fixt command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth destroy'd, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.

This

I left my fixt command my navy's guard— Unmindful of my fate—

This most magnanimous resolution, to facrifice his own safety or his life for the safe return of the sleet, is strictly true. See the presace. This morn the facrifice of fraud I stood, But hark, there lives the brother of my blood, And lives the friend, whose cares conjoin'd control These floating towers, both brothers of my foul. If thrice, I faid, arise the golden morn, Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return, Dark fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands, And force or death withholds me from my bands: Thus judge, and fwift unfurl the homeward fail, Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale, Unmindful of my fate on India's shore: Let but my monarch know, I wish no more— Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries, The tear-drop burfting in their manly eyes, In all but one thy mandates we obey, In one we yield not to thy generous fway: Without thee never shall our fails return; India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn-Thrice shall the morn arise; a flight of bombs Shall then fpeak vengeance to their guilty domes: Till noon we paufe; then shall our thunders roar, And defolation fweep the treacherous fhore-Behold, proud king, their fignal in the fky, Near his meridian tower the fun rides high. O'er Calicut no more the evening shade Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath unstaid; Dire through the night her fmoking dust shall gleam, Dire thro' the night shall shriek the female scream.

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Thy worth, great chief, the pale-lipt regent cries, Thy worth we own; Oh, may these woes suffice! To thee each proof of India's wealth we fend; Ambaffadors, of nobleft race, attend-Slow as he faulter'd, GAMA catch'd the word, On terms I talk not, and no truce afford: Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore: Once you deceived me, and I treat no more. Even now my faithful failors, pale with rage, Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage; Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band Watch the first movement of my brother's hand; E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire They wave their eager canes betipt with fire; Methinks my brother's anguish'd look I see, The panting noftril and the trembling knee, While keen he eyes the fun: On hasty strides, Hurried along the deck, Coello chides His cold flow lingering, and impatient cries, Oh, give the fign, illume the facrifice, A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood-

He spake; and stern the dreadful warrior stood;
So seem'd the terrors of his awful nod,
The monarch trembled as before a god;
The treacherous Moors sunk down in faint dismay,
And speechless at his feet the council lay:

washed sair Malaft that thight of Abrupt, I

Abrupt, with out-stretch'd arms, the monarch a cries, What yet—but dared not meet the hero's eyes, What yet may fave !- Great Vasco stern rejoins, Swift, undifputing, give th' appointed figns: High o'er thy loftieft tower my flag display, Me and my train swift to my fleet convey: Instant command—behold the fun rides high— He fpake, and rapture glow'd in every eye; The Lufian ftandard o'er the palace flow'd. Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd. A dreary gloom a fudden whirlwind threw, Amid the howling blaft, enraged, withdrew The vanquish'd dæmon—Soon in lustre mild, As April smiles, the sun auspicious smiled: Elate with joy, the shouting thousands trod, And GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eastern gale on balmy wings:

Each joyful failor to his labour springs;

Some o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,

And with firm tugs the 'rollers from the brine,

B b 2

Reluctant

* Abrupt—the monarch cries— What yet may save—

Gama's declaration, that no message from him to the sleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a necessary essect in the conduct of the poem. They hasten the catastrophe, and give a verisimilitude to the abrupt and full submission of the Zamorim.

1 — the rollers — The capstones.—The capstone is a cylindrical windlass, worked with bars, which are moved from hole to hole as it turns round. Reluctant dragg'd, the flime-brown'd anchors raife; Each gliding rope fome nimble hand obeys; Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high With nimble hands the canvafs wings untie, The flapping fails their widening folds diftend, And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils attend. Nor had the captives loft the leader's care, Some to the shore the Indian barges bear; The noblest few the chief detains to own His glorious deeds before the Lufian throne, To own the conquest of the Indian shore; Nor wanted every proof of India's store: What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound, With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd: Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove, The burning pepper and the fable clove; The clove, whose odour on the breathing gale Far to the fea Malucco's plains exhale: All these provided by the faithful Moor, All thefe, and India's gems, the navy bore:

The

It is used to weigh the anchors, raise masts, &c. The name roller, describes both the machine and its use, and it may be presumed, is a more poetical word than capstone. The versistication of this passage in the original, asfords a most noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas nuos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabrestante, & repartidos
Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,
Outros quebrao co peito duro a barra.

off months affor

The Moor attends, Mozaide, whose zealous care
To Gama's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous i snare:
So burn'd his breast with heaven-illumined slame,
And holy reverence of Messiah's name.
Oh, favoured African, by heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary shades of error's night;
What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of heaven's designs explain!
Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,
There wast thou call'd to thy celestial k home.

With

Mozaide, whose zealous care

To Gama's eyes unveal'd each treach' rous snare-

Had this been mentioned sooner, the interest of the catastrophe of the poem must have languished. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more considerable part in the action of the Lusiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the business of the Æneid.

* There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home. - This exclamatory address to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digressive, has a double propriety. The conversion of the eastern world, is the great purpose of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the first fruits of that conversion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an epic poem interest us and please. It might have been said, that Monzaida was a traiter to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apostacy. Camöens has therefore wifely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendship of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Lusiad might have shared the fate of the wife Ulysses of the Iliad, against whom, as Voltaire justly observes, every reader bears a fecret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unsupported by history. He was not an Arab Moor, so he did not defert his countrymen. By force, these Moors had determined on the destruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and esteemed him, and therefore generously revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama, he loft all his effects in India, a circumstance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs must have certainly foreseen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loss he thus voluntarily sustained, and by his after constancy, his fincerity is undoubtedly proved.

With ruftling found now fwell'd the fleady fail; The lofty masts reclining to the gale On full fpread wings the navy fprings away, And far behind them foams the ocean grey: Afar the leffening hills of Gata fly, And mix their dim blue fummits with the fky: Beneath the wave low finks the spicy shore, And roaring through the tide each nodding prore Points to the Cape, great nature's fouthmost bound, The Cape of Tempests, now of Hope renown'd. Their glorious tale on Lisboa's shore to tell Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell; Now through their breafts the chilly tremors glide, To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd-Soon to the winds are these cold fears resign'd, And all their country rushes on the mind; How fweet to view their native land, how fweet The father, brother, and the bride to greet! While listening round the hoary parent's board The wondering kindred glow at every word; How fweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore, The tribes and wonders of each various shore! These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ, And fwell each bosom with unutter'd 1 joy.

The

¹ The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India.—We are now come to that part of the Lusiad, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great catastrophe of the Iliad, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addresses the Grecian army,

The queen of love, by heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;
The queen of love, elate with joy, surveys
Her heroes, happy, plow the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balsom in the streams of joy.
Amid the bosom of the watery waste,
Near where the bowers of paradise were m placed,
An isle, array'd in all the pride of slowers,
Of fruits, of sountains, and of fragrant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repast and sweet repose;

And

—Ye fons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your peans sing:
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Our Portuguese poet, who in his machinery, and many other instances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forsakes him. In a very bold and masterly spirit he now models his poem by the steps of Homer. What of the Lusiad yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumstances, exactly resembles the latter part of the lliad. The games at the suneral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the same manner, the reward of the heroes, and the consequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the Lusiad. I cannot say it appears that Milton ever read our poet (though Fanshaw's translation was published in his time); yet no instance can be given of a more striking resemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camöens, and of the Paradise Lost. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

m Near where the bowers of paradife were placed—According to the opinion of those who place the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their source.

And there before their raptured view to raife

The heaven-topt column of their deathless praife.

The question of Laws Clubs with the last

The goddess now ascends her silver car,
Bright was its hue as love's translucent star;
Beneath the reins the stately birds, that sing
Their sweet-toned death-song, spread the snowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,
And virgin blushes purple o'er the sky:
On milk white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as she moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kisses join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddess rode,
And by her altars sought Idalia's god:
The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest a care.

His

"His falling tingdom claim'd bis earnest care—This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a striking resemblance to the digressive histories, with which the Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful description of the seast of the gods with the blameless Ethiopians. It also contains a masterly commentary on the machinery of the Lusiad. The divine love conducts Gama to India. The same divine love is represented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to bestow a foretaste of immorality on the heroes of the expedition which discovered the eastern world. Nor do the wild phantastic loves, mentioned in this little episode, afford any objection against this explanation, an explanation which is expressly given in the episode itself. These wild phantastic amours signify, in the allegory, the wild sects of different enthusiasts, which spring up under the wings of the best and most rational institutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the same source.

His bands he musters, through the myrtle groves
On buxom wings he trains the little loves.
Against the world, rebellious and astray,
He means to lead them, and resume his sway:
For base-born passions, at his shrine 'twas told,
Each nobler transport of the breast controll'd.
A young Acteon, scornful of his olore,
Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,

In

* A young Assan—The French translator has the following characteristical note: "This passage is an eternal monument of the freedoms taken by Camöens, and at the same time a proof of the imprudence of poets; an authentic proof of that prejudice which sometimes blinds them, not- withstanding all the light of their genius. The modern Astron, of whom he speaks, was king Sebastian. He loved the chace; but that pleasure, which is one of the most innocent, and one of the most noble we can possibly taste, did not at all interrupt his attention to the affairs of state, and did not render him savage as our author pretends. On this point the historians are rather to be believed. And what would the lot of princes be, were they allowed no relaxation from their toils, while they allow that privilege to their people? Subjects as we are, let us verenerate the amusements of our sovereigns; let us believe that the august cares for our good, which employ them, follow them often even to the very bosom of their pleasures."

Many are the strokes in the Lusiad which must endear the character of Camöens to every reader of sensibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the soible of his prince, and the state-rers of his court, would do honour to the greatest names of Greece or Rome. While the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men of that nation, in the days of Lusian heroism, thought and conducted themselves in the spirit of Camöens. A noble anecdote of this brave spirit offers itself. Alonzo IV. surnamed the brave, ascended the throne-of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chace engrossed all his attention. His considents and savourites encouraged, and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon,

In defart wilds devoted to the chace:

Each dear enchantment of the female face

Spurn'd and neglected: him enraged he fees,

And fweet, and dread his punishment decrees.

Before his ravish'd fight, in sweet surprise,

Naked in all her charms shall Dian rise;

With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall p burn,

Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn.

Of

he entered the council with all the brisk impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up : Courts and camps, faid he, were allotted for kings, not woods and deferts. Even the affairs of private men fuffer when recreation is preferred to business. But when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is configned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not-The king, starting with rage, interrupted him, if not, what-If not, refumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king. Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his refentment, and hasted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled. I perceive, faid he, the truth of what you fay. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good fubjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal. His majesty was as good as his promise, and became as a warrior and politician, one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

With love's fierce flames bis frozen beart fball burn—" It is faid, that upon the faith of a portrait, Don Sebastian fell in love with Margaret of France, daughter of Henry II. and demanded her in marriage, but was refused. The Spaniards treated him no less unfavourably, for they also rejected his proposals for one of the daughters of Philip II. Our author considers these resusals as the punishment of Don Sebastian's excessive at-

" tachment

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway, Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey!

Enraged

ex tachment to the chace; but this is only a consequence of the prejudice

" with which he viewed the amusements of his sovereign. The truth is, these princesses were refused for political reasons, and not with any re-

" gard to the manner in which he filled up his moments of leifure."

Thus Castera, who, with the same spirit of sagacity, starts and answers the following objections: "But here is a difficulty: Camöens wrote du"ring the life of Don Sebastian, but the circumstance he relates (the return
"of Gama) happened several years before, under the reign of Emmanuel.
"How therefore could he say that Cupid then saw Don Sebastian at the
"chace, when that prince was not then born? the answer is easy: Cupid
"in the allegory of this work, represents the love of God, the Holy
"Spirit, who is God himself. Now the divinity admits of no distinction of
"time; one glance of his eye beholds the past, the present, and the su"ture; every thing is present before him."

This defence of the fiction of Actzon, is not more abfurd than useless. The free and bold spirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory, defend it. The poet might easily have said, that Cupid foresaw; but had he said so his satire had been much less genteel. As the sentiments of Castera on this passage are extremely characteristical of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. "Several Portuguese writers have remarked, says he, that the wish

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway, Ah! may he never fall the haples prey!

"Had in it an air of prophecy; and fate, in effect, seemed careful to ac"complish it, in making the presaged woes to fall upon Don Sebastian. If
"he did not fall a prey to his pack of hounds, we may however say that
"he was devoured by his favourites, who misled his youth and his great
"foul. But at any rate our poet has carried his similitude too far. It was
"certainly injurious to Don Sebastian, who nevertheless had the bounty
"not only not to punish this audacity, but to reward the just elogies
"which the author had bestowed on him in other places. As much as the
"indiscretion of Camöens ought to surprise us, as much ought we to ad"mire the generosity of his master."

This foppery, this flavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouse the indignation of every manly breast, when the facts are fairly stated. Don SebasEnraged he fees a venal herd, the q shame
Of human race, assume the titled name;
And each, for some base interest of his own,
With slattery's manna'd lips assail the throne.
He sees the men, whom holiest sanctions bind
To poverty, and love of human kind;
While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms display,
He sees their eyes with lust of gold on fire,
And every wish to lordly state aspire;
He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;

Sleeples

tian, who ascended the throne when a child, was a prince of great abilities and great spirit, but his youth was poisoned with the most romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of state were left to his ministers (for whose character see the next note), his other studies were neglected, and military exercises, of which he not unjustly esteemed the chace a principal, were almost his fole employ. Camoens beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical fatire foreboded its confequences. The wish, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite passion, was in vain. In a rash, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, Don Sebastian lost his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which foon after produced the fall of the Portuguese empire. Had the nobility possessed the spirit of Camoens, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have escaped the Spanish yoke, which soon followed the defeat at Alcazar; a yoke which funk Portugal into an abyss of misery, from which, in all probability, she will never emerge in her former splendor.

⁹ Enraged be fees a venal berd, the sbame

Of buman race, affume the titled name——
having ridiculed all the pleafures of Don Sebastian, the author now

[&]quot;After having ridiculed all the pleasures of Don Sebastian, the author now proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done no injustice. Those who

[&]quot; are acquainted with the Portuguese history, will readily acknowledge

[&]quot; this." Caftera.

Sleepless at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The facred bulwarks of the peoples' cause,
Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt swords was dry.

Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude, Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued: Their passions thus rebellious to his lore, The god decrees to punish and restore. The little loves, light hovering in the air. Twang their filk bow-ftrings, and their arms prepare: Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart. With power refiftless to inflame the heart; Their arrow heads they tip with foft defires, And all the warmth of love's celestial fires: Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe, Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain: Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine, Divine the melody, the fong divine.

Already now began the vengeful war,
The witness of the god's benignant care;
On the hard bosoms of the stubborn r crowd
An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd;

Pierced

n On the bard bosoms of the stubborn crowd-There is an elegance

Pierced by the whizzing shafts deep sighs the air,
And answering sighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph seems loveliest in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts, by novice archers sped,
Ten thousand wild fantastic loves are bred:
In wildest dreams the rustic hind aspires,
And haughtiest lords confess the humblest fires.

The snowy swans of love's celestial queen

Now land her chariot on the shore of green;

One knee display'd she treads the slowery strand,

The gather'd robe falls losely from her hand;

Half-seen her bosom heaves the living snow,

And on her smiles the living roses glow.

The bowyer god whose subtle shafts ne'er sly

Misaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or sky,

With rosy smiles the mother power receives;

Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,

The vassal loves in fond contention join

Who sirst and most shall kiss her hand divine.

Swift in her arms she caught her wanton boy,

And, oh, my son, she cries, my pride, my joy,

Against

in the original of this line, which the English language will not admit;

Nos duros coraçoens de plebe dura.

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.

Against thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd, Against thy shaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd; Unless thine arrow wake the young defires, My strength, my power, in vain each charm expires: My fon, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid, Nor be the boon, thy mother fues, delay'd: Wher'er, fo will th' eternal fates, wher'er The Lufian race the victor standards rear, There shall my hymns resound, my altars slame, And heavenly love her joyful lore proclaim. My Lufian heroes, as my Romans, brave, Long toft, long hopeless on the storm-torn wave, Wearied and weak, at last on India's shore Arrived, new toils, repose denied, they bore; For Bacchus there with tenfold rage purfued My dauntless fons; but now his might subdued, Amid these raging seas, the scene of woes, Theirs shall be now the balm of sweet repose; Theirs every joy the noblest heroes claim, The raptured foretaste of immortal fame. Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train, The lovely daughters of the azure main; And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire, Right to the ifle which all my fmiles inspire: Soon shall my care that beauteous isle supply, Where Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap shall figh. There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet, And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet:

In cryftal halls the feast divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal fong:
Let every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, resign her bosom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall rise, and o'er the east illustrious shine;
Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,
And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow.

She faid; and fimiling view'd her mighty boy;

Swift to the chariot fprings the god of joy;

His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,

Blaz'd to the fun-beam as the chariot roll'd:

Their filver harness shining to the day

The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,

Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue;

And same, to will'd the god, before them slew:

A giant

^{*} Thus from my native waves a hero line Shall rife, and o'er the east illustrious shine-

[&]quot;By the line of heroes to be produced by the union of the Portuguese with the Nereids, is to be understood the other Portuguese, who, fol-

[&]quot; Iowing the steps of Gama, established illustrious colonies in India." — Castera.

of the judgment of Camöens. Virgil's celebrated description of fame, (see p. 126.) is in his eye, but he copies it, as Virgil, in his best imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts some circumstances, but by adding others, he makes a new picture, which justly may be called his own.

A giant goddess, whose ungovern'd tongue With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong; Oft had her lips the god of love blafphem'd, And oft with tenfold praise his conquests nam'd: An hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care, And thousand tongues what these behold declare: Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides, And though she shifts her colours swift as glides The April rainbow, still the crowd she guides. And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd, And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd The bold discoverers of the eastern world-In gentle swells the liftening furges curl'd, And murmur'd to the founds of plaintive love Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove. The drowfy power on whose smooth easy mien The fmiles of wonder and delight are feen, Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name, Credulity attends the goddess Fame. Fired by the heroes praise, the watery u gods, With ardent speed forfake their deep abodes;

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C c what are were

Their

" The watery gods—To mention the gods in the masculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente

Muda quayfquer propositos tomados.—

The ease with which the female breast changes its resolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehensible. The expression however is classical, and therefore

Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late, Now ftung remorfe, and love fucceeds to hate. Ah, where remorfe in female bosom bleeds, The tendereft love in all its glow succeeds. When fancy glows, how ftrong, O love, thy power! Nor flipt the eager god the happy hour; Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main, Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a shaft in vain: Thus, ere the face the lover's breaft inspires, The voice of fame awakes the foft defires. While from the bow-ftring ftart the shafts divine, His ivory moon's wide horns incessant join, Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours Omnipotent in love his arrowy showers. E'en Thetis felf confest the tender smart, And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart: Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous figh; With wishful languor melting on each eye The love-fick nymphs explore the tardy fails That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, Iow fubfide, Smooth as the level plain, your fwelling pride,

Lo,

therefore retained. Virgil uses it, where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the slames of Troy;

Descendo, ac ducente deo, slammam inter et hostes

Expedior——

This is in the manner of the Greek poets, who use the word Os or god or goddess.

Lo, Venus comes! Oh, foft, ye furges, fleep, Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep, Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train She brings the healing balm of love-fick pain. White as her fwans , and flately as they rear Their fnowy crests when o'er the lake they steer, Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears, And o'er the distant billow onward steers. The beauteous Nereids flush'd in all their charms Surround the goddess of the soft alarms: Right to the isle she leads the smiling train, And all her arts her balmy lips explain; The fearful languor of the alking eye, The lovely blush of yielding modesty, The grieving look, the figh, the favouring fmile, And all the endearments of the open wile, She taught the nymphs—in willing breafts that heaved To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native shore Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore, Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay, For long was yet the various watery way;

Cc 2

Sought

White as her fevans—A distant sleet compared to swans on a lake is certainly an happy thought. The allusion to the pomp of Venus, whose agency is immediately concerned, gives it besides a peculiar propriety. This simile however is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon happiness of Fanshaw;

The pregnant fayles on Neptune's surface creep, Like her own fwans, in gate, out-cheft, and feather. Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might bring The healthful bounty of the crystal spring: When fudden, all in nature's pride array'd, The isle of love its glowing breast display'd. O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn Soft blazing flow'd the filver of the dawn, The gentle waves the glowing lustre share, Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air. Before the fleet, to catch the heroes view, The floating ifle fair Acidalia drew: Soon as the floating verdure caught their x fight. She fixt, unmov'd, the island of delight. So when in child-birth of her Jove-sprung load, The fylvan goddess and the bowyer god, In friendly pity of Latona's woes y, Amid the waves the Delian isle arose.

And

^{*} Soon as the floating verdure caught their fight—As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (fee the preface) he put into one of the beautiful islands of Anchediva for fresh water. While he was here careening his ships, says Fatia, a pirate named Timoja, attacked him with eight small vessels, so linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a stoating island. This, says Castera, afforded the siction of the floating island of Venus, "The sictions of Camoens, says he, sont a datant plus merveilleuses, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'histoire, are the more marvellous, because they are all sounded in history. It is not difficult to find why he makes his island of Anchediva to wander on the waves; it is in allusion to a singular event related by Barros." He then proceeds to the story of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoens stood in need of so weak an assistance.

y In friendly pity of Latona's wees—Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was perfecuted by Juno, who fent the ferpent Python in pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her distress, raised the island of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—Ovid. Met.

And now led fmoothly o'er the furrow'd tide, Right to the isle of joy the vessels glide: The bay they enter, where on every hand, Around them clasps the flower-enamell'd land; A fafe retreat, where not a blaft may shake Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake. With purple shells, transfus'd as marble veins, The yellow fands celeftial Venus stains. With graceful pride three hills of foftest green Rear their fair bosoms o'er the sylvan scene; Their fides embroider'd boaft the rich array Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May; The purple lotos and the fnowy thorn, And yellow pod-flowers every flope adorn. From the green fummits of the leafy hills Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills; Beneath the rofe-trees loitering flow they glide. Now tumbles o'er fome rock their crystal pride; Sonorous now they roll adown the glade, Now plaintive tinkle in the fecret shade, Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam Of ruddy morn, like melted filver ftream, Edging the painted margins of the bowers, And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers. Here bright reflected in the pool below The vermil apples tremble on the bough; Where o'er the yellow fands the waters fleep, The primrofed banks, inverted, dew drops weep;

Where

Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream The filver trouts in playful curvings gleam. Long thus and various every riv'let strays, Till clofing now their long meandring maze, Where in a fmiling vale the mountains end, Form'd in a crystal lake the waters 2 blend: Fring'd was the border with a woodland shade, In every leaf of various green array'd, Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between The dark ash-verdure and the filvery green. The trees now bending forward flowly shake Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake; Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire With coy referve, and now again admire Their various liveries by the fummer dreft, Smooth-glofs'd and foftened in the mirror's breaft. So by her glafs the wifhful virgin stays, And oft retiring fleals the lingering gaze. A thousand boughs aloft to heaven display Their fragrant apples shining to the day;

The

orthographic banks and a service of them.

Form'd in a crystal lake the waters blend.—Castera also attributes this to shistory, "The Portuguese actually found in this island, says he, a fine piece of water ornamented with hewn stones and magnificent aqueducts; an ance cient and superb work, of which nobody knew the author."

In 1505 Don Francisco Almeyda built a fort in this island. In digging among some ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portuguese conjectured, says Osorius, that the Anchedivian islands had in sormer ages been inhabited by christians. Vid. Osor. L. iv.

The orange here perfumes the buxom air,
And boafts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.

Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon scents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breafts the gentle swell avow,
So the twin fruitage swell on every bough.

Wild

The orange here perfumes the buxom air,
 And hoafts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.

Frequent allusions to the fables of the ancients form a characteristical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profusion of it is pedantry; a moderate use of it, however, in a poem of these times pleases, because it discovers the stages of composition, and has in itself a fine effect, as it illustrates its subject by presenting the classical reader with some little landscapes of that country through which he has travelled. The description of sorests is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Tasso, and Spenser, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired passage in Statius;

Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæfa cupreffus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta fupremis,
Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuendaque fulco
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque fitu non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonfa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus.

In rural descriptions three things are necessary to render them poetical; the happiness of epithet, of picturesque arrangement, and of little land-scape views. Without these, all the names of trees and flowers, though strung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurseryman or a florist's catalogue. In Statius, in Tasso and Spenser's admired forests, (Gier. Liber. C. 3. St. 75, 76, and F. Queen, B. 1. C. 1. St. 8, 9) the poetry consists entirely in the happiness of the epithets. In Camöens, all the three requisites are admirably attained, and blended together.

Wild forest trees the mountain fides array'd With curling foliage and romantic shade: Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear; And deer to Phæbus, ever verdant here, The laurel joins the bowers for ever green, The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen. To Jove the oak his wide spread branches rears; And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears; Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks, The lofty pine-tree waves her fable locks; Sacred to Cybele the whifpering pine Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine; Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wife, Lefs'ning from earth her spiral honours rife, Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray Points to the Eden of eternal day. Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine In fond embraces gives her arms to twine; The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs, The green here gliftens, here the purple glows; For here the genial feafons of the year Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here; His grifly vifage from the shore expell'd, United fway the fmiling feafons held. Around the fwelling fruits of deepening red, Their fnowy hues the fragrant bloffoms fpread; Between the burfting buds of lucid green The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen;

For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows, The flavour fweeter, and the hue more fair, Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care. The cherry here in thining crimfon glows; And flain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows, The bending boughs the mulberries b o'erload; The bending boughs carefs'd by zephyr nod. The generous peach, that strengthens in exile Far from his native earth, the Persian soil, The velvet peach of foftest glossy blue Hangs by the pomgranate of orange hue, Whose open heart a brighter red displays Than that which fparkles in the ruby's blaze. Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear, Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear. For thee, fair fruit, the fongsters of the grove With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove. Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care To grace the feaft of heroes and the fair,

Soft

And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows, The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload;

-Pyramus and Thifbe :

Arborei fœtus afpergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque fanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore....
At tu quo ramis arbor miferabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pullofque et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris.

OVID. MET.

Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
'The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow fide.

A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red
Far o'er the shadowy wale their carpets spread,
Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery shone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-markt flower of slain Adonis d rears
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign
When lost Adonis shall revive again.

At

^{* —} The shadowy vale—Literal from the original,—O sombrio valle, which Fanshaw however has translated, "the gloomy valley," and thus has given us a funereal, where the author intended a sessive landscape. It must be confessed however, that the description of the island of Venus, is infinitely the best part of all Fanshaw's translation. And indeed the dullest profe translation might obscure, but could not possibly throw a total eclipse over so admirable an original.

d The wee-markt flower of flain Adonis—water'd by the tears of love.—The Aenemone. "This, fays Castera, is applicable to the celestial Venus, for according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it impure, but was only the love which nature bears to the sun." The fables of antiquity have generally a three-fold interpretation, an historical allusion, a physical and a metaphysical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celestial Venus. A divine youth is outrageously slain, but shall revive again at the restoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the mysteries, or the death and resurrection of Adonis; among whom were the British Druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the same manner Cupid, in the sable of Psyche, is interpreted by mythologists, to signify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature,

At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies, Which from each other stole the beauteous e dyes: The lawn in all Aurora's luftre glows, Aurora steals the blushes of the rose, The rofe displays the blushes that adorn The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn. Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire; The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue, Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew. Pale as the love-fick hopeless maid they dye The modest violet; from the curious eye The modest violet turns her gentle head, And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed, Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn The fnow white lily glitters o'er the lawn; Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose, And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows.

Fresh

^{*} At firife appear the lawns and purpled skies, which from each other stole the beauteous dyes.—On this passage Castera has the following sensible though turgid note: "This thought, says he, is taken from the idyllium of Ausonius on "the rose;

[&]quot; Ambigeres raperetne rosis aurora ruborem,

[&]quot; An daret, & flores tingeret orta dies.

[&]quot; Camöens who had a genius'rich of itself, still farther enriched it at the ex-

[&]quot; pence of the ancients. Behold what makes great authors! those who

[&]quot; pretend to give us nothing but the fruits of their own growth, foon fail,

[&]quot; like the little rivulets which dry up in the fummer; very different from

[&]quot;the floods, who receive in their course the tribute of an hundred and

[&]quot; an hundred rivers, and which even in the dog-days carry their waves tri-

[&]quot; umphant to the ocean."

Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales, Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales, The hyacinth bewrays the doleful f Ai, And calls the tribute of Apollo's figh; Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins. Pomona fired with rival envy views The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues; Where Flora bids the purple iris spread, She hangs the wilding's blofforn white and red; Where wild thyme purples, where the daify fnows The curving flopes, the melon's pride fhe throws; Where by the stream the lily of the vale, Primrofe, and cowflip meek, perfume the gale, Beneath the lily and the cowflip's bell The fcarlet strawberries luxurious swell. Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields, Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields; And birds of every note and every wing Their loves responsive through the branches sing: open the free many per and their relatives in a site that there is

The byacinth bewrays the doleful Ai.-Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally flain, and afterwards turned into a flower: and durit, it illustrates the general care with ...

is enough, they he is being their their the best of Anderson

Tyrioque nitentior oftro Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia : fi non, Purpureus color huic, argenteus esset in illis. Non fatis hoc Phœbo est: is enim fuit auctor honoris. Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit; & Ai, Ai, Flos habet inscriptum : funestaque littera ducta est. Ovin. Mer.

In fweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies, High pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries; The fwan flow failing o'er the cyrstal lake Tunes his melodious note; from every brake The glowing strain the nightingale returns, And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns, Pleafed to behold his branching horns appear, O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer; The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade, And fwiftly circling, croffes oft the glade. Where from the rocks the bubbling founts diftil, The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill; The dappled heifer feeks the vales below, And from the thicket fprings the bounding doe. To his lov'd neft, on fondly fluttering wings, In chirping bill the little fongster brings The food untafted; transport thrills his breaft; 'Tis nature's touch; 'tis inftinct's heav'n-like feaft. Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers, And fong and joy imparadifed the bowers.

And foon the fleet their ready anchors threw: Lifted on the eager tip-toe at the view, On nimble feet that bounded to the ftrand The fecond Argonauts 5 elance to land.

Wide

The fecond Argonauts—The expedition of the golden fleece was efteemed in ancient poetry, one of the most daring adventures, the success of which was accounted miraculous. The allusions of Camoens to this voyage, though in the spirit of his age, are by no means improper.

Wide o'er the beauteous ifle h the lovely fair Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care.

From

h Wide o'er the beauteous ifle the lovely fair-We now come to the passage condemned by Voltaire as fo lascivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portuguese and Italians, could bear it. But the author of the detestable poem La Pucelle d'Orleans, talks of the island of Venus with that same knowledge of his subject with which he made Camoens, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which discovered the route to India, Though Voltaire's cavils, I truft, are in general fully answered in the preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unnecessary ere the reader enter upon the passage itself. No painter then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the graces unveiled or naked. In sculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedness, it is the expression or manner only that offends decency. It is this which constitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the lascivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoens has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and christian mythology in his machinery has been anathematifed, and his island of love represented as a brothel. Yet both accusations are the arrogant assertions of the most superficial acquaintance with his works, a bearfay, echoed from critic to critic. His poem itself, and a comparison of its parts with the similar conduct of the greatest modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both instances no modern epic writer of note has given less offence to true criticism.

Not to mention Ariosto, whose descriptions will often admit of no palliation, Tasso, Spensor, and Milton, have always been esteemed as the chastest of poets, yet in the delicacy of warm description, the inartissical modesty of nature, none of them can boast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens, which even the genius of Tasso has not reached; and though the island of Armida is evidently copied from the Lusiad, yet those who are possessed of the siner feelings, will easily discover an effential difference between the love-scenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoens are detected naked in the woods and in the stream, and though desirous to captivate, still their behaviour is that of the virgin, who hopes to be the spouse. They act the part of offended modesty; even when they yield they are silent, and behave in every respect like Milton's eve in the state of innocence, who

---What was honour knew---

And who displayed

From lowly valley and from mountain grove The lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.

Here

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth, That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

To fum up all, the nuptial fanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a mafterly allegory shuts up the love-scenes of Camoens.

How different from all this is the island of Armida in Tasso, and its translation, the bower of Acrassa, in Spenser! In these virtue is seduced; the scene therefore is less delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modesty of the bride as in Camöens, employ all the arts of the lascivious wanton. They stay not to be wooed; but, as Spencer gives it,

The amorous fweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

One stanza from our English poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, shall here suffice:

Withal she laughed and she blush'd withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spy'd the knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindling lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did increase,
And to him becken'd to approach more near,
And shew'd him many sights, that courage cold could rear.

This and other descriptions,

Upon a bed of roses she was laid

As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin.—

prefent every idea of lascivious voluptuousness. The allurements of speech are also added. Songs, which breathe every persuasive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto
Fiavi, e l'berbetta morbida de' prati.— TASSO.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,

Our flowery turf amid the fmiling mead.— Hoole.

Thefe,

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill.

The folemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;

Here

Thefe, and the whole scenes in the domains of Armida and Acrasia, are in a turn of manner the reverse of the island of Venus. They are the scenes of guilt and remorse. In Camoens, the supposition of the purest honour and innocence gives a nameless delicacy; and though the colouring be warm, yet the modesty of the Venus de Medicis is still preserved. In every thing he describes there is still something strongly similar to the modest attitude of the arms of that celebrated statue. Though prudery, that usual mask of the impurest minds, may condemn him, yet those of the most chaste, though less gloomy turn, will allow, that in comparison with others, he might say,—Virginibus puerisque canto.

Spenser also, where he does not follow Tasso, is often gross; and even in some instances, where the expression is more delicate, the picture is nevertheless indecently lascivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding stanzas, which in his second edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a striking example. The virgin Britomart, the pattern of chastity, stands by, while Sir Scudamore and Amoret,

Each other of love's bitter fruit despoile—

But this shall not here be cited; only,

That Britomart, half envying their blefs,
Was much empassion'd in her gentle sprite,
And to herself oft wish'd like happiness;
In vain she wish'd, that fate n'ould let her yet possess.

Nor is even Spenser's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than some lines of the Paradise Lost. The reply of the angel to Adam's description of his nuptials, contains some strokes intolerably disgussful. And the first effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contrast to that delicacy of expression which adorns the first loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety however in thus representing the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, some of the terms of expression are still indefensibly indelicate. In a word, so unjust is the censure of Voltaire, a censure which never arose from a comparison of Camoens with other poets, and so ill-grounded is the charge against him, that we cannot but admire his superior delicacy; a delicacy not even understood in his age, when the

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Here from the shadows of the upland grot The mellow lute renews the fwelling note. As fair Diana and her virgin train Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain, In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe, Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to shew Now feeming carelefs, fearful now and coy, (So taught the goddess of unutter'd joy,) And gliding through the distant glades display Each limb, each movement, naked as the day. Some light with glee in careless freedom take Their playful revels in the crystal lake; One trembling stands no deeper than the knee To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee Another o'er her fudden laves the tide; In pearly drops the wishful waters glide, Reluctant dropping from her breafts of fnow; Beneath the wave another feems to glow; The amorous waves her bosom fondly kis'd, And rose and fell, as panting, on her breast.

Another

grossest imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the most pious divines; when in the old liturgy itself it was esteemed no indelicacy of expression to enjoin the wife to be buxom in bed and at board. We know what liberties were taken by the politest writers of the Augustan age; and such is the change of manners, that Shakespeare and Spenser might with justice appeal from the judgment of the present, when it condemns them for indecency. Camöens, however, may appeal to the most polished age; let him be heard for himself, let him be compared with others of the first name, and his warmest descriptions need not dread the decision.

Another fwims along with graceful pride,
Her filver arms the gliftening waves divide,
Her shining sides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,
Her hair, of mildest yellow, slows from side
To side, as o'er it plays the wanton tide;
And careless as she turns, her thighs of snow
Their tapering rounds in deeper lustre shew.

Some gallant Lufians fought the woodland prey. And through the thickets forced the pathlefs way; And some in shades impervious to the beam, Supinely liften'd to the murmuring ftream: When fudden through the boughs the various dyes Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rife. Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers fpring, Down drops the arrow from the half drawn string: Soon they behold 'twas not the rofe's hue, The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansie's blue: Dazzling the shades the nymphs appear—the zone And flowing fcarf in gold and azure shone. Naked as Venus stood in Ida's bower, Some trust the dazzling charms of native power; Through the green boughs and darkling shades they shew The shining lustre of their native snow, And every tapering, every rounded fwell Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.

As visions cloath'd in dazzling white they rife, Then steal unnoted from the flurried eyes: Again apparent, and again withdrawn, They shine and wanton o'er the smiling lawn. Amazed and loft in rapture of furprize, All joy, my friends, the brave Veloso cries, Whate'er of goddesses old fable told, Or poet fung of facred groves, behold: Sacred to goddeffes divinely bright These beauteous forests own their guardian might. From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd, To us, behold, all paradife reveal'd! Swift let us try if phantoms of the air, Or living charms appear, divinely fair! Swift at the word the gallant Lufians bound, Their rapid footsteps scarcely touch the ground; Through copfe, through brake, impatient of their prey, Swift as the wounded deer they fpring away: Fleet through the winding shades in rapid flight The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their fight. Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye, And dimpling fmile their feeming fear deny. Fleet through the shades in parted route they glide: If winding path the chosen pairs divide, Another path by fweet mistake betrays, And throws the lover on the lover's gaze: If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair, The laugh, the shriek, confess the charmer there.

Dd 2

Luxurious

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy. And every fondling favouring art employ. Fleet as the fair ones speed, the busy gale In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil; White through the veil, in fairer brighter glow The lifted robe displays the living fnow: Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals, Then inftant to the glance each charm reveals, Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire, Reveals, and with the shade instames defire. One, as her breathless lover hastens on, With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown; Confus'd, the rifes with a blufhing fmile: The lover falls the captive of her guile: Tript by the fair he tumbles on the mead, The joyful victim of his eager speed.

Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,
Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear,
As through the forest glades they chace the deer;
For arm'd to chace the bounding roe they came,
Unhop'd the transport of a nobler game.
The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods resound the shriek of fear.

Thren the crack, three of wake, brunnier of their present

Some T

Some feign fuch terror of the forced embrace, Their virgin modesty to this gives place, Naked they fpring to land and fpeed away To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day, Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes What to the amorous arms their fear denies. Some well affume Diana's virgin shame, When on her naked sports the hunter i came Unwelcome—plunging in the crystal tide, In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide; The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, beftow A milder luftre and a fofter glow. As loft in earnest care of future need, Some to the banks to fnatch their mantles fpeed, Of present view regardless; every wile Was yet, and every net of amorous guile. Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm, Difplay'd, in various force, was every charm. Nor idle stood the gallant youth; the wing Of rapture lifts them, to the fair they fpring; Some to the copie pursue their lovely prey; Some cloath'd and shod, impatient of delay, Impatient of the stings of fierce defire, Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire. So when the fowler to his cheek uprears The hollow fteel, and on the mallard bears,

eight of the will a their breezes to relign:

His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar,
Fierce for the prey springs headlong from the shore,
And barking cuts the wave with surious joy:
So mid the billow springs each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph whose eyes from all the rest
By singling him her secret wish confest.

A fon of Mars was there, of generous race, His every elegance of manly grace; Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth; Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy, Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy, Had ever fpurn'd his vows; yet still his heart Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart: The purest delicacy fann'd his fires, And proudeft honour nurs'd his fond defires. Not on the first that fair before him glow'd, Not on the first the youth his love bestow'd. In all her charms the fair Ephyre came, And Leonardo's heart was all on flame: Affection's melting transport o'er him stole, And love's all generous glow intranced his foul; Of felfish joy unconscious, every thought On fweet delirium's ocean streamed affoat. Pattern of beauty did Ephyre shine, Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign:

More

More than her fifters long'd her heart to yield, Yet fwifter fled she o'er the smiling field. The youth now panting with the hopeless chace, Oh turn, he cries, Oh turn thy angel face: False to themselves can charms like these conceal The hateful rigour of relentless steel; And did the stream deceive me when I stood Amid my peers reflected in the flood? The easiest port and fairest bloom I bore-False was the stream—while I in vain deplore, My peers are happy; lo, in every shade, In every bower, their love with love repaid! I, I alone through brakes, through thorns purfue A cruel fair—Ah, still my fate proves true, True to its rigour-who, fair nymph, to thee Reveal'd, 'twas I that fued! unhappy me! Born to be fpurn'd though honesty inspire-Alas, I faint, my languid finews tire; Oh ftay thee-powerless to sustain their weight My knees fink down, I fink beneath my fate! He spoke; a rustling urges through the trees, Inftant new vigour strings his active knees, Wildly he glares around, and raging cries, And must another fnatch my lovely prize! In favage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain! I feel, I madden while I feel the pain! Oh loft, thou flyest the safety of my arms, My hand shall guard thee, softly seize thy charms, No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn! Die shall thy ravisher-Oh goddess, turn, And fmiling view the error of my fear; No brutal force, no ravisher is near; A harmless roebuck gave the rustling founds; Lo, from the thicket fwift as thee he bounds! Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chace! I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face. Vain are thy fears; were even thy will to yield The harvest of my hope, that harvest field My fate would guard, and walls of brafs would rear Between my fickle and the golden ear. Yet fly me not; fo may thy youthful prime Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wing of time. Yet hear, the last my panting breath can fay, Nor proudeft kings, nor mightiest hosts can fway Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine, Yet thou canst more, yet thou canst conquer mine. Unmoved each other yielding nymph I fee; Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee! But thee __Oh, every transport of defire, That melts to mingle with its kindred fire, For thee respires --- alone I feel for thee The dear wild rage of longing extacy: By all the flames of fympathy divine To thee united, thou by right art mine. From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows That fevered rages, and for union glows;

Heaven

Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare:
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; even now I heard him foftly tread;
Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I fee, I fee thee rufhing to his arms,
And finking on his bosom, all thy charms
To him refigning in an eager kiss,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliss!
And shall I fee him riot on thy charms,
Dissolved in joy exulting in thine arms—
Oh burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,
Oh pour your slashes——Madning as he said,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling sootsteps still the nymph k pursued.

Wooed

His trembling footsleps still the nymph pursued .- At the end of his Homer Mr. Pope has given an index of the instances of imitative and sentimental harmony contained in his translations. He has also often in his notes pointed out the adaption of found to fense. The translator of the Lusiad hopes he may for once say, that he has not been inattentive to this great effential of good verification; how he has succeeded the judicious only must determine. The speech of Leonard to the cursory reader may perhaps sometimes appear careless, and sometimes turgid and stiff. That fpeech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and fentimental harmony, and with the judicious he rests its fate. As the translation in this instance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old purfy Abbé, (and critics are apt to judge by themselves) may indeed be furprized that a man out of breath with running should be able to talk fo long. But had he consulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a ftout and young Cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chase of a couple of miles, provided the supposition is allowed, that he treads on the last steps of his flying mistress.

Wooed to the flight she wing'd her speed to hear His amorous accents melting on her ear. And now the turns the wild walk's ferpent maze; A rofeate bower its velvet couch displays; The thickest moss its softest verdure spread. Crocus and mingling pansie fring'd the bed, The woodbine dropt its honey from above, And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove. Here as she hastens, on the hopeless boy She turns her face all bathed in fmiles of joy; Then, finking down, her eyes, fufficed with love Glowing on his, one moment loft reprove. Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own; Lock'd In her arms foft finks the stripling down-Ah, what foft murmurs panting through the bowers Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours; The wishful figh and melting smile conspire, Devouring kiffes fan the fiercer fire; Sweet violence with dearest grace affails, Soft o'er the purposed frown the smile prevails; The purposed frown betrays its own deceit, In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rifing threat; The coy delay glides off in yielding love, And transport murmurs through the facred grove. The joy of pleafing adds its facred zeft, And all is love, embracing and embraced.

a state unarth decided and the contract of

The golden morn beheld the scenes of jov; Nor, fultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy; The fultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid, And fends him glowing to the fecret shade. O'er every shade and every nuptial bower The love-fick strain the virgin turtles pour; For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd, The Lufian heroes and the nymps conjoin'd. With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd: By every fpoufal holy ritual tyed, No chance they vow shall e'er their hands divide, In life, in death, attendant as their fame; Such was the oath of ocean's fovereign dame: The dame (from heaven and holy Vesta sprung, For ever beauteous and for ever young,) Enraptured views the chief whose deathless name The wondering world and conquer'd feas proclaim. With stately pomp she holds the hero's hand, And gives her empire to his dread command, By fpoufal ties confirm'd; nor past untold What fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old: The world's vast globe in radiant sphere she shew'd, The shores immense, and seas unknown, unplow'd; The feas, the fhores, due to the Lusian keel And Lufian fword, she haftens to reveal. The glorious leader by the hand she takes, And, dim below, the flowery bowers forfakes.

High on a mountain's starry top divine

Her palace walls of living crystal shine;

Of gold and crystal blaze the losty towers:

Here bathed in joy they pass the blissful hours:

Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day

On downy pinions glides unknown away.

While thus the sovereigns in the palace reign,

Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain,

Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers

His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

· how he should be the wife the

By

¹ Hence, ye profane—We have already observed, that in every other poet the love-scenes are generally described as those of guilt and remorfe. The contrary character of those of Camöens, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns; but by the siction of the spousal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are most happily conducted. See the Introduction.

By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy; These are the transports of the isle of joy. Such was Olympus and the bright abodes; Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods. Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just, To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust. High, steep and rugged, painful to be trod, With toils on toils immense is virtue's road; But fmooth at last the walks umbrageous smile, Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our ifle. Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, strove, All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove: Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd; Diana bound the tyrants of the wild; O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread the vine; And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine. Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the bleft abodes She raifed, and hail'd them gods and fprung of gods.

The love of fame, by heaven's own hand imprest,
The first and noblest passion of the breast,
May yet mislead——Oh guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours false and vain,
No tinsel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each respect you hold:
To your loved king return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of sierce oppression guard the peasant's cause.

If youthful fury pant for shining arms, Spread o'er the Eastern world the dread alarms; There bends the Saracen the hostile bow, The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe; There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins. And break his tyrant sceptre o'er his chains. On adamantine pillars thus shall stand The throne, the glory of your native land, And Lufian heroes, an immortal line, Shall ever with us share our isle divine.

The He angelic, every veranta frene,

The contract chample

Up the rough load Alcides, Hegraes, fireve,

Hence, yet brody their printing offers A tensor such as on ItA Like you se freit walling think to coll it show the bear District the state of the sale O'er the wife defent placementaries through and an act And Ohee ton shorthed had seed in the delineau short more it Former county to the consequence of the consequence She rolled, set that the interroped and demanged and the collection of T

The love of times by bettering over hard impacted are The Street rate reflected by a street and the Street and Street The general point of the design of the second of the secon No harlot cober of hemount table, and while the role of

DISSERTATION

Novialed cours, be come all native gold.

Well-carn'd each nonour, each reflect you hold:

See, percolastic sauge a muse got hirotopy of

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DISSERTATION

ON THE FICTION OF THE

ISLAND OF VENUS.

FROM the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's island of Rhadamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory; at other times they have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyssey, and the Elysium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind, which abound in the old romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its inchanted bower, or

its dreary cave. The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Trobadours and first Gothic romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Trobadours; Ariofto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenfer has copied Ariofto and Taffo. In the fixth and feventh books of the Orlando Furioso, there is a fine description of the island and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logistilla or Virtue. The passage, of this kind, however, where Ariosto has displayed the richest poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the description of Paradise, whither he sends Astolpho the English duke, to ask the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is most admirably fanciful. Astolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horse, sees Paradise, and, accompanied by the Evangelist, visits the moon; the description of which orb is almost literally translated in Milton's Limbo. But the passage which may be said to bear the nearest resemblance to the descriptive part of the island of Venus, is the landscape of Paradise, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whose many acts of friendship I am proud to acknowledge myfelf indebted, has obliged me with his translation, though only ten books of his Ariosto are yet published.

cited the ambition of many imi O'er the glad earth the blifsful feafon pours The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers In vary'd tints: there shew'd the ruby's hue, and but hooms The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue. The mead appears one intermingled blaze Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays, Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields As the fair turf of those celestial fields. nory virtue and vice, had im polence, he inclusted bower,

On every tree the leaves unfading grow,
The fruitage ripens and the flowrets blow.
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amid the boughs their notes melodious fing:
Still lakes, and murmuring streams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the listening ear,
A fostening genial air, that ever seems
In even tenor, cools the folar beams
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield
Of grateful scent, the stealing gales dispense
The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright, Like living flame emits a streamy light, And wrapt in splendor of resulgent day Outshines the strength of every mortal ray.

Astolpho gently now directs his speed
To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary desart and a seat of woe,
By heaven and nature, in their wrath bestow'd,
In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew,
In stedfast gaze transported at the view:
They seem'd one gementire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Transcending all, by seeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boassing tongues proclaim
Those wonders of the world, so chronicled by fame!

Camöens read and admired Ariosto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his island of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery description is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Ariosto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

VOL. II.

Ee

Before

Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,
Or sport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modesty attemper'd every grace;
In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,
Their temples fair with leasy garlands crown'd.
These, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this sweet paradise of soft delight...
Enamour'd youths and tender damsels seem
To chant their loves beside a purling stream.
Some by a branching tree or mountain's shade
In sports and dances press the downy glade,
While one discloses to his friend, apart,
The secret transports of his amorous heart.

B. VI.

But these descriptions also, which bring the heroes of knight errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the use of the alphabet; and indeed the greatest part of these love adventures are evidently borrowed from the sable of Circe. Astolpho, who was transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero;

Her former lovers the efteem'd no more, For manly lovers the posses'd before; I was her joy-Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind In love inconstant as the changing wind ! Scarce had I held two months the fairy's grace, When a new youth was taken to my place; Rejected then I join'd the banish'd herd That loft her love, as others were preferr'd ... Some here, fome there, her potent charms retain, In diverse forms imprison'd to remain; In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd, Or fuch as me you here behold expos'd; In fountains fome, and fome in beafts confin'd, As fuits the wayward fairy's cruel mind. Hoole, Ar. B. VI.

tanes A. he spaint all mi many When

When incidents, character and conduct confess the refemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a fimilar stroke of passion or description occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulness, to tell us on what passage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been perfecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet like the creed of the Athieft, their fystem is involved in the deepest absurdity. It is easy to suppose, that men of poetical feelings, in describing the same thing, should give us the fame picture. But that the Paradife Loft, which forms one animated whole of the noblest poetry, is a mere cento, compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a supposition which gives Milton a cast of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable, than the greatest poetical genius. When Gasper Poussin painted clouds and trees in his landscapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue, of the leaf and the sky, from Claude Lorrain. Neither did Camoens, when he painted his island of Venus, spend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predeceffors, who had described the beauties of the vernal year or the stages of passion. Camoens knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; these formed his tafte and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he describes the agitations of that passion.

Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though most favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The E e 2 poetry poetry of the Orientals also abounds with them, yet with some charasterictical differences. Like the constitutions and dress of the Asiatics, the landscapes of the eastern muse are warm and seeble, brilliant and slight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal sameness. The western muse, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, sometimes slowery as her Italian or English fields, sometimes majestically great as her Runic forests of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all these differences of seature, several Oriental sictions greatly resemble the island of Circe and the slowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of prince Agib, or the third calander, in the Arabian Tales, afford a striking likeness of painting and catastrophe.

If Ariofto however feeem to refemble any eaftern fiction, the island of Venus in Camoens bears a more striking refemblance to a passage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the assembly of the Fowles:

The bildir oak, and eke the hardie ashe,
The pillir elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis lasshe,
The sailing firre, the cypres deth to plaine,
The shortir ewe, the aspe for shaftis plaine,
The olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,
The victor palme, the laurir to divine.
A gardein sawe I full of blosomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grené mede
There as sweteness evirmore inough is,
With flouris white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,
And colde and clere wellestremis, nothing dede,
That swommin full of smale silver bright.

and

On every bough the birdis herd I fyng
With voice of angell, in their harmonie
That busied 'hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan espie
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,
Squirils, and bestis smal of gentle kind.

Of instrumentes of stringis, in accorde Herd I so plaie a ravishyng sweetnesse, That God, that makir is of all the lorde, Ne herd nevir a better, as I gesse, There with a winde, unneth it might be lesse, Made in the levis grene a noise soft Accordant to the soulis song on lost.

The aire of the place so attempre was, That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—

Under a tre beside a well I seye
Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his sete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,
Some for to sea, and some to wound and carve.

And upon pillirs grete of jaspir long I saw a temple of brasse ifounded strong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which fome there ywere
Faire of 'hefelf, and fome of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all desheveled went thei there,
That was ther office er from yere to yere,
And on the temple sawe I white and saire
Of dovis sittyng many a thousand paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the streams, the music of instruments and birds, the frolics of deer

and other animals; and wemen inow. In a word, the island of Venus is here sketched out, yet Chaucer was never translated into Latin or any language of the continent, nor did Camöens understand a line of English. The subject was common, and the same poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camöens, pointed out to each what were the beauties of landscapes and of bowers devoted to pleasure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of islands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camöens. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completest gradation, and fullest assemblage of that species of huxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in sulness. Nor can the island of Armida in Tasso be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camöens, as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso, when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated from the Italian poet. The beautiful sictions of Armida and Acrasia however are much too long to be here inserted, and they are well known to every reader of tasse.

But the chief praise of our poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of so beautiful a siction, as an essential part of the conduct and machinery of an epic poem, does the greatest honour to the invention of Camoens. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is completed by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast.

In the finest allegory the heroes of the Lufiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our poet gives a noble imitation of the noblest part of the Æneid. In the tenth Lufiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis fing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conquest of India; after this the goddess gives Gama a view of the Eastern world, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, all these are given to the western world by you. It is impossible any poem can be fummed up with greater sublimity. The fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchifes, which forms the most masterly siction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot possibly bear a stronger refemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Lufiad, the prophetic fong, and the vision shewn to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, confidered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the fubject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to refemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be refembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never faw the Lusiad in the original tongue, he certainly beard of Fanshaw's translation, which was published fourteen years before he gave his Paradise Lost to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the last book of the Lufiad been two thousand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two last books of the Paradife

Paradife Loft were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camöens, is of little confequence. That the genius of the great Milton fuggested the conclusion of his immortal poem in the manner and machinery of the Lusiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two last books of the Paradise Loft, are in point of conduct exactly the same with the part of Thetis and Gama in the conclusion of the Lusiad. Yet this difference must be observed; in the narrative of his last book, Milton has slagged, as Addison calls it, and fallen infinitely short of the untired spirit of the Portuguese poet.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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L U S I A D.

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the western ocean's distant bed Apollo now his fiery coursers sped, Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic a roll'd His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:

The

* Far o'er the filver lake of Mexic.—The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of falt water, in circuit about sifty leagues. This situation, said the Mexicans, was appointed by their God Vitziliputzli, who, according to the explanation of their picture-histories, led their fore-fathers a journey of sourseore years, in search of the promised land; the apish devil, say some Spanish writers, in this imitating the journies of the Israelites. Four of the principal priests carried the idol in a cosser of reeds. Whenever they halted they built a tabernacle for their god in the midst of their camp, where they placed the

The eaftern fky was left to dufky grey, And o'er the last hot breath of parting day, Cool o'er the fultry noon's remaining flame, On gentle gales the grateful twilight came. Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze Sighs o'er the lawns and whifpers through the trees; Refresh'd the lily rears the filver head, And opening jasmines o'er the arbours spread. Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like distant snow, Graceful arose the moon, serenely slow; Not yet full orb'd, in clouded splendor drest, Her married arms embrace her pregnant breaft. Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young, The nightingale his fpoulal anthem fung; From every bower the holy chorus rofe, From every bower the rival anthem flows. Translucent twinkling through the upland grove In all her luftre shines the star of love : Led by the facred ray from every bower, A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:

Each

coffer and the altar. They then fowed the land, and their stay or departure, without regard to the barvest, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at last by his command they fixed their abode on the site of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is represented by men coming out of caves, and their different journies and encampment are pourtrayed in their picture-histories; one of which was sent to Charles V. and is said to be still extant in the Escurial. According to the reigns of their kings, their first emigration was about A. D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acosta, and other Spanish writers.

Each with the youth above the rest approved, Each with the nymph above the rest beloved, They feek the palace of the fovereign dame; High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame: Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone, The walls were cryftal ftarr'd with precious ftone. Amid the hall arose the festive board With nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd: So will'd the goddess to renew the smile Of vital strength, long worn by days of toil. On crystal chairs, that shined as lambent slame, Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame; Beneath a purple canopy of state The beauteous goddess and the leader sates The banquet glows-Not fuch the feaft, when all The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall Before the love-fick b Roman spread the boast Of every teeming fea and fertile coast. Sacred to nobleft worth and virtue's ear, Divine as genial was the banquet here; The wine, the fong, by fweet returns inspire, Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire. On gold and filver from th' Atlantic main, The fumptuous tribute of the fea's wide reign, Of various favour was the banquet piled; Amid the fruitage mingling rofes fmiled,

In

In cups of gold that shed a yellow light, In filver shining as the moon of night. Amid the banquet flow'd the fparkling wine, Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine: Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power Of Jove's ambrofia in th' Olympian bower To this compare not; wild not frantic fires, Divinest transport this alone inspires. The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breaft The crystal fountain's cooling aid confest; The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl, Sapient discourse, the banquet of the foul, Of richest argument and brightest glow, Array'd in dimpling fmiles, in eafieft flow Pour'd all its graces: nor in filence stood The powers of music, such as erst subdued The horrid frown of hell's profound d domains, And footh'd the tortur'd ghofts to flumber on their chains.

To

The beverage—the fountain's cooling aid confest.—It was a custom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldest spring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may suppose, to render it less intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us, that the wine which Ulysses gave to Polypheme would bear twenty measures of water. Modern luxury, by placing the bottle in preserved ice, has found a method to give the wine the most agreeable coolness, without reducing its quality.

d Music, such as erst subdued the horrid frown of bell, &c.— Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanshaw's translation, as already observed, was published fourteen years before the Paradise Lost. These lines of Milton,

To music's sweetest chords in lostiest vein, An angel firen joins the vocal strain; The filver roofs refound the living fong, The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong The hallowed warblings; liftening filence rides The fky, and o'er the bridled winds prefides; In foftest murmurs flows the glaffy deep, And each, lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep. The lofty fong ascends the thrilling skies, The fong of godlike heroes yet to rife; Jove gave the dream, whose glow the firen fired, And prefent Jove the prophecy inspired. Not he, the bard of love-fick Dido's board, Nor he the minstrel of Phæacia's lord, Though fam'd in fong, could touch the warbling ftring, Or with a voice fo fweet, melodious fing. And thou, my muse, O fairest of the train, Calliope, inspire my closing strain.

No.

What could it lefs when fpirits immortal fung?
Their fong was partial, but the harmony
Sufpended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience——

bear a refemblance to thefe of Fanshaw,

Musical instruments not wanting, such
As to the damned spirits once gave ease
In the dark vaults of the insernal hall.—

To flumber amid their punishment, though omitted by Fanshaw, is literal,

Fizerao descançar da eterna pena——

No more the fummer of my life e remains,

My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;

Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes

Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,

The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain

My anchor never to be weigh'd again,

Never on other sea of life to steer

The human course——Yet thou, O goddess, hear,

Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head

Missfortune's bitterest rage unpitying shed

Her coldest storms; yet let me live to crown

The song that boasts my nation's proud renown.

Not bed the band of downlink Dida

Of godlike heroes fung the nymph divine,

Heroes whose deeds on Gama's crest shall shine;

Who through the seas by Gama first explor'd

Shall bear the Lusian standard and the sword,

Till every coast where roars the orient main,

Blest in its sway shall own the Lusian reign;

Till every Pagan king his neck shall yield,

Or vanquish'd gnaw the dust on battle field.

High

No more the summer of my life remains.—It is not certain when Camöens wrote this. It seems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apostrophe to his muse may perhaps by some be blamed as another digression; but so little does it require defence, that one need not hesitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his muse, introduced, on these favourable opportunities, any little picture or history of himself, these digressions would have been the most interesting parts of his works. Had any such little history of Homer complained like this of Camöens, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

High priest of Malabar, the goddess sung,
Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy swrong;
Though for thy faith to Lusus' generous race
The raging Zamoreem thy sields deface:
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco sails,
To India wasted on auspicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,
A new Achilles shall the tide confess;
His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his sweight,
And deeper waves receive the facred freight.

Soon

¹Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong.—P. Alvarez Cabral, the fecond Portuguese commander who sailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high priest of Malabar. The Zamorim raised powerful armies to dethrone him, but his sidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb. For an account of this war, and the almost incredible atchievments of Pacheco, see the history in the preface.

E His ship's strong sides shall grown beneath his weight, and deeper waves receive the sacred freight.—Thus Virgil;

Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis, & multam accepit rimosa paludem.

That the visionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical stroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought however, as managed in Camöens, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy instance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical allusions to, or abridgments of historical events, are either extremely insipid and obscure, or particularly pleasing to the reader. To be pleasing, a previous acquaintance with the history is necessary, and for this reason the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly relished by their countrymen. When a known circumstance is placed in an animated poetical view, and cloathed with the graces of poetical language, a sensible

mind

Soon as on India's strand he shakes his spear,
The burning East shall tremble, chill'd with sear;
Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's stream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.
Urged on by raging shame the monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vassal kings:
Narsinga's rocks their cruel thousands pour,
Bipur's stern king attends, and thine, Tanore:
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride
All the wide North sweeps down its peopled tide:
Join'd are the sects that never h touch'd before,
By land the Pagan, and by sea the Moor.

O'er faid open of, are business of the Court State of O'er

mind must feel the effect. But when the circumstance is unknown, nothing but the most lively imagery and finest colouring can prevent it from being tirefome. The Lusiad affords many instances which must be highly pleasing to the Portuguese, but dry to those who are unacquainted with their hiftory. Nor need one helitate to affert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman history from our childhood, a great part of the Æneid would appear to us intolerably uninteresting. Sensible of this disadvantage which every version of historical poetry must suffer, the translator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the fubject, but has also, all along, in the episode in the third and fourth books, in the description of the painted enfigns in the eighth, and in the allusions in the prefent book, endeavoured to throw every historical incident into that univerfal language, the picturefque of poetry. The circumstances improper for imagery are hastened over, and those which can best receive it, presented to the view. When Hector storms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader understands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Neftor talks of his exploits at the funereal games of Amarynees, (Iliad. xxiii.) the critics themselves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

some Portografic communication of Cocommunication and Cocommunication of Cocommunication

h ____that never touch'd before. ____To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior saft, is esteemed among the Gentoos as the gratest pollution.

O'er land, o'er fea the great Pacheco strews The proftrate spearmen, and the founder'd h proas. Submiss and filent, palsied with amaze Proud Malabar th' unnumbered flain furveys: Yet burns the monarch; to his shrine he speeds; Dire howl the priefts, the groaning victim bleeds; The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods. Enraged with dog-like madnefs to behold His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd, Secure of promifed victory, again He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with flain. With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayres, And for the dreadful field himself prepares; His harnefs'd thousands to the fight he leads, And rides exulting where the combat bleeds: Amid his pomp his robes are fprinkled o'er, And his proud face dash'd with his i menials gore: From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to flight On foot inglorious, in his army's fight. Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell, The fecret poison, and the chanted spell; Vain as the spell the poison'd rage is shed, For heaven defends the hero's facred head.

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Ff

Still

h Proas—or paraos, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards a-piece.

And bis proud face dash'd with bis menials gore.

See the history in the preface.

Still fiercer from each wound the tyrant burns, Still to the field with heavier force returns. The feventh dread war he kindles; high in air The hills dishonour'd lift their shoulders bare; Their woods roll'd down now ftrew the river's fide. Now rife in mountain turrets o'er the tide; Mountains of fire and spires of bickering flame, While either bank refounds the proud acclaim, Come floating down, round Lusus' fleet to pour Their fulph'rous entrails in a burning shower. Oh, vain the hope-Let Rome her boaft refign; Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine; Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's k red field, Nor thine, Thermopylæ, fuch deeds beheld; Nor Fabius' arts fuch rushing storms repell'd. Swift as repulfed the famished wolf returns Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns; So fwift, fo fierce, feven times all India's might Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight; One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful shower, Strews in the dust all India's raging power.

The

Nor Tyber's bridge.—When Porfenna besieged Rome, Horatius Cocles desended the pass of a bridge till the Romans destroyed it behind him. Having thus saved the pass, heavy armed as he was, he swimmed across the river to his companions. The Roman history, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The stand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in desence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withstood by land and sea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly associations. See the preface.

The lofty fong, for paleness o'er her spread, The nymph suspends, and bows the languid head; Her faultering words are breath'd on plaintive fighs, Ah, Belifarius, injured chief, she cries, Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival fee, Injured Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee; In him, in thee dishonour'd virtue bleeds, And valour weeps to view her fairest deeds, Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies Low on an alms-house 1 bed, and friendless dies. Yet shall the muses plume his humble bier, And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear; Though by the king, alone to thee unjust, Thy head, great chief, was humbled in the duft, Loud shall the muse indignant sound thy praise, "Thou gavest thy monarch's throne its proudest blaze." While round the world the fun's bright car shall ride, So bright shall shine thy name's illustrious pride; Thy monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam, Eclipsed by thine, shall shed a sickly gleam. Such meed attends when foothing flattery fways, And blinded flate its facred trust betrays!

Again the nymph exalts her brow, again Her swelling voice resounds the lofty strain: Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears, Deputed royalty his standard rears:

Ff2

In

In all the generous rage of youthful fire The warlike fon attends the warlike fire. Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel The righteous vengeance of the Lufian steel. Another prince, by Lifboa's throne beloved, Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved. Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold, When curling flames her proudest domes enfold: Involved in fmoak, loud crashing, low shall fall The mounded temple and the castled wall. O'er India's feas the young Almeyda pours, Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers; Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvass riven, Month after month before his prows are driven. But heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkness rest, That awful will, which knows alone the best, Now blunts his fpear: Cambaya's fquadrons joined With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined, Engrasp him round; red boils the staggering flood, Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood: Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in shivers torn His thigh, far scatter'd o'er the wave, is borne. Bound to the mast the godlike hero m stands, Waves his proud fword and cheers his woeful bands.

Though

m Bound to the mast the godlike bero stands.—The English history affords an instance of similar resolution in Admiral Bembo, who was supported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were shivered in splinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers the young

Though winds and feas their wonted aid deny, To yield he knows not, but he knows to die: Another thunder tears his manly breast: Oh fly, blest spirit, to thy heavenly rest-Hark, rolling on the groaning storm I hear, Refiftless vengeance thundering on the rear! I fee the transports of the furious fire, As o'er the mangled corfe his eyes flash fire. Swift to the fight, with stern though weeping eyes, Fixt rage fierce burning in his breaft, he flies; Fierce as the bull that fees his rival rove Free with the heifers through the mounded grove. On oak or beech his madning fury pours; So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers. His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian fky, Before his prows the fleets of India n fly:

On

young Almeyda refused to bear off, though almost certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were certainly against him. His father had sharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impossible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the preface.

the fleets of India fly.—After having cleared the Indian feas, the viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almost immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, lord of Diu, suffered much; but the greatest slaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, says Osorius, survived this engagement. Melique Yaz, says Faria y Sousa, was born in slavery, and descended of the christians of Roxia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one; but Melique's was

On Egypt's chief his mortars dreadful tire Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire: .Heads, limbs and trunks shall choak the struggling tide, Till every furge with reeking crimfon dyed, Around the young Almeyda's hapless urn His conquerors naked ghosts shall howl and mourn. As meteors flashing through the darken'd air I fee the victors whirling faulchions glare; Dark rolls the fulph'rous smoke o'er Dio's skies, And shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rife, In one wide tumult blended: The rough roar Shakes the brown tents on Ganges trembling shore; The waves of Indus from the banks recoil; And matrons howling on the strand of Nile, By the pale moon their absent sons deplore-Long shall they wail; their fons return no more.

Ah, strike the notes of woe, the siren cries,

A dreary vision swims before my eyes.

To Tago's shore triumphant as he bends,

Low in the dust the hero's glory ends:

Though

much less so than that of many other favourites of fortune. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in state, an unlucky kite dunged upon his royal head. His majesty in great wrath swore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an experienced archer, immediately dispatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent service he was made lord of Diu, or Dio, a considerable city, the strongest and most important fortress at that time in all India. See Faria, L. 2. c. 2.

Though bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,
Nor Egypt's fword, nor India's spear prevail,
Fall shall the chief before a naked soe,
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike the blow;
The Cape of Tempests shall his tomb supply,
And in the desert sands his bones shall lie,
No boastful trophy o'er his ashes rear'd:
Such heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd!

But lo, resplendent shines another star,
Loud she resounds, in all the blaze of war!
Great P Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore,
And dyes her seas with Oja's hostile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Green Madagascar's slowery dales shall swell
His echoed same, till ocean's southmost bound
On isles and shores unknown his name resound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!

Great Albuquerque awakes the dread alarms:

O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,

While heaven, the hero's guide, indignant 4 showers

Their

[·] Fall shall the chief .- See the note on page 129.

P Great Cunia.—Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the history in the preface.

⁴ Heaven indignant showers their arrows backward.—See the note on page 63. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks.

Their arrows backward on the Persian soe,
Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.
Mountains of salt and fragrant gums in vain
Were spent untainted to embalm the slain.
Such heaps shall strew the seas and saithless strand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithless Ormuz own the Lusian sway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly safety pay.

What glorious palms on Goa's rifle I fee,
Their bloffoms spread, great Albuquerque, for thee!
Through castled walls the hero breaks his way,
And opens with his sword the dread array
Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through spears and showering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lions smear'd with gore,
His bands sweep wide o'er Goa's purpled shore.
Nor eastward far though fair Malacca s lie,
Her groves embosom'd in the morning sky;

Though

Osorius says, that many of the dead Persians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not used by the Portuguese, he conjectures, that in their despair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themselves, rather than survive the deseat.

* What glorious palms on Goa's ifle I fee.—This important place was made an archbishopric, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the East, and the seat of their viceroys. It is advantageously situated for these purposes on the coast of Decan. It still remains in the possession of the Portuguese.

• Malacea.—The conquest of this place was one of the greatest actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eastern part of Portuguese

Though with her amorous fons the valiant line
Of Java's ifle in battle rank combine,
Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers store;
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerque, thy dauntless toils shall crown!
Yet art thou thain'd—Here with a sighful frown

The

Portuguese India, and second only to Goa. Besides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who escaped, 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victors.

t Tet art thou stain'd.—A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camöens has chosen the most brilliant, and has happily suppressed the rest by a display of indignation. The French translator has the following note on this passage, "Be-"hold another instance of our author's prejudice! the action which he con-"demns had nothing in it blameable: but as he was of a most amotous constitution, he thought every fault which could plead an amour in its excuse ought to be pardoned; but true heroes, such as Albuquerque, follow other maxims. This great man had in his palace a beautiful In-"dian slave. He viewed her with the eyes of a father, and the care of her education was his pleasure. A Portuguese soldier, named Ruy Diaz, had the boldness to enter the general's apartment, where he succeeded fo well with the girl, that he obtained his desire. When Albuquerque heard of it, he immediately ordered him to the gallows."

Camöens, however, was no such undistinguishing libertine as this would represent him. In a sew pages we find him praising the continence of Don Henry de Menezes, whose victory over his passions he calls the highest excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchmen assures us of the chaste paternal assection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to establish colonies in India, and for that purpose he encouraged his soldiers to marry with the natives. The most sightly girls were selected, and educated in the religion and household arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expence of the general. These he called his daughters, and with great pleasure he used to attend their weddings, several couples being usually joined together at one time. At one of these nuptials, says Faria, the sessivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, several of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The mistakes of the night however, as they were all equal

The goddess paused, for much remain'd unsung, But blotted with an humble soldier's wrong.

Alas, she cries, when war's dread horrors reign, And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain, When ghastly famine on a hostile soil, When pale disease attends on weary toil,

When

equal in point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's fons and daughters, is as bad a commentary on the note of Castera, as it is on the severity which the commander shewed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camöens stand alone in the condemnation of the general. The historian agrees with the poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, " This gentleman, fays Faria, used to " moderate the violent temper of his uncle Albuquerque, which foon after " shewed itself in rigid severity. He ordered a soldier to be hanged for an " amour with one of the flaves whom he called daughters, and whom he " used to give in marriage. When some of his officers asked him what au-" thority he had to take the poor man's life, he drew his fword, told them " that was his commission, and instantly broke them." To marry his foldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque, his feverity therefore feems unaccountable, unless we admit the perhaps of Camöens, on de ciofo, perhaps it was jealoufy. But whatever incenfed the general, the execution of the foldier was contrary to the laws of every nation +; and the honest indignation of Camöens against one of the greatest of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portuguese empire in the East, affords a noble instance of that manly freedom of sentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injustice to the meanest subject. Nor can we omit the observation, that the above note of Castera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already feen him pay to the name of king, a devotion which breathes the true spirit of the blessed advice given by father Paul to the republic of Venice: " When a nobleman or commits an offence against a subject, says that Jesuit, let every means be " tried to justify him. But if a subject has offended a nobleman, let him " be punished with the utmost feverity."

[†] Osorius represents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been against the strict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone constitutes the crime of mutiny.

When patient under all the foldier stands. Detested be the rage which then demands The humble foldier's blood, his only crime The amorous frailty of the youthful prime! Incest's cold horror here no glow restrained, Nor facred nuptial bed was here prophaned, Nor here unwelcome force the virgin feized; A flave lascivious, in his fondling pleased, Refigns her breaft—Ah, stain to Lusian fame! ('Twas lust of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;) The leader's rage, unworthy of the brave, Configns the youthful foldier to the grave. Not Ammon thus Apelles love "repaid, Great Ammon's bed refign'd the lovely maid: Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire; Nor haughtier Carlo thus affumed the fire, Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower, An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour: With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd, And Flandria's rearldom on the knight bestow'd.

Again

[&]quot; Not Ammon. - Campaspe, the most beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araspas had strict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

^{*} And Flandria's earldom on the knight befrow'd .- " Baldwin, furnamed " Iron-arm, Grand Forester of Flanders, being in love with Judith, the

[&]quot; daughter of Charles the Bald, and widow of Ethelwolfe, king of Eng-

[&]quot; land, obtained his desire by force. Charles, though at first he highly

[&]quot; refented, afterwards pardoned his crime, and confented to his marriage

[&]quot; with the princess." Castera.

Again the nymph the fong of fame refounds;
Lo, fweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple shore on high
The Lusian ensigns blaze along the sky!
Mecca, aghast, beholds the standards shine,
And midnight horror shakes Medina's "shrine;
Th' unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching soe,
Foredoom'd in dust its prophet's tomb to strew

Nor

This digression in the song of the nymph bears, in manner, a striking resemblance to the histories which the heroes of Homer often relate to each other. That these little episodes have their beauty and propriety in an epic poem, will strongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's translation of the Iliad into French verse. The four and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and these contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thousand embellishments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer suggested to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the consequence of this improvement? The work of la Motte is unread, even by his own countrymen, and despised by every foreigner who has the least relish for poetry and Homer.

" And midnight borror shakes Medina's shrine .- Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About fix years after Gama's discovery of India, the Sultan of Egypt fent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jerusalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embaffy to Pope Julius II. The Sultan, with severe threats to the Christians of the East in case of refusal, intreated the Pope to defire Emmanuel king of Portugal to fend no more fleets to the Indian feas. The Pope fent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very spirited answer to his holiness, assuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his refolutions, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his promise of demolishing the sepulchre and erazing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he fays, was the first purpose of sending his sleets to India. Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam classibus nostris aperire, & regiones majoribus nostris incognitas explorare deerevimus, boc propositum fuit, ut ipsum Mabumetana secta caput extingueremus -- It is with great art that Camöens fo often reminds us of the grand design of the expedition of his heroes, to subvert Mohammedism and found a Christian empire in the East. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already observed in the preface.

Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall withhold
Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's lostiest spire
Thy slag shall blaze: nor shall th' immortal lyre
Forget thy praise, Sequeyra! to the shore
Where Sheba's sapient queen the * sceptre bore,
Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force
To Abyssinia's realm thy novel course;
And isles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Lusian sword shall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear
His victor lance, till deep shall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now shines thy glory in meridian height,
And loud her voice she raised; O matchless knight,
Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!
The lands by thee discover'd shall obey
Thy scepter'd power, and bless thy regal sway:
But India's crimes, outrageous to the skies,
A length of these Saturnian days denies:

Snatch'd

^{*} Where Sheba's fapient queen the sceptre bore. The Abyffinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a son to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

Snatch'd from thy golden throne the heavens shall claim
Thy deathless soul, the world thy deathless y name.

Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar

Victorious Henry 2 pours the rage of war;

Nor less the youth a nobler strife shall wage,

Great victor of himself though green in age;

No restless slave of wanton amorous sire,

No lust of gold shall taint his generous ire.

While youth's bold pulse beats high, how brave the boy

Whom harlot smiles nor ride of power decoy!

Immortal be his name! nor less thy praise,

Great 2 Mascarene, shall suture ages raise:

Though power, unjust, withhold the splendid ray

That dignifies the crest of sovereign sway,

Thy

India. During his fecond voyage, the third which the Portuguese made to India, he gave the Zamorim some considerable deseats by sea, besides his victories over the Moors. These, however, are judiciously omitted by Camöens, as the less striking part of his character.

The French translator is highly pleased with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himself at the feast. "The siren, says he, persuaded "that Gama is a hero exempt from weakness, does not hesitate to mention "the end of his life. Gama listens without any mark of emotion; the "feast and the song continue. If I am not deceived, this is truly great."

^{*} Victorious Henry.—Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the most disinterested heroism. See the preface.

^{*} Great Mascarene.—Pedro de Mascarenhas. The injustice done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the most interesting periods of the history of the Portuguese in India. See the preface.

Thy deeds, great chief, on Bintam's humbled shore, Deeds fuch as Afia never view'd before. Shall give thy honest fame a brighter blaze Than tyrant pomp in golden robes displays. Though bold in war the fierce usurper shine, Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine Drive vanquish'd; though the Lusian hector's fword For him reap conquest, and confirm him lord; Thy deeds, great peer, the wonder of thy foes, Thy glorious chains, unjust, and generous woes, Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame, And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim. Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured chief, Not thy own forrows give the sharpest grief. Thou feeft the Lufian name her honours stain, And luft of gold her heroes breafts profane; Thou feeft ambition lift the impious head, Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread; O'er India's bounds thou feeft these vultures prowl, Full gorged with blood, and dreadless of control; Thou feest and weep'st thy country's blotted name, The generous forrow thine, but not the shame. Nor long the Lufian enfigns ftain'd remain; Great Nunio b comes, and razes every stain. Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear; Though haughty Melic groan beneath his fpear;

All

Great Nunio.—Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors. See the preface.

All these, and Dio yielded to his name, Are but th' embroidery of his nobler fame. For haughtier foes of Lusian race he braves; The awful fword of justice high he waves: Before his bar the injured Indian stands, And justice boldly on his foe demands, The Lufian foe; in wonder loft the Moor Beholds proud rapine's vulture gripe reftore; Beholds the Lufian hands in fetters bound By Lufian hands, and wound repay'd for wound. Oh, more shall thus by Nunio's worth be won, Than conquest reaps from high-plumed hosts o'erthrown. Long shall the generous Nunio's blissful sway Command fupreme. In Dio's hopeless day The fovereign toil the brave Noronha takes; Awed by his c fame the fierce-foul'd Rumien shakes, And Dio's open'd walls in fudden flight forfakes. A fon of thine, O Gama, now shall d hold The helm of empire, prudent, wife and bold: Malacca faved and strengthen'd by his arms, The banks of Tor shall echo his alarms;

His

Camöens to condemn the great Albuquerque for injustice to a common soldier, has here deserted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha deserved infamy. The siege of Dio, it is true, was raised on the report of his approach, but that report was the stratagem of Coje Zofar, one of the general officers of the assaillants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predecessor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the preface.

d A fon of thine, O Gama .- Stephen de Gama. See the preface.

His worth shall bless the kingdoms of the morn, For all thy virtues shall his foul adorn. When fate refigns thy hero to the skies, A veteran, famed on Brazil's shore, shall e rise: The wide Atlantic and the Indian main, By turns shall own the terrors of his reign. His aid the proud Cambayan king implores, His potent aid Cambaya's king restores. The dread Mogul with all his thousands flies, And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize. Nor less the Zamorim o'er blood-stain'd f ground Shall fpeed his legions, torn with many a wound, In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride Of India's navy, though the shaded tide Around the fquadron'd mafts appear the down Of some wide forest, other fate renown. Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore I hear the tempest of the battle roar! Clung to the fplinter'd masts I see the dead Badala's shores with horrid wreck beforead;

G g Baticala

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[•] veteran fam'd on Brazil's shore. — Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coast of Brazil of several pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

[&]quot; _______ 'er blood-flained ground _____ This is as near the original as elegance will allow ______ de fangue cbeyo _____ upon which Fanshaw has thus punned,

Sending him home again by Weeping-Grofs.

Baticala inflamed by treacherous hate, Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate: Her feas in blood, her skies enwrapt in fire Confess the sweeping storm of Souza's ire. No hostile spear now rear'd on sea or strand, The awful fceptre graces Souza's hand; Peaceful he reigns, in counsel just and wife; And glorious Caftro now his throne fupplies: Castro, the boast of generous fame, afar From Dio's strand shall fway the glorious war. Madning with rage to view the Lufian band, A troop fo few, proud Dio's towers command. The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains, And the proud Persian's languid zeal arraigns. The Rumien fierce, who boafts the name of 8 Rome, With these conspires, and vows the Lusians' doom.

A thousand

The Rumien fierce who boassis the name of Rome—When the victories of the Portuguese began to overspread the East, several Indian princes, by the counsels of the Moors, applied for assistance to the Sultan of Egypt and the Grand Signior. The troops of these Mohammedan princes were in the highest reputation for bravery, and though composed of many disferent nations, were known among the orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The history of ancient Rome made the same figure among the Easterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages, does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the descendants of the Roman Conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been said that the gypsies who are now scattered over Europe, were, about sour or sive centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themsel ves, Rumetch, or Rumetchin, savours this opinion.

A thousand barbarous nations join their powers To bathe with Lufian blood the Dion towers. Dark rolling sheets, forth belch'd from brazen wombs, And bored, like showering clouds, with hailing bombs, O'er Dio's fky spread the black shades of death; The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath. No hope, bold h Mascarene, mayst thou respire, A glorious fall alone, thy just defire. When lo, his gallant fon brave Castro sends-Ah! heaven what fate the hapless youth attends! In vain the terrors of his faulchion glare; The cavern'd mine bursts, high in pitchy air Rampire and fquadron whirl'd convulfive, borne To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn. His loftiest bough though fall'n, the generous fire His living hope devotes with Roman ire. On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar Through oceans howling with the wintery war, Through skies of snow his brother's vengeance bears: And foon in arms the valiant fire appears: Before him victory fpreads her eagle-wing Wide fweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king. In vain his thundering courfers shake the ground, Cambava bleeding of his might's last wound.

Gg2

Sinks

h No bope, bold Mascarene.—The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

Sinks pale in dust: fierce Hydal-Kan i in vain
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.
O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O peace, thy blossoms glow,
The golden blossoms of thy olive bough;
Firm based on wisdom's laws great Castro crowns,
And the wide East the Lusian empire owns.

These warlike chiefs, the sons of thy renown,
And thousands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold.
Their victor-standards blazed with Indian gold;

And

i Fierce Hydal Kan.—The title of the lords or princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portuguese have sometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at last sinally subdued by Don John de Castro, the sourth viceroy of India, with whose reign our poet judiciously ends the prophetic song. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Castro completed the system of the Portuguese empire in the East. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here summed up. Nor is the discretion of Camõens in this instance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times; when he himself was upon the scene in India. But whatever he had said of his cotemporaries would have been liable to misconstruction, and every sentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little poet would have been happy in such an opportunity to resent his wrongs. But the silent contempt of Camõens does him true homour.

In this historical fong, as already hinted, the translator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into those universal languages, the picturesque and characteristic. To convey the sublimest instructions to princes, is, according to Aristotle, the peculiar province of the epic muse. The striking points of view, in which the different characters of the governors of India are here placed, are in the most happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stagistic.

And in the bosom of our flowery isle,

Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.

Their nymphs like yours, their feast divine the same,

The raptured foretaste of immortal same.

So fung the goddefs, while the fifter train With joyful anthem close the facred strain; Though fortune from her whirling sphere bestow Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow, Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame Shall ever conftant grace the Lufian name. So fung the joyful chorus, while around The filver roofs the lofty notes refound. The fong prophetic, and the facred feaft, Now shed the glow of strength through every breaft. When with the grace and majesty divine, Which round immortals, when enamour'd, shine, To crown the banquet of their deathless fame, To happy GAMA thus the fovereign dame: O loved of heaven, what never man before, What wandering science never might explore, By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to fee Great nature's face unveil'd, is given to thee. Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead: Firm be your steps, for arduous to the tread Through matted breaks of thorn and brier, beftrew'd With fplinter'd flint, winds the steep slippery road.

She

She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's summit soon they stand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light transparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the surface glow'd.
The frame etherial various orbs compose,
In whirling circles now they fell, now rose;
Yet never rose k nor fell, for still the same
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement still beginning, still complete,
Its author's type, self-poised, perfection's seat.

Great

In whirling circles now they fell, now rose,-Yet never rose nor fell-The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every fystem, bear, at all times, the fame uniform relation to each other; these expressions, therefore, are strictly just. The first relates to the appearance, the second to the reality. Thus while to us the fun appears to go down, to more western inhabitants of the globe he appears to rife, and while he rifes to us, he is going down to the more eastern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expressions of our poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. The ancient hypothesis which made our earth the centre of the universe, is the fystem adopted by Camöens, a happiness, in the opinion of the translator, to the English Lusiad. The new system is so well known, that a poetical description of it would have been no novelty to the English reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour, but this description is perhaps the finest and fullest that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore less picturesque.

Our author studied at the university of Coimbra, where the ancient system and other doctrines of the Aristotelians then, and long afterwards,

merchanic company of the Transfer

Great VASCO thrill'd with reverential awe, And wrapt with keen defire, the wonder faw. The goddess markt the language of his eyes, And here, she cried, thy largest wish suffice. Great nature's fabric thou dost here behold, Th' etherial pure, and elemental mould, In pattern shewn complete, as nature's God Ordain'd the world's great frame his dread abode; For every part the power divine pervades, The fun's bright radiance and the central shades. Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line Explore the boundless God, or where define, Where in himself in uncreated light, (While all his worlds around feem'd wrapt in night,) He holds his loftiest 1 state. By primal laws Imposed on nature's birth, himself the cause, By her own ministry through every maze Nature in all her walks unfeen he fways. These spheres m behold; the first in wide embrace Surrounds the leffer orbs of various face;

The

* He bolds bis loftieft flate.—Called by the old philosophers and school divines the fenforium of the Deity.

These spheres behold.—According to the Peripatetics the universe consisted of eleven spheres inclosed within each other, as Fanshaw has samiliarly expressed it by a simile which he has lent our author. The first of these spheres, he says,

Of boxes | all the other orbs comprize-

The Empyrean this, the holieft heaven,

To the pure spirits of the blest is given:

No mortal eye its splendid rays may bear,

No mortal bosom feel the raptures there.

The earth in all her summer pride array'd

To this might seem a drear sepulchral shade.

Unmoved it stands: within its shining frame,

In motion swifter than the lightning's slame,

Swifter than sight the moving parts may spy,

Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.

Hence motion a darts its force, impulsive draws,

And on the other orbs impresses laws:

The

In their accounts of this first mentioned, but eleventh sphere, which they called the Empyrean or heaven of the blest, the disciples of Aristotle, and the Arab Moors, give a loose to all the warmth of imagination. And several of the christian fathers applied to it the descriptions of heaven which are found in the holy scripture.

* Hence motion darts its force.—This is the tenth fiphere, the primum mobile of the ancient system. To account for the appearances of the heavens, the Peripatetics ascribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from east to west, they supposed it had a motion of its own from west to east. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interposition of the ninth sphere, or crystalline heaven, was necessary. The ancient astronomers observed that the stars shifted their places. This they called the motion of the crystalline heaven, expressed by our poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred solar years. The samous Arab astronomer Abulhasan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this sphere to consist of 49,000 of our years. But modern discoveries have not only corrected this calculation †, but have also ascertained the

† However deficient the astronomy of Abulhasan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his prophet Mohammed, who tells his disciples, that the stars were each about the bigness of an house, and hung from the sky on chains of gold.

The fun's bright car attentive to its force

Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course:

Its force stupendous asks a pondrous sphere

To poise its sury and its weight to bear:

Slow moves that pondrous orb; the stiff, slow pace

One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race

Two hundred times the sun triumphant rides;

The crystal heaven is this, whose rigour guides

And binds the starry o sphere: that sphere behold,

With diamonds spangled, and emblazed with gold;

What radiant orbs that azure sky adorn,

Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne!

Swift

reason of the apparent motion of the fixt stars. 'The earth is not a perfest sphere; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the procession of the equinoxes, and makes the stars feem to shift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years; according to which all the stars feem to perform one revolution in the space of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the fame fituation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic astronomers perceived that the motions of the heavens composed one great revolution. This they called the Annus Magnus, which those who did not understand them mistook for a restoration of all things to their first originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every refpect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thousand years to resume every circumstance of his present life, to be exactly the same in every contingency. And hence also the legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already past, and eternally to succeed each

• And binds the flarry Jphere.—This was called the firmament or eighth heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and those orbits composed the other spheres or heavens.

Swift as they trace the heaven's deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.
Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt displays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through these the sun in annual journey towers,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.
In gold and silver of celestial mine
How rich far round the constellations shine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In shining frost the northern P chariot rides:
Mid treasured snows here gleams the grisly bear,
And icy slakes incrust his shaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved:
Her vengeful sire, and by the gods reproved

Beauteous

In soining frost the northern chariet rides .- Commonly called Charleswain. Of Califto, or the Bear, fee the note on page 113. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Cassiope. Cassiope boasted that she and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appeale the goddess, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a fea-monster, but was saved by Perseus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family should be placed among the stars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was flung to death by a serpent. The star of his name portends tempests. The Dogs; fable gives this honour to those of different hunters, The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his miftress, has the best title to preside over the dog-days. The Swan; that whose form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The Hare, when pursued by Orion, was faved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to fignify that Mercury presides over melancholy dispositions. The lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The Dragon, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, and the ship Argo, complete the number of the constellations mentioned by Camoens. If our author has hlended the appearance of heaven with those of the painted artificial sphere, it is in the manner of the classics. Ovid, in particular, thus describes the heavens, in the second book of his Metamorphofes.

Beauteous Caffiope. Here fierce and red Portending storms Orion lifts his head; And here the dogs their raging fury shed. The fwan-fweet melodift! in death he fings-The milder fwan here spreads his filver wings. Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare, And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare; And Thefeus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine, Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine. Beneath this radiant firmament behold The various planets in their orbits roll'd: Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides, Here Jove shines mild, here fiery Mars presides, Apollo here enthroned in light appears The eye of heaven, emblazer of the fpheres; Beneath him beauteous glows the queen of love, The proudest hearts her facred influence prove; Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine, And here Diana's various faces shine; Lowest she rides, and through the shadowy night Pours on the gliftening earth her filver light. These various orbs, behold, in various speed Purfue the journeys at their birth decreed. Now from the centre far impell'd they fly, Now nearer earth they fail a lower fky, A shorten'd course: such are their laws imprest By God's dread will, that will 9 for ever best.

The

^{• —} Imprest by God's dread will —— Though a modern narrative of bawdyhouse adventures in the South Seas by no means requires the supposition of a particular

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole, There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole. The limpid air enfolds in soft embrace The pondrous orb, and brightens o'er her sace.

Here

particular providence, that supposition, however, is absolutely necessary to the grandeur of an epic poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it; and Camoens understood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrors of unplowed oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers; the care of heaven gives their voyage the greatest importance. When Gama falls on his knees and spreads his hands to heaven on the discovery of India, we are presented with a figure infinitely more noble than that of the most successful conqueror, who is supposed to act under the influence of fatalism or chance. The human mind is conscious of its own weakness. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance superior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is subject to such blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject uninteresting sittleness. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatness demand a Gama, a hero whose enterprises and whose person interest the care of heaven and the happiness of his people. Nor must this supposition be confined merely to the machinery. The reason why it pleases also requires that the supposition should be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by dismissing Æneas through the ivory gate of Elysium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future state were merely dreams, and has thus destroyed the highest merit of the compliment to his patron Augustus. But Camoens has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itself to include the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic Grove; but Camöens, in ascribing the government of the universe to the will of God, has not only preserved the philosophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has also shewn that the Peripatetic fystem is, in this instance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our anthor to another. We have feen that the supposition of a providence is certainly allowable in a poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed, even in a philosopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what some perhaps may esteem, a demonfiration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to Sir Ifaac as poffessed of no property but one, the vis inertia, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of fomething distinct from matter, by a being

in the Seath Seas by no season requires the supposit

Here foftly floating o'er the aerial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their fwelling fides display;
From whence fermented by the fulph'rous ray

The

of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the universe united in one great design, he inferred the omnipotence and omniscience of that primary being.

If we admit, and who can possibly deny it, that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or in other words, a reasonable agent; a being placed in circumstances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happiness or misery infinitely more real and durable than any animal fensation. Now to suppose that the being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meanest insect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpose of its agency or existence complete, to suppose that he has placed the infinitely fuperior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater consequence, but an agency of which he takes no superintendancesuppose this, is only to suppose that the author of nature is a very imperfect being. For no proposition can be more self-evident, than that an attention to the merest comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet fome philosophers, who tell us there never was an atheift, fome who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the universe, but are lost in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyster-shell to the wants of the animal; fome of these philosophers, with the utmost contempt of the contrary opinion, make no scruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the case of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphyfics, the cafe of many an ingenious philosopher; they erect a standard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this standard must be founded on partial views, with the utmost affurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved test. There is another cast of philosophers no less ingenious, whose minds, absorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural enquiry, can perceive nothing but a god of cockle-shells, and of grubs, turned into butterslies. With all the arrogance of fuperior knowledge these virtuosi smile at the opinion which interests the Deity in the moral happiness or misery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that fuch mifery or happiness does not exist. At ease The lightnings blaze, and heat spreads wide and rare;
And now in sierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs comprest soon feel parturient throws,
And white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.
Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
A verse yet mingling, each by each controll'd;

The

themselves in their elbow chairs, they cannot conceive there is such a thing in the world as oppressed innocence feeling its only consolation in an appeal to heaven, and its only hope, a trust in its care. Though the author of nature has placed man in a state of moral agency, and made his happiness or misery to depend upon it, and though every page of human history is stained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miseries which must affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told that "God perceiveth it not, and that what mortals call moral evil vanishes from before his more perfect sight." Thus the appeal of injured innocence, and the tear of bleeding virtue sall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity†. Yet with what raptures do these enlarged virtuoss behold the infinite wisdom and care of their Beelzebnb, their god of slies, in the admirable and various provision he had made for the preservation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots.

Much more might be said in proof that our poet's philosophy does not altogether deserve ridicule. And those who allow a general but deny a particular providence, will, it is hoped, excuse Camoens, on the consideration, that if we estimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which presides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot possibly be wanted. If a particular providence, however is still denied, another consideration obtrudes itself; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if Ludit in bumanis Divina potentia rebus, the consequence is that the human conception can form an idea of a much better God: and it may modessly be presumed we may hazard the laugh of the wisest philosopher, and without scruple assert, that it is impossible that a created mind should conceive an idea of perfection, superior to that which is absolutely possessed by the creator and author of existence.

† Perhaps, like Lucretius, some philosophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the divine nature, is much the same as another argument of the same philosopher, who haying afferted, that before the creation the gods could not know what different seeds would produce, from thence wisely concludes, that the world was made by chance,

The highest air and ocean's bed they pierce, And earth's dark centre feels their struggles sierce.

The feat of man, the earth's fair breaft, behold; Here wood-crown'd islands wave their locks of gold. Here spread wide continents their bosoms green, And hoary ocean heaves his breast between. Yet not th' inconstant ocean's furious tide May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride. What madning feas between thefe nations roar! Yet Lusus' hero-race shall visit every shore. What thousand tribes whom various customs sway, And various rites, these countless shores display! Queen of the world, supreme in shining arms, Hers every art, and hers all wisdom's charms, Each nation's tribute round her foot-stool spread, Here christian Europe r lifts the regal head, Afric s behold, alas, what alter'd view! Her lands uncultur'd, and her fons untrue; Ungraced with all that fweetens human life, Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife; Eager they grafp the gifts which culture yields, Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.

Lo.

r Here Christian Europe—Vès Europa Christan.—As Europe is already described in the third Lusiad, this short account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

^{*} Afric behold.—This just and strongly picturesque description of Africa is finely contrasted with the character of Europe. It contains also a masterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along represented as the harbinger and diffuser of the blessings of civilization.

Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore, Monomotapa's empire hems the fhore. There round the cape, great Afric's dreadful bound Array'd in ftorms, by you first compass'd round; Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray, By laws unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway: Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales, Where on the parch'd hill fide pale famine wails. On gold in vain the naked favage treads; Low clay built huts, behold, and reedy sheds, Their dreary towns. Gonfalo's 'zeal shall glow To these dark minds the path of light to shew: His toils to humanize the barbarous mind Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind. Great Naya u too shall glorious here display His God's dread might: behold, in black array, Numerous and thick as when in evil hour The feather'd race whole harvest fields devour; So thick, fo numerous round Sofala's towers Her barbarous hords remotest Afric pours.

In

Gonfalo's zeal stall glow.—Gonfalo de Sylveyra, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1555, failed from Lisbon on a mission to Monomotapa. His labours were at first successful; but ere he effected any regular establishment he was murdered by the barbarians. Castera abridged.

[&]quot; Great Naya too—Don Pedro de Naya..... In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to Monomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to this garrison, which he desended with only thirty-sive men. After having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the barbarians sled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to sight against God. See Faria.

In vain; heaven's vengeance on their fouls imprest,
They fly, wide scatter'd as the driving mist.
Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curst with that gorging siend the crocodile,
Wind their long way: the parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unseen, unknown of old,
From whence diffusing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.
In Abyssinia heaven's own altars blaze,
And hallowed anthems chant Messiah's praise.
In Nile's wide breast the isle of Meroe see!
Near these rude shores an hero sprung from thee,

Vol. II. Hh Th

In Abyssimia beaven's own alters blaze.—Christianity was planted here in the first century, but mixed with many Jewish rites unused by other Christians of the East. This appears to give some countenance to the pretensions of their emperors, who claim their descent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at least reminds us of Acts 8. 27. where we are told, that the treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worship at Jerusalem. Innumerable monasteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very ignorant, and the laity gross barbarians. Much has been said of the hill Amara,

Where Abyffin kings their iffue guard—

— — by fome supposed

True Paradise, under the Ethiop line

By Nilus head, inclosed with shining rock,

A whole day's journey high.—MILTON.

and where, according to Urreta, a Spanish Jesuit, is the library sounded by the queen of Sheba, and encreased with all those writings, of which we have either possession or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And so many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needless to add, that Father Urreta is a second Sir John Mandevylle.

Thy fon, s brave GAMA, shall his lineage shew In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe. There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breaft Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest. Cape Aromata there the gulph defends, Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends. Illustrious Suez, feat of heroes old, Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold. Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride, And hence in fquadrons fweep the eaftern tide. And lo, the waves that aw'd by Mofes' rod. While the dry bottom Ifrael's armies trod. On either hand roll'd back their frothy might, And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height. Here Asia, rich in every precious mine, In realms immense, begins her western line. Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore

The

* Thy fon, brave Gama. — When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Christian Emperor and Empress-mother of Ethiopia, solicited the affistance of the Portuguese against the usurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen sent his brother Don Christoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour astonished the Ethiopians. But after having twice deseated the tyrant, and reduced his great army to the last extremity, Don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuosity of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought before the usurper, and put to death in the most cruel manner. Waxed threads were twisted with his beard and afterwards set on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at least beheaded by the hand of the tyrant. The Portuguese esteem him a martyr, and say that his torments and death were inflicted because he would not renounce the faith. See Faria y Soussa.

The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow Gleam'd pale on Ifrael's wandering tents below. The pilgrim now the lonely hill afcends, And when the evening raven homeward bends, Before the virgin-martyr's tomb he pays His mournful vespers and his vows of praise. Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale The crystal rivulet murmured to the vale. The three Arabias here their breafts unfold, Here breathing incense, here a rocky wold; O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes, That round the facred shrine its vapour wreathes; Here the proud war freed glories in his force, As fleeter than the gale he holds the course. Here, with his spouse and houshold lodged in wains, The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains, The merchant's dread, what time from eastern foil His burthen'd camels feek the land of Nile.

Hh 2

Here

* Before the virgin-martyr's tomb.—He must be a dull reader indeed who cannot perceive and relish the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the historical narrative of wars, where it is most necessary, yet from the sameness of the subject, most difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the most graceful ease. In the description of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only distinguishes each region by its most striking characteristic, but he also diversifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catharine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romish histories, was buried on Sinai, where a chapel which bears her name still remains.

Here Rofalgate and Farthac stretch their arms. And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms : Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread Beneath the Lusian heroes' hostile tread. Shall fee the Turkish moons with slaughter gor'd Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's *fword. There on the gulph that laves the Persian shore. Far through the furges bends Cape Afabore. There Barem's xifle; her rocks with diamonds blaze, And emulate Aurora's glittering rays. From Barem's shore Euphrates' flood is feen, And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green In yellowy currents many a league extend, As with the darker waves averse they blend. Lo, Persia there her empire wide unfolds! In tented camp his state the monarch holds: Her warrior fons difdain the arms of y fire, And with the pointed steel to fame aspire;

Their

De Branco's fword.—Don Pedro de Castel-Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined sleets of the Moors, Turks, and Persians.

^{*} Here Barem's ifle—The island of Barem is situated in the Persian gulph, near the instruction of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and sineness of its diamonds.

Her warrier fone distain the arms of fire.—This was the character of the Persians when Gama arrived in the East. Yet though they thought it dishonourable to use the musket, they esteemed it no disgrace to rush from a thicket on an unarmed soe. This reminds one of the spirit of the old romance. Orlando having taken the first invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the sea with the most heroic executions. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no disgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides, and inchanted armour.

Their fpringy shoulders stretching to the blow. Their fweepy fabres hew the shrieking foe. There Gerum's ifle the hoary ruin - wears Where Time has trod: there shall the dreadful spears Of Soufa and Menezes strew the shore With Persian sabres, and embathe with gore. Carpella's cape, and fad Carmania's ftrand, There parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand. A fairer landscape here delights the view; From these green hills beneath the clouds of blue, The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave. And many a fmiling field propitious lave. Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile. And here, difdainful of the feaman's toil, The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar; Alike their rage when swelling to the shore, Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force The boiling fury of their gulphy course: Against their headlong rage nor oars nor fails, The stemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails. Cambaya here begins her wide domain; A thousand cities here shall own the reign

Of

^{*} There Gerum's ifle the heavy ruin wears, where time has tred.—Prefuming on the ruins which are found on this island, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here situated. But this is a mistake, for that city stood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this isle, which they call by the ancient name.

Of Lifboa's monarchs: He who first shall crown Thy a labours, GAMA, here shall boast his own. The lengthening fea that washes India's strand And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land, (The Taprobanian ifle, renown'd of yore) Shall fee his enfigns blaze from shore to shore. Behold how many a realm array'd in green The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between! Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore: Some Macon's b orgies, all confess the sway Of rites that thun, like trembling ghosts, the day. Narfinga's fair domain behold; of yore Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore. Here India's angels weeping o'er c the tomb Where Thomas fleeps, implore the day to come,

The

EAST ON GRAST OF

^{*} He who first shall crown thy labours, Gama. Pedro de Cabral, of whom fee the preface.

b Some Macon's orgies .- Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth place of Mohammed.

the tomb where Thomas fleeps.—There are, to talk in the Indian style, a cast of gentlemen, whose hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion, except one, the most moral one which ever the world knew. A tale of a Brahmin or a priest of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an apostle—Common sense, however, will prevail; and the episode of St. Thomas will appear to the true critic equal in dignity and propriety. In propriety, for

To renew and complete the labours of the apostle, the messenger of heaven, is the great design of the hero of the poem, and of the future missions in consequence of the discoveries which are the subject of it.

The Christians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned in the preface; but some farther account of

The day foretold when India's utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore,

By

that subject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jesuit missionaries have given most pompous accounts of the Christian antiquities of India and China. When the Portuguese arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Christians, named Jacob, stiled himself Metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary + of the Indian Christians offers praise to God for fending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near Siganfu, metropolis of the province of Xenfi, was found a stone with a cross on it, full of Chinese, and some Syriac characters, containing the names of bishops, and an account of the Christian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it " was renewed under the reign-of the great Tam," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Christians, fay the Jesuits, siding with the Tartars, cir. A, D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chinefe. In 1543, Fernand Pinto, observing some ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worshipped Jesus Christ, born of a virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not fink; and foon after the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The same Jesuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Christianity, which they faid were preached to their fathers by John the disciple of Thomas. In 1635, fome heathens by night passing through a village in the province of Foklen, faw some stones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of crosses. From China, St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the fea near the coast. The king endeavoured to bring it ashore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas defired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to shore with a single thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Brahmins, the chief of whom killed his own fon, and accused Thomas of the murder. But the faint, by reftoring the youth to life, discovered the wickedness of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3300 stately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cannaneus. In 1523, the body of the apostle, with the head of the lance beside him, was found in his church

[†] The existence of this breviary is a certain fact. These Christians had the scripture also in the Chaldaic language.

By Indus' banks the holy prophet trod, And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour God; Where pale disease erewhile the cheek confumed, Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd; The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd. And to the cheerful day restored the dead:

church by D. Duarte de Meneses; and in 1558 was by D. Constantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To these accounts, selected from Faria y Soufa, let two from Oforius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, some brazen tables were brought to him, inscribed with unusual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account fent to Cardinal Henrico, by the Bp. of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portuguese repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, + there was found a stone cross with several characters on it, which the best antiquarians could not interpret, till at last a Brahmin translated it, " That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was fent by the Son of God, whose disciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portuguese Asia, which must include the labours of the Jesuits, forms a necessary part in the comment on the Lusiad: This note, therefore, and some obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as easy to bury an infcription and find it again, as it is to invent a filly tale; but though suspicion of fraud on the one hand, and silly absurdity on the other, lead us to despise the authority of the Jesuits, yet one fact remains indisputable. Christianity had been much better known in the East, several centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jesuits were unconcerned, crosses were found. The long existence of the Christians of St. Thomas in the midst of a vast Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire must have some knowledge of their doctrines. And these facts give countenance to some material conjectures concerning the religion of the Brahmins. For these we shall give scope immediately.

[†] This was a very ancient building, in the very first style of Christian churches. The Portuguese have now disfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

By heavenly power he rear'd the facred shrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.
The priests of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,
And envy's bitterest gall their bosoms swell'd.
A thousand deathful snares in vain they spread;
When now the chief that wore the triple d thread,

Fired

When now the chief who were the triple thread .- Of this, thus Oforius; " Terna fila ab bumero dextero in latus finistrum gerunt, ut designent trinam in natura divina rationem." They (the Brabmins) wear three threads, which reach from the right shoulder to the left side, as significant of the trinal distinction in the divine nature." That some sects of the Brahmins wear a symbolical teffera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands; but from whatever the custom arose, it is not to be supposed that the Brahmins, who have thousands of ridiculous contradictory legends, should agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria fays, that according to the facred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Brahmins proceeded from fishermen, who left the charge of the temples to their fuccessors, on condition they should wear some threads of their nets, in remembrance of their original. Their accounts of a divine person having assumed human nature are innumerable. And the God Brahma, as observed by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the universe with two others, sometimes of different names. They have also images with three heads rifing out of one body, which they fay represent the divine nature. The Platonic idea of a Trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, before the various imitations of Christian mythology existed; and every nation has a trinity of superior deities. Even the wild Americans had their Otcon, Meffon, and Atabauta; yet perhaps the Athanasian controversy offers a fairer field to the conjecturist. That controversy for feve-[ral ages engroffed the conversation of the East. All the subtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no speculative contest was ever more univerfally or warmly disputed; so warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inferting into his Koran some declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable profelytes to his new religion. Abyffinia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy dispute, and from the earliest times these countries have had a commercial intercourse with India. And certain it is, the Brahmin theology has undergone confiderable alterations, of much later date than the Christian æra. See the Enquiry, &c. end of Lufiad VII.

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conscious breast Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confest, Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he fues; His fon's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrues; Then bold affuming the vindictive ire, And all the passions of the woful fire. Weeping he bends before the Indian throne, Arraigns the holy man, and wails his fon: A band of hoary priests attest the deed, And India's king condemns the feer to bleed. Inspired by heaven the holy victim stands, And o'er the murder'd corfe extends his hands, In God's dread power, thou flaughter'd youth, arife, And name thy murderer; aloud he cries. When, dread to view, the deep wounds instant close, And fresh in life the slaughter'd youth arose, And named his treacherous fire: the conscious air Quiver'd, and awful horror raifed the hair On every head. From Thomas India's king The holy fprinkling of the living fpring Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds The god of Thomas every tongue refounds. Long taught the holy feer the words of life: The priefts of Brahma still to deeds of strife, So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd, And high to deathful rage their rancour fwell'd. 'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue. Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng

Rifing

Rifing in madning tempest round him shower'd The fplinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd. But heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd; His angel guards withdraw th' ethereal shield; A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breaft-Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land exprest! Thee, Thomas, e thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd, And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd; O'er every valley where thy footsteps stray'd, The hollow winds the gliding fighs convey'd. What woes the mournful face of India wore, These woes in living pangs his people bore. His fons, to whose illumined minds he gave To view the rays that shine beyond the grave, His paftoral fons bedew'd his corfe with tears; While high triumphant through the heavenly fpheres, With fongs of joy the fmiling angels wing His raptured spirit to th' eternal king. O you, the followers of the holy feer, Foredoom'd the shrines of heaven's own lore to rear,

You

Choraraóte Thomé, o Gange, o Indo, Choroute toda a terra, que pisaste; Mas mais te choráo as almas, que vestindo Se hiáo da Santa Fê, que lhe ensinaste: Mas os anjos de ceo cantando, & rindo. Te recebem na gloria

[•] Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd.—The versification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even those who are unacquainted with the Portuguese may perceive it.

You fent by heaven his labours to renew, Like him, ye Lufians, fimplest truth f pursue,

Vain

Like bim, ye Lufians, simplest truth purfue. - It is now the time to sum up what has been faid of the labours of the Jesuits. Diametrically opposite to this advice was their conduct in every Afiatic country where they pretended to propagate the gospel. Sometimes we find an individual sincere and pious, but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the luft of power and fecular emolument, the possession of which they thought could not be better fecured, than by rendering themselves of the utmost importance to the see of Rome. Before the institution of the fociety of Jesus, the Portuguese priests gave evident proofs of their fincerity, and Cubilonez, who came to India as father confessor to Gama, was indefatigable in his labours to convert the Indians. But when the Jefuits arrived about fifty years after, a new method was purfued. Wherever they came, their first care was to find what were the great objects of the sear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was esteemed the giver of life, Jefus Christ was the fon of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, fent to instruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in dread of evil spirits, Jesus Christ came on purpose to banish them from the world, had driven them from Europe +, and the Jesuits were fent to the East to complete his unfinished mission. If the Indian converts still retained a veneration for the powder of burned cow-dung, the Jesuits made the sign of the cross over it, and the Indian besmeared himself with it as usual. Heaven, or universal matter, they told the Chinese, was the God of the Christians, and the facrifices of Confucios were folemnized in the churches of the Jesuits. This worship of Confucius, Voltaire (Gen. Hist.) with his wonted accuracy denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worship of Tien or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (fee Dupin) and that after the strictest scrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI. in 1703, fent Cardinal Tournon to the small remains of the Jesuits in the East with a papal decree to reform these abuses. But the Cardinal, foon after his arrival, was poisoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jesuits who succeeded him, by the dextrous

[†] This trick, it is faid, has been played in America within these twenty years, where the notion of evil spirits gives the poor Indians their greatest misery. The French Jesuits told the six nations, that Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil dæmons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended also to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace, To deck one feature of her angel face;

Behind

wie of the great maxims of their mafter Loyala, Omnibus omnia, et omnia munda mundis, gained innumerable profelytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts, they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the See of Rome the Christians found in the East descended to the minutest particulars. And the native Christians of Malabar were so violently persecuted as schismatics, that the heathen princes, during the government of Ataide, (fee Geddes, Hift. of Malab.) professed their desence, as a cause of hostility. Abyffinia, by the fame arts, was steeped in blood, and two or three emperors lost their lives in endeavouring to establish the Pope's supremacy." An order at last was given from the throne, to hang every missionary without trial, wherever apprehended; the emperor himself complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet for the intrigues of the Romish friars. In China also they soon rendered themselves insufferable. Their skill in mathematics and the dependent arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villainy. Their unwillingness to ordain the natives raised suspicions against a profession thus monopolized by strangers; their earnest zeal in amassing riches, and their interference with, and deep deligns on fecular power, the fatal rock on which they have so often been shipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90,000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were massacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China; and in allusion to their chief object of adoration, the cross, several of the Jesuit fathers were crucified by the Japonese, and the revival of the Christian name was interdicted by the feverest laws. Thus, in a great measure, ended in the East the labours of the society of Ignatius Loyala, a society which might have diffused the greatest blessings to mankind, could honesty have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the interests of their own brotherhood and the Roman See, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real interest of humanity and civilization, the great defign of diffusing the law of heaven, challenged by its author as the purpose of the Lusiad, would have been amply completed, and the remotest hords of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jesuits have failed, they have afforded a noble leffon to mankind,

Though

Behind the veil's broad glare she glides away, And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.

Much have you view'd of future Lusian reign; Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,

Scenes

Though fortified with all the brazen mounds 'That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes, Still will fome rotten part betray the structure That is not based on simple honesty.

It must be confessed, however, that the manners of the Gentoos form a most formidable barrier against the introduction of a new religion. While the four great tribes of India continue in their present principles, intercommunity of worship cannot take place among them. The Hallachores are the mere rabble, into which the delinquents of the four tribes are degraded by excommunication. It is among these only, says Scrafton, that the popish missionaries have had any success. Urbana Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jesuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He also proposed to erect a seminary of Christian Brahmins. But the Holy See disapproved of this design, and defeated his labours. Jealoufy of the fecular arts of the Portuguese, was also a powerful preventative of the labours of their priests. A Spaniard being asked by an Indian king, how his Spanish majesty was able to subdue fuch immense countries as they boasted to belong to him: The Don honeftly answered, " that he first sent priests to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of the natives, he fent fleets and foldiers, who with the affistance of the new profelytes subdued the rest." The truth of this confession, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the east. But if the bigotted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other causes, have been a bar to the propagation of Christianity among them, the same reasons have also prevented the success of Mohammedism, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almost all the princes of India, have these many centuries professed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme, as already cited, computes that all the Mohammedans of Hindostan do not exceed ten millions; whereas the Gentoos amount to about ten times that number

Scenes of your future toils and glorious fway-And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay. Narsinga here in numerous legions bold, And here Oryxa boafts her cloth of gold. The Ganges here in many a stream divides, Diffusing plenty from his fattening tides, As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides: Nor may the fleetest hawk, untired, explore Where end the ricey groves that crown the shore. There view what woes demand your pious aid! On beds and litters o'er the margin laid The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave Some pitying hand to hurl them in the g wave. Thus heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore Unwept, unchanged, will view their guilt no more. There, eastward, Arracan her line extends; And Pegu's mighty empire fouthward bends: Pegu, whose fons, so held old h faith, confest A dog their fire; their deeds the tale attest.

A pious

^{*} The dying—See the Enquiry into the Tenets of the Brahmins, at the end of the VIIth Lusiad.

^{*} Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confest a dog their sire. — The tradition of this country boasted this infamous and impossible original. While other nations pretend to be descended of demi-gods, the Pegusians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chinese woman and a dog, the only living creatures which survived a shipwreck on their coast. See Faria. This infamy, however, they could not deserve. Animals of a different species may generate together, but nature immediately displays her abhorence, in invariably depriving the unnatural offspring of the power of procreation.

A pious queen their horrid i rage restrain'd; Yet still their fury nature's God arraign'd. Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the sky! Yes, bathed in gore shall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine, Begins great Siam's empire's far stretch'd line. On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.

Malaca's

A pious queen their borrid rage reftrain'd, -Thus in the original :

Aqui foante arame no inftrumento Da géração costumão, o que usarão Por manha da Raynha, que inventando Tal uso, deitou fóra o error nefando.

Relatum est de Regina quadam terræ Peguensis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpissimum subditorum suorum, legem tulit, ut universi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quosdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita sit: Cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hosce superinducunt: statim a prima septimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inseruntur plerumque tres orbiculi: magnitudine insimus ad modum juglandis, primus serme ad tenerioris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æstimatur. To this let the testimony of G. Arthus, (Hist. Ind. Orient. p. 313.) be added, Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet: Puellæ enim omnes statim a pueritia sua medicamentum quoddam usurpant, quo muliebria distenduntur & aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri gestant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo sussicerent.

According to Balby, and Cæsar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before sent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1508, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the most miserable state of desolation, the sew natives who survived having left their country an habitation for wild beasts.

Malaca's caftled harbour here furvey, The wealthful feat foredoom'd of Lufian fway. Here to their port the Lufian fleet shall fleer, From every shore far round affembling here The fragrant treasures of the eastern world: Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd, Through waves all foam, Sumatra's ifle was riven, And mid white whirpools down the k ocean driven. To this fair ifle, the golden Chersonese. Some deem the fapient monarch plow'd the feas. Ophir 1 its Tyrian name. In whirling roars How fierce the tide boils down thefe clasping shores! High from the strait the lengthening coast afar, Its moon-light curve points to the northern star, Opening its bosom to the filver ray When fair Aurora pours the infant day. Patane and Pam, the nameless nations more, Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore, Their vaffal tribute yield to Siam's throne; And thousands m more, of laws, or names unknown,

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^{*} And mid whits whirlpools down the ocean driven. See the fame account of Sicily. Virg. Æn. III.

Ophir its Tyrian name.—Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the superior sineness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation nearer the Red Sea, savour the claim of the latter. See Bochar. Geog. Sacr.

m And thousands more.—The extensive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandevylle found men without heads, who saw and spoke through holes in their breasts, continues still very imperfectly known. The Jesuits have told many extravagant

That vast of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far spread lawns; the skirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' sway.
Lo, distant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is seen,
The manners siend-like as the brutal mien:
With frothing jaws they suck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking p limbs, their sweetest food:

Horrid

vagant lies of the wealth of these provinces. By the most authentic accounts they seem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siamese, in particular, confess the resemblance. In some districts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

And gnaw the recking limbs.—Much has been faid on this subject, fome denying and others asserting the existence of Anthropophagi or maneaters. Porphyry, (de Abstin. l. 4. * 21.†) says that the Massagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eastern Asia) esteeming those most miserable who died of sickness, killed and eat their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to consume them, than that they should be destroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own, Quid loquar, says he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et cum per sylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, pastorum nates, et sæminarum papillas solere abscindere, & has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited. "Aftirwarde men gon be many yles be see unto a yle that men clepen Milhe s there is a full cursed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to sighten

[†] Ιτορίνθαι γῶν Μασσαγέται καὶ Δέρβικες ἀθλιωθάθες ἡγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τὰς τωρθεμάἀυ τελευθήσανθας διὸ καὶ φθάσανθες καθαθύυσεν καὶ ἐςιῶνθαι τῶν φιλβάτῶν τὰς γεγηρακόθας.

Horrid with figured feams of burning fteel Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.

Ii 2

Camboya

and to fle men, and to drynken gladlyest mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu." p 255. Yet whatever abfurdity may appear on the face of these tales; and what can be more absurd, than to suppose that a few wild Scots or Irish (for the name was then proper to Ireland) should so lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breasts of the women and the hips of the shepherds? Yet whatever absurdities our Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly destroyed. Though Dampier and other visiters of barbarous nations have assured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the affertion of their existence, without partaking of a credulity similar to that of those foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like sheep, (see Lambert's Peramb.) the punishment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas a Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations used to eat their prisoners of war. According to the authentic testimony of the best writers, many of the savage tribes of America, on their high festivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at last roasted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage discovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practifed it. When Magalhaens proposed Christianity to the king of Subo, a north eastern Asiatic island, and when Francis de Castro discovered Santigana and other islands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the conversion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenfer tells us, in his view of the state of Ireland, that he has seen the Irish drink human blood, particularly he adds, " at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrogh O'Brien, I faw an old woman, who was his foster-mother, take up his head whilst he was quartering, and suck up all the blood that run thereout, faying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast and tore her hair, crying out and shricking most terribly." It is worthy of regard that the custom of marking themselves with hot irons, and fatooing, is the characteristic both of the Guios of Camoens and of the present inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the island of Otaheite was first peopled by a shipwreck,

Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe
That other worlds the souls of beasts receive;

Where

a shipwreck, the friendship existing in a small society might easily obliterate the memory of one custom, while the less unfriendly one of tattooing was handed down, a memorial that they owed their origin to the north eastern parts of Asia, where that custom particularly prevails.

other worlds the fouls of beafts receive- That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the most ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a state after death. The same faculty which is conscious of existence, whispers the wish for it; and so little acquainted with the deductions of reasoning have some tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghosts of their domestic utensils have been believed to accompany them in the islands of the blessed. Long ere the voice of philosophy was heard, the opinion of an after-state was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear incontestable evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the history of the human mind better ascertained, than that no fooner did speculation seize upon the topic, than belief declined, and as the great Bacon observes, the most learned became the most atheistical ages. The reason of this is obvious. While the human mind is all fimplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reasoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonstration being perceived, doubt and disbelief naturally follow. Yet strange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, these certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly mistaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a most unpoetical translation of Homer, has so grossly misunderstood his author, as to affert that his mention of a future state was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have affured us, that the facrifices of Homer had never any existence in Greece. But as no absurdity is too gross for some geniuses, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewise afferted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and fpeculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed, Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead. Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore Long shall the muse her sweetest offerings pour! When tyrant ire chaff'd by the blended lust Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjust, Shall on the guiltless Exile burst their rage, And madning tempests on their side engage, Preserved by heaven the song of Lusian same, The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name, Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er The sate of shipwreck on the Mecon's P shore, Here rest secure as on the muse's breast! Happy the deathless song, the bard, alas, unblest!

Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,
There Cochinchina's cultured land ascends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen skies
O'erslow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.

Here

on the Mecon's flore.—It was on the mouth of this river that Camöens suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet mentions himself and the saving of his Lusiads with the greatest modesty. But though this indisference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a translator to add a warmth of colouring to a passage of this nature. For the literal translation of this place and farther particulars, see the life of Camöens.

Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe 9 roar'd, The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd:

And

Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd --- According to Le Compe's memoirs of China, and those of other travellers, the mariner's compass, firearms, and printing, were known in that empire, long ere the invention of these arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Compte, and the other Jesuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their interest, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the splendor of the empire where their mission lay, and they have magnified it into romance itself. It is pretended that the Chinese used firearms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is also faid that the Sogdianians used cannon against Alexander. The mention of any fulphurous composition in an old writer is with some immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chinese, indeed, on the first arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter strangers to the smaller fire-arms. Verbiest, a Jesuit, was the first who taught them to make brass cannon set upon wheels. And even so late as the hostile menace which Anson gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deserve the fame name, the blocks of wood with which they stamp their sheets being as inferior to the use of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chinese have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here most probably the fault exists in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting, and of symmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have so long been experienced, afford a heavy accusation against their genius. In improving every spot of their country by agriculture they are unequalled: and their taste in gardening has been highly praised. Nature, as it were freisur'd, however, and their gloomy vistas, adorned with gibbets, are certainly unpleasing. And even in their boasted gardening their genius flands accused. The art of ingrafting, known to ancient Greece, is still unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vastly inferior in flavour to those of the western world. The amazing wall of defence against the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the sides with hewn stone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; fome of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry veffels of burthen. These grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chinese were a much more accomplished people than at present. Though

And here the trembling needle fought the north, Ere time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

No

Though their princes for these many centuries have discovered no such efforts of genius as these, the industry of the people still remains, in which they rival and resemble the Dutch. In every other respect they are the most unamiable of mankind: Amazingly uninventive; for, though possessed of them, the arts have made no progress among the Chinese these many centuries: Even what they were taught by the Jesuits is almost lost: So salse in their dealings, they boast that none but a Chinese can cheat a Chinese: The crime which disgraces human nature, is in this nation of atheists and the most stupid of all idolaters, common as that charter'd libertine the air. Destitute even in idea of that elevation of soul, which is expressed by the best sense of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are desolated by self-murder; an end, as Hume says of some of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of so detestable a character: And as it is always found congenial to baseness of heart, the most dastardly cowardice completes the description of that of the Chinese.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language confifts of few words, it is almost impossible for a stranger to attain the art of fpeaking it. And what an European learns ere he is seven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chinese. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compose their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires such an infinite variety of tone and action, that the flightest mistake in modulation renders the speaker unintelligible. And in addressing a great man, in place of my Lord, you may call him a beaft, the word being the fame, all the difference confisting in the tune of it. A language like this must ever be a bar to the progress and accomplishments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginfeng, which they pretended, was an univerfal remedy, is found to be a root of no fingular virtue. Their books confift of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themfelves, but without investigation or reasoning. For to philosophical discussion and the metaphysics they seem utterly strangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jesuits, their greatest men were lost in astonishment. Whatever their political wisdom has been, at present it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous left strangers should steal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dresden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themselves from the great advantages which arise from an intercourse with civilized nations.

No more let Egypt boaft her mountain pyres;
To prouder fame you bounding wall aspires,

A prouder

Yet in the laws which they impose on every foreign ship which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbarism. In every city and province the military are the constables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chinese or Dutch industry could preserve the traffic and population of a country under the control of armed russians. But hence the emperor has leisure to cultivate his gardens, and to write despicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their most ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legislators who formed the prefent fystem of China prefented to their people no other object of worship than Tien Kamti, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudest breasts is conscious of its weakness, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky observances, they permitted their people the use of facrifices to these Lucretian Gods of superstitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion, imprinted by heaven in the human heart, alone perverted; another unextinguishable passion was also misled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the last three or their ancestors, added to each, Here rests bis foul; and before these tables they burn incense and pay aderation. Confucins, who, according to their histories, had been in the West about 500 years before the Christian æra, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worship, however, boards are set up, inscribed, This is the feat of the foul of Confucius; and to these and their ancestors they celebrate folemn facrifices, without feeming to possess any idea of the intellectual existence of the departed mind. The Jesuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chinese mission, very bonefly told their converts, that Tien was the God of the Christians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expressed his divine majesty. But after a long and severe scrutiny at the Court of Rome Tien was found to fignify nothing more than beavenly or univerfal matter, and the Jesuits of China were ordered to renounce this herefy. Among all the sects who worship different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the foul; and among these, says Leland, christianity at prefent obtains some footing. But the most interesting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Confcious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others have triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chinese, and A prouder boaft of regal power displays

Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

Not

in the distant period they ascribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If some Chinese accounts fix the æra of creation 40000 years ago, others are contented with no less than 884953. But who knows not that every nation has its Geoffry of Monmouth? And we have already observed the legends which took their rise from the Annus Magnus of the Chaldean and Egyptian astronomers, an apparent revolution of the stars, which in reality has no existence. To the fancyful, who held this Annus Magnus, it feemed hard to suppose that our world was in its first revolution of the great year, and to suppose that many were past was easy. And that this was the case we have absolute proof in the doctrines of the Brahmins, (fee the Enquiry, &c. end of Lusiad VII.) who, though they talk of hundreds of thousands of years which are past, yet confess, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 6000th year. And much within this compass are all the credible proofs of Chinese antiquity comprehended. To three heads all these proofs are reducible. Their form of government, which, till the conquest of the Tartars 1644, bore the marks of the highest antiquity; their astronomical observations; and their history.

Simply and purely patriarchal every father was the magistrate in his own family, and the emperor who acted by his substitutes the Mandarines was venerated and obeyed as the father of all. The most passive submission to authority thus branched out, was inculcated by Confucius and their other philosophers as the greatest duty of morality. But if there is an age in facred or prophane history, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no superior antiquity is proved by the form of Chinese government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingrafting fruit-trees, and the state of their language, so like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteristical of the ages when the ideas of men required few syllables to clothe them, prove nothing farther than the early separation of the Chinese colony * from the rest of mankind. Nothing farther, except

^{*} The Chinese Colony! yes, let philosophy smile; let her talk of the different species of men which are found in every country, let her brand as absurd the opinion of Montesquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. But let common sense be contented with the demonstration (See Whiston, Bentley, &c.) that a Creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is sufficient in every respect for the purpose. If philosophy will talk of black and white men as different in species, let common sense ask her for a demonstration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the strongest presumptive experimental proof, that the difference.

Not built, created feems the frowning mound;

O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound

Extends the wondrous length, with warlike castles crown'd.

Immense

that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourse with the other nations of the world.

A continued fuccession of astronomical observations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chinese, when they were first visited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that fon of truth, has often with great triumph mentioned the indubitable proofs of Chinese antiquity; but at these times he must have received his information from the same dream which told him that Camöens accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which discovered the East Indies. If Voltaire and his disciples will talk of Chinese astronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every confequence which may possibly result from it. But let them allow the same liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw their inferences from a few stubborn facts, facts which demonstrate the ignorance of the Chinese in astronomy. The earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the midst; and so ignorant were they of the cause of eclipses, that they believed the fun and moon were assaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The stars were considered as the directors of human affairs, and thus their boasted astronomy ends in that filly imposition, judicial astrology. Though they had made some obfervations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an observatory, the first apparatus of proper instruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbiest. After this it nced

rence thus happens. If philosophy draw her inferences from the different passions of different tribes; let common sense reply, that stript of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and seas, is most wonderfully the same in every age and country. If philosophy talk of the impossibility of peopling distant islands and continents from one samily, let common sense tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philosophy assert that the Celts, wherever they came, found Aborigines, let common sense reply, there were tyrants enough almost 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched survivors of slaughtered hosts to the remotest wilds. She may also add, that many sissands have been sound which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a shipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common sense say to philosophy, "I open my egg with a pense knife, but you open yours with the blow of a sledge hammer."

Immense the northern wastes their horrors r spread; In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad.

Thefe

need scarcely be added, that their astronomical observations which pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as false as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chinese themselves, when instructed by the Jesuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impossible. The great credit and admiration which their astronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jesuits, assord an undubitable confirmation of these facts.

Ridiculous as their astronomical, are their historical antiquities. After all Voltaire has faid of it, the oldest date to which their history pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The first king reigned 100 years; then we have the names of some others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which distinguishes authentic history. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2000 years of the Chinese legends. Little more than the names of kings, and these often interrupted with wide chasms, compose all the annals of China, till about the period of the Christian æra. Something like a history then commences; but that is again interrupted by a wide chasm, which the Chinese know not how to fill up otherwise, than by afferting that a century or two elapsed in the time, and that at such a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the history of China, full brother in every family feature to those monkish tales, which sent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which fent Brutus to England, and a grandfon of Noah to teach school among the mountains of Wales.

Immense the northern wastes their borrers spread.—Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamschatka, &c. A short account of the grand Lama of Thibet Tartary shall complete our view of the superstitions of the East. While the other Pagans of Asia worship the most ugly monstrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living God. He sits cross-legged on his throne in the great Temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never speaks, but sometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worshippers. He is a ruddy well looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the most miserable wretch on earth, being the mere puppet of his priests, who dispatch him whenever age or sickness make any alteration in his features; and another, instructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very distant provinces send tribute to this Deity and implore his blessing.

These shores for sake, to suture ages due:

A world of islands claims thy happier view,

Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,

And slowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.

Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face

Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace

Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,

Illustrious Gama, shall thy labours bear!

How bright a filver mine! when heaven's own slore

From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.

Beneath the fpreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what ifles these glistening seas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd,
By night like rolling waves the sheets of sire
Blaze o'er the seas, and high to heaven aspire.
For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.

The

bleffing, and as Voltaire has merrily told us think themselves secure of benediction, if savoured with something from his Godship, esteemed more facred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Brahmins.

By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Caftera, Camöens alludes to the great fuccess, which in his time attended the Jesuit missionaries in Japan. James I. sent an embassy to the sovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was soon suffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japonese, which it is said they obtain by trampling on the cross and by abjuring the Christian name. In religion the Japonese are much the same as their neighbours of China. And in the frequency of self-murder, says Voltaire, they vie with their brother islanders of England.

The golden birdsthat ever fail the skies Here to the fun difplay their shining dyes, Each want fupplied on air they ever foar; The ground they touch not till they breathe no t more. Here Banda's ifles their fair embroidery fpread Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red; And birds of every beauteous plume display Their glittering radiance, as from spray to spray, From bower to bower, on bufy wings they rove, To seize the tribute of the spicy grove. Borneo here expands her ample breaft, By Nature's hand in woods of camphire dreft; The precious liquid weeping from the trees Glows warm with health, the balfam of difeafe. Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd: Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade, And in its crystal breast displays the bowers Of Sanders, bleft with health restoring powers. Where to the fouth the world's broad furface bends, Lo, Sunda's realm her spreading arms extends. From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous " tale, A river groaning through a dreary dale,

For

t The ground they touch not.—These are commonly called the birds of Paradise. It was the old erroneous opinion, that they always foared in the air, and that the semale hatched her young on the back of the male. Their seathers bear a mixture of the most beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the sun.

From bence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale——Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Castera attributes this quality to the ex-

For all is frone around, converts to stone Whate'er of verdure in its breaft is thrown. Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's skies Another mountain's trembling flames arise; Here from the trees the gum all fragrance fwells, And foftest woil a wondrous fountain wells. Nor these alone the happy isle bestows, Fine is her gold, her filk resplendent glows. Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's x tide From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide. The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells, Whose wondrous fruitage poison's rage expels. In Ceylon, lo, how high you mountain's brows! The failing clouds its middle height enclose. Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed y tread Of fainted footstep marks its rocky head.

Laved

ceffive cold of the waters, but this is a mistake. The waters of some springs are impregnated with sparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into stone and incrust the original retainers.

W Here from the trees the gum—Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black settld mineral oleum, good for bruises and sprains.

* Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide.—A sea plant, resembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian islands. The boughs rise to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is essented an antidote against posson.

found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition fays, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradife, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footstep. This tale seems to be Jewish or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impression was made by the

Laved by the Red-sea gulph Socotra's bowers
There boast the tardy aloe's cluster'd flowers.
On Afric's strand, foredoom'd to Lusian sway,
Behold these isles, and rocks of dusky grey;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the sandy shores.
And lo, the island of the Moon displays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the Cape where fail was ne'er unfurl'd
Till thine aufpicious fought the Eastern World,
To utmost wave where first the morning star
Sheds the pale lustre of her silver car,
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the isles,
The world immense that crowns thy glorious toils.
That world where every boon is shower'd from heaven,
Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is 2 given.

And

God Buddow, when he ascended to heaven, after having, for the salvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His priests beg charity for the sake of Buddow, whose worship they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they say, he usually sat and taught.

and lo, the island of the Moon. Madagascar is thus named by the

Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is given—The sublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Lusiad has been already observed. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digressive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly similar (see the preface) to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

And still, oh Blest, thy peerless honours grow, New opening views the fmiling Fates bestow. With alter'd face the moving globe behold; There ruddy evening sheds her beams of gold, While now on Afric's bosom faintly die The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky, Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn, And dawning rays another world adorn: To farthest north that world enormous bends, And cold beneath the fouthern pole-star ends. Near either b pole the barbarous hunter dreft In skins of bears explores the frozen waste: Where miles the genial fun with kinder rays, Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze. This golden empire, by the heaven's decree, Is due, Casteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee! Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide Purfues the evening fun, his navy's guide. Yet shall the kindred Lucian share the reign, What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain. The first bold c hero who to India's shores Through vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,

Driven

Northern's and revisable and affects all and resemble as Sensions

Near either pole—We are now presented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus discovered the West Indies before, but not the Continent till 1498, the year after Gama sailed from Lisbon.

e The first bold bero—Cabral, the first after Gama who sailed to India, was driven by tempest to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same sate. It is one of the sinest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's strand
Shall fix the Holy Cross on you fair land:
That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens b aspire:

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In

> O Magalbaens, no feito com verdade Portuguez, porèm na6 na lealdade.

" In deeds truly a Portuguese, but not in loyalty." And others have beflowed upon him the name of Traitor, but perhaps undefervedly. Justice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the fervice of the king of Spain, by a folemn act he unnaturalized himself. Osorius is very severe against this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may possibly give, can authorize a subject to act the part of a traitor against his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not strictly applicable to the case of Magalhaens. Many eminent fervices performed in Africa and India encouraged him to aspire to the rank of Fidalgo, or Gentleman of the King's houshold, an honour which, though of little emuloment, was effeemed as the reward of distinguished merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this, Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, fays Faria, that the malicious accufations of fome men had more weight with his fovereign than all his fervices. After this unworthy repulse, what patronage at the court of Lisbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his fword against his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has fome important discovery in meditation should stifle his design, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alleged, that he embroiled his country in disputes with Spain. But neither is this strictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal bad folemnly fettled the limits within which they were to make discoveries and fettlements, and within these did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propose that his discoveries should terminate. And allowing that his calculatiIn all but loyalty, of Lusian soul,

No fear, no danger shall his toils control.

Along these regions from the burning zone

To deepest south he dares the course unknown.

While to the kingdoms of the rising day,

To rival thee he holds the western way,

A land

ons might miflead him beyond the bounds prescribed to the Spaniards, still his apology is clear, for it would have been injurious to each court, had he fupposed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is faid that he aggrandifed the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalship with the Portuguese settlements; let the sentence of Faria on this subject be remembered, " let princes beware, fays he, how by neglect or injustice they force in " to desperate actions the men who have merited rewards." As to rivalship, the case of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is apposite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatise on the improvement of the trade and fisheries of his native country; but his proposals were totally neglected by the commissioners, whose office and duty it was to have patronised him. Was Law, therefore, to fit down in obscurity on a barren field, to stifle his genius, lest a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, should be aggrandifed by his efforts in commercial policy? No, furely. Deprived of the power of raising himself at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Milislippi and other important schemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traitor. The reason is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careless of what they lost in Mr. Law, but the Portuguese perceived their loss in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the spirit of discovery broke forth in its greatest vigour. The east and the west had been visited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of sailing to the east by the west was revived by Magalhaens. Revived, for misled by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near the west of Spain, Columbus expected to find that country in a few weeks of westward voyage. Though America and the Molucos were now found to be at a great distance from each other, the genius of Magalhaens still suggested the possibility of a western passage. And accordingly, possessed in several design, and neglected with contempt at

home,

A land of c giants shall his eyes behold,
Of camel strength, surpassing human mould:

Kk2

And

home, he offered his service to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ships and 250 men he sailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties occasioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by those straits which bear his Spanish name Magellan. From these straits, in the 521 degree of southern latitude, he traverfed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of north latitude he landed on the island of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his conversion to christianity, became his ‡ auxiliary. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious; but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial astrologer, whom he usually consulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the disappointment of promised victory the new baptifed king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards who were on shore, he treacheroufly poisoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portuguese settlements in the isles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, fays Faria, as friends, and not as intruding strangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was esteemed sufficiently sacred. Several of the adventurers were fent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portuguese + ships, one ship only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, named the Vitoria, however, had the honour to be the first ship which ever surrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, fays Oforius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good Bishop was mistaken, for a few years after he wrote, and somewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the Vitoria, Philip II. of Spain availed himself of the discoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spanish America and the Asian Archipelago, at this day forms the basis of the power of Spain.

A land of giants—The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning these people. The sew of Magalhaen's crew who returned, affirmed they were about ten seet in height, since which voyage they have risen and fallen in their stature, according to the different humours of our sea wits.

bline work

‡ Vid. Far. fub Ann. 1519.

+ Vid. Ofor. Lib. XI.

And onward still, thy same, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeased, the dreary tide
Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,
And stems the whirls of land-surrounded waves.
For ever facred to the hero's same
These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.
Through these dread jaws of rock he presses on;
Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,
Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,
Receives his vessels; through the dreary tide
In darkling shades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameless shore.

Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous Heaven
Your nation's glories to your view is given.
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue
The path of heroes, open'd first by you!
Still be it your's the first in fame to shine:
Thus shall your brides new chaplets still entwine,
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.

seed to no entere inordiction Spanishis what were one from the

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the fail!
Old ocean now appealed shall rage no more,
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:

Soon

Soon shall the transports of the natal soil O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The Goddess d spake; and Vasco waved his hand, And foon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.

The

-We are now come to the conclusion of the fictid The goddess spakeon of the island of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of these the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to affert that the happiness of our author, in uniting all these parts together in one great episode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward in the island of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feast, they hear the glorious victories and conquests of the heroes who are to succeed them in their Indian expedition, fung by a firen; and the face of the globe itself, defcribed by the Goddess, discovers the universe, and particularly the extent of the Eastern World, now given to Europe by the success of Gama. Neither in the happiness or grandeur of completion may the Æneid or Odyssey be mentioned in comparison. The Iliad alone, in Epic conduct (as already observed) bears a strong resemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the interesting conclusion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be hrought into conpetition with the admirable epifode which concludes the poem on the difcovery of India.

Soon after the appearance of the Lusiad, the language of Spain was also enriched with an heroic poem. The author of this has often imitated the Portuguese poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is shewed to Gama. In the Araucana, a globe, surrounded with a radiant sphere, is also miraculously supported in the air; and on this an enchanter shews to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But Don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical spirit of Camöens. Milton, whose poetical conduct in concluding the action of his Paradife Loft, as already pointed out, feems formed upon the Lusiad, appears to have had this passage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a visionary sphere was rather improper for the lituation of his personages, he has nevertheless,

though

The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove The various bounties of the Isle of Love.

and the state of the same

Nor

though at the expence of an impossible supposition, given Adam a view of the terrestial globe. Michael sets the father of mankind on a mountain,

And even the mention of America feems copied by Milton,

in fpirit perhaps he also faw Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume, And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons Call El Dorado———

It must also be owned by the warmest admirer of the Paradise Lost, that if the names enumerated by Milton convey grandeur of idea, the description of America in Camöens,

> Vedes a grande terra, que contina Var de Calisto ao seu contrario polo.

To farthest north that world enormous bends, And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends—

is certainly more picturesque: and therefore, at least, not less poetical.

Some short account of the Writers, whose authorities have been adduced in the course of these notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Castagneda went to India on purpose to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;
Fair as immortal fame in fmiles array'd,
In bridal fmiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's Sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whifper'd peace, foft fwell'd the fleady fails:

Smooth

enabling himself to record their actions and conquests in the East. As he was one of the first writers on that subject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two most eminent, as well as fullest writers on the transactions of the Portuguese in the East, are Manuel de Faria y Sousa, knight of the order of Christ, and Hiero imus Osorius, bishop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spanish, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumstantial. With honest indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errors and unworthy refentments of kings. But he is often fo drily particular, that he may rather be called a journalist than an historian. And by this uninteresting minuteness, his style for the greatest part is rendered inelegant. The Bishop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his manly and fentimental manner entitles him to the name of Historian, even where a Livy, or a Tacitus, are mentioned. But a fentence from himfelf, unexpected in a Father of the communion of Rome, will characterise the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Christianity, under severe persecution; Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum tibi assumas, (says he) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrænatis injicias? At id neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim facrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit : Neque vim mentibus inferri, sed voluntates ad studium yeræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.

It is faid, in the preface to Osorius, that his writings were highly esteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good Bishop against the impiety of religious persecution, made no impression on the mind of that bigotted Princess!

Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,

When to his eyrie cliff he fails the fkies,

Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,

So fmooth, fo foft, the prows of Gama glide;

And now their native fields, for ever dear,

In all their wild transporting charms appear;

And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat

'The founding peals of joy, receives the fleet.

With orient titles and immortal fame

The hero band adorn their Monarch's name;

Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,

And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian e fway.

Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar. Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires. Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend; Behold what glories on thy throne descend! Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast That all the Lusian same in thee is lost!

Oh.

e And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway—Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime ends the Poem of Camöens. What follows, is one of those exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our Author, nor in the strictest sense is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the proposition of the Poem is artfully addressed to King Sebastian, and he is now called upon in an address, which is an artful second part to the former, to behold and preserve the glories of his throne.

Oh, be it thine these glories to renew, And John's bold path and Pedro's f course pursue: Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the fword, And be the rights of human-kind restored. The statesman prelate, to his vows confine, Alone auspicious at the holy shrine; The prieft, in whose meek heart heaven pours its fires Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, afpires. Nor let the Muse, great King, on Tago's shore, In dying notes the barbarous age deplore. The king or hero to the Muse unjust Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust. But fuch the deeds thy radiant morn portends, Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields Expect thy founding steeds and rattling shields. And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire! Oh, would thy fmiles relume my fainting ire! I, then inspired, the wondering world should see Great Ammon's warlike fon revived in 8 thee;

Revived.

And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue-John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

E Great Ammon's warlike fon revived in thee-Thus imitated, or rather translated into Italian by Guarini.

Con si sublime stil' forse cantato Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honori, Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba Da invidiar Achille-

William .

Revived, unenvious of the Muse's flame, That o'er the the world refounds Pelides' name.

Similarity of condition, we have already observed, produced similarity of complaint and fentiment in Spencer and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age, yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them shall fink beneath their mountain tombs. Three beautiful stanzas from Phinehas Fletcher's Purple Island, on the memory of Spenser, may also serve as an epitaph for Camöens. The unworthy neglect, which was the lot of the Portuguese Bard, but too well appropriates to him the elegy of Spenser. And every Reader of taste, who has perused the Lusiad, will think of the Cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation of these manly lines-

Witness our Colin , whom tho' all the Graces And all the Muses nurst; whose well taught song Parnassus self and Glorian ; embraces, And all the learn'd and all the shepherds throng; Yet all his hopes were croft, all fuits deny'd; Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd: Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he di'd. And had not that great heart (whose honour'd | head Ah! lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight, There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied, Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite : Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe † shall fink Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink; And time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

O let

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" And "Yould's hold grade and And * Colin Clout, Spenfer.

‡ Glorian, Elizabeth in the Faerie Queen.

| The Earl of Effex. † Lord Burleigh. O let th' Iambie Muse revenge that wrong Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead; Let thy abused honour cry as long As there be quills to write, or eyes to read: On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd, Ob may that man that bath the Muse scorn'd, Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.

THE END.

THE LUSIAD.

O let th' Lambie Male revenge that wong While comer thumber in thy fitters of lead; Let thy abused honour org as long? As there he 73 ratio of each to read :

Ob may that man that bath the Major formers diver, nor deed, be sour of a Mafe wheath. states and brother control

when the removalization of the comment on there are a fall and have a the market have been the fine from the form the first of plu street, on the methor in Squeet, may also take at a entry therefore, The married a signed, white him the me of the Beinguise.

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wand all the words story school such the closes THE END.

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